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Fine Blue Canvas

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AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE,

CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES AT BRADFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

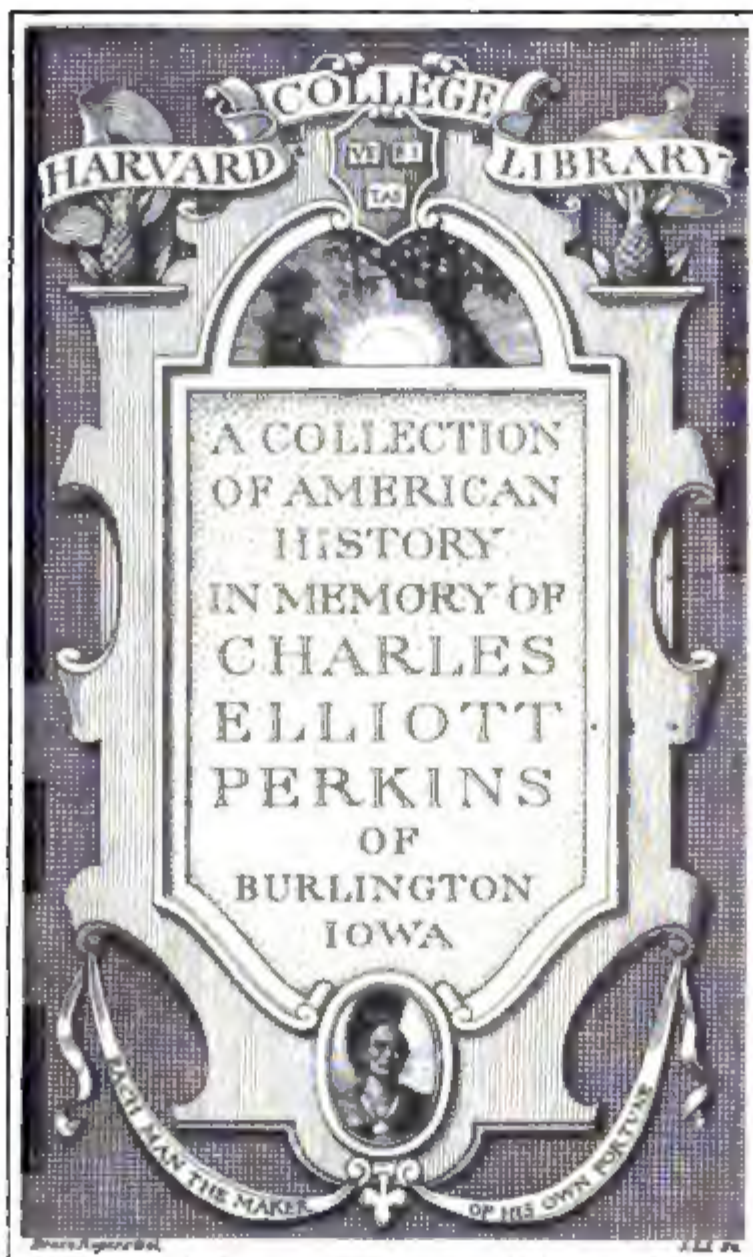
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CHAPTER VI.

	PAGE
THE SENATE: The senatorial office—A view from the galleries—Society at Washington	73

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURTS AND JUDGES: Law and the Lawyers—Customs of the bench and bar—An American court room	84
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

STATE, CITY, AND TOWN GOVERNMENTS	106
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND POLITICIANS: Public speaking—The military element in politics—Political activity and radical ideas—Political corruption—Office-seeking—Election disturbances—The new South—Reconstruction	125
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE RURAL FREE SCHOOLS: A glimpse at a rustic school-house—How free schools sprang up—Their system—Country teachers, male and female	148
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS	160
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN ACADEMIES: Their system—The poorer scholars—Teachers' boarding houses, studies, exhibitions—Everyday life at the academy—Sports and pastimes	174
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

	PAGE
THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES: Harvard and Yale—Government of the universities—The buildings and grounds—Division into classes—The president, professors, and tutors	190

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNIVERSITIES CONTINUED: Examinations for admission—System of recitations—The daily life of the student—Terms and vacations—Term examinations—The studies pursued—Lectures—Expenses	201
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNIVERSITIES CONTINUED: Punishments—Honours and scholarships—The literary societies—Physical exercise—The college magazines—Libraries—Honorary degrees	212
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

UNIVERSITY CUSTOMS AND PASTIMES	222
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS: Government grants for education—Agricultural and commercial colleges—The West Point Military Academy—The Naval Academy	249
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMERICAN SOCIETY: Domestic life and customs—Commencing housekeeping—Irish servants—An American breakfast and dinner—Peculiar dishes—Home comforts—Home amusements and pastimes	258
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

	PAGE
AMERICAN TOWN LIFE: The public parks—A walk down Broadway—The business quarter—The wharves—Ice-cream saloons and bar-rooms—Street sights—"Five Points"—The West-end—Self-made men—New York society—A fashionable party—Lionising—Society in Boston, Philadelphia, the West, the South—American deference to ladies—Clubs—Markets—Barber "saloons"—Liveries and heraldry—Firemen	279

CHAPTER XX.

Hotels: American love of travelling—The hotels—Drawing-rooms, kitchens—The table—Servants—Negro waiters and cooks—Country hotels—Station hotels—Wines—Restaurants—Boarding-houses—The cost of living in America	313
--	-----

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. THE PRESIDENT:
His tenure of office—How he is elected—His inauguration.

THE United States Government is a Federal Republic, comprising, besides a vast territorial domain not yet organised into self-governing communities, thirty-seven states. Each of these states exercises all the powers of an independent nation within its own limits, excepting those powers which the people, by their free consent, have granted to the central government of the Union. These general powers are expressed and defined in the written Constitution, which was framed, in 1787, by a constituent Convention, and submitted to and approved by the people of the states which were then in existence. The general government thus established consists of three great departments. To the Legislative department is confided the duty of passing the laws; to the Executive, that of approving and executing the laws; and to the Judicial department, that of expounding and enforcing the laws. The legis-

lative power is invested in a Congress, consisting of an upper and lower house—the Senate and House of Representatives ; the executive power, in the President of the United States ; and the judicial power, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and certain inferior courts established by Congress.

Let us first consider THE PRESIDENT,—the mode in which he is chosen, his powers and position, and his official and social life. In him is centred the whole executive power of the Union. He is chosen for four years ; and during that period he can only be dispossessed of his power and dignity in one way—by impeachment. The contrast between the executive system in England and that in America becomes apparent when it is noted, that while the Prime Minister, in whom rests the substantial executive power in England, may be at any time deprived of it by the action of the House of Commons, the President is independent of legislative action, and cannot be removed from his office excepting by the extreme method of a state trial. The only charges upon which the President can be impeached are those of “ high crimes and misdemeanours.” The power of impeachment rests solely in the lower house of Congress, the House of Representatives ; and the power of trying impeachments rests solely in the upper house, the Senate. A majority of the lower house has authority to decide upon, and institute proceedings in, an impeachment ; the trial is had before the Senate acting as a “ high court of im-

peachment," and presided over by the Chief-Justice of the United States; the prosecution is conducted by certain members of the lower house, who have been delegated by that house as "managers;" and the President can only be convicted by a vote of two-thirds of the senators present when the vote is taken, these senators being on oath or affirmation, as each prefers. The only punishments which can be inflicted by the Senate upon the President, in the event of a conviction, are removal from office, and disqualification to hold any office of honour or trust under the United States. The only case in which a President has been impeached was that of President Johnson in 1868; and the difficulty of removing the chief magistrate from his office may be inferred from the fact that, although Mr. Johnson was perhaps the most unpopular President who ever occupied the chair, and was opposed by the predominant party, comprising more than four-fifths of the senators, while he did not possess the confidence even of the minority, the impeachment failed for want of a two-thirds majority in the Senate. It is apparent from this, that while the real executive in England is not determinable at any stated limit, and is constantly subject to the majority of the House of Commons, the executive in America is for four years a permanent one, unaffected in tenure of power by the approval or disapproval of the legislature.

On the first Tuesday in November, every fourth year, the American people proceed to make their choice of a

President and a Vice-President of the United States; and on the fourth day of the March following, at twelve o'clock, the successful candidates enter upon their term of office. The manner of choosing the President is so different from anything in the experience of Englishmen, that the process, from the beginning, may be of interest. The steps leading to the grand result are various and gradual. As long as a year before the time of election, candidates begin to be discussed, the friends of aspiring statesmen and soldiers to bestir themselves, interested politicians to intrigue in favour of the man from whom they expect favour, and that energetic "wire-pulling," which is so marked a feature of American politics, begins to agitate every city, town, and village. The leaders of the great parties canvass among themselves the "eligibility" of the various names which are mooted; for it is a point with each party to adopt as a candidate, the man who will be at once the most acceptable to its own followers, the most popular with the masses of the people, and the most likely to draw votes from their opponents. Practical politics in America are carried on entirely by a system of caucuses, meetings, and conventions. Men who are ambitious for office, whether local, state, or national, in all cases seek the endorsement of the representatives of their party gathered in formal assemblage. No man thinks of proposing himself as a candidate before the electors, even for alderman or town "selectman," until he has been nominated by a majority of the regular party body

which meets for the purpose. In England the candidate, whether for parliament or for local offices, either proposes himself, or his friends perform the service for him; in America, the nominee of the party convention has usually nothing to fear from ambitious and independent rivals of his own creed. The result is, that elections in America are more often fair and clear contests between two men of opposite parties; while in England candidates are sometimes defeated by the independent rivalry of men of their own political faith.

During the winter preceding the presidential election, active steps begin to be taken with a view to that event. The first movement is for each party to summon what is called in the city a "ward-meeting" of its supporters; in the rural districts this primary conclave is called the "town-meeting." Anyone professing to belong to the party whose committee has called the meeting is at liberty to attend it. These meetings, being held everywhere throughout the state, elect certain delegates to attend the "State Convention." They are usually led by two or three of the more prominent local politicians, to whom are intrusted the tasks of drawing up the lists of delegates, drafting the resolutions, and making the speeches. Each party has its "State Central Committee:" this appoints a time and place for the State Convention to meet, and the Convention thus summoned chooses the next year's Central Committee. One of the more central towns having been chosen as the rendezvous, the State Convention,

composed of delegates representing all sections of the state, assembles in the spring or early summer, and proceeds to business. To this body is committed the duty of nominating, by ballot, the party candidates for the state officers—the governor, secretary, treasurer, &c. In the year of the presidential election they are intrusted also with the duty of choosing delegates for the state to the “National Convention” of the party, which is to meet later, and which is in its turn to make choice of the party’s candidates for President and Vice-President.

The number of the delegates from each state to the National Convention corresponds exactly to the number of representatives in Congress which that state elects. One delegate is chosen for each congressional district—that is, each district which sends a member to the lower House of Congress—and two delegates in addition are chosen “at large,” to correspond to the two national Senators to which each state, large or small, is entitled. Besides these, “alternate” delegates are chosen to take the place of any of the regular delegates who, for any reason, may not attend the Convention. The National Convention, composed thus of delegates from all the states, is the supreme authority of the party which it represents; and as the time for the assembling of either of the National Conventions approaches, the public interest in them becomes intense. People begin to speculate upon the prospects of this or that prominent candidate before

the Convention ; the politicians are in a perpetual fever ; and the newspapers discuss the probabilities with ever-augmenting zeal. The excitement is not seldom increased by the different State Conventions pledging, or “ instructing,” their delegates to vote in Convention for this or that candidate ; and when this is done by many of the State Conventions, the chances of the aspirants appear in bolder relief, the contest becomes narrowed and sharpened by the rivalry of a few famous names, and the agitation in the political circles is greatly heightened.

One of the larger cities—New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Baltimore—is selected as the place for holding the National Conventions. The largest hall is engaged for its sessions ; and sometimes (as was the case at Chicago, where the Republican National Convention met in 1860) an immense wooden structure is erected on some wide area for the purpose, and is called in the political vocabulary the “ big wigwam.” The “ wigwam” of 1860 contained plain wooden benches, ranged in long rows, for the delegates. At one end was a broad platform for the officers of the Convention, the reporters, the dignitaries of the party, and the orators ; there were galleries for spectators ; and the whole building was fancifully decorated with flags, festoons, party emblems and mottoes, and rude but striking portraits of the party chiefs. Already, before the day appointed, multitudes of politicians, members of Congress, governors of states, and

delegates, have flocked to the city where the Convention is to meet. The hotels and boarding-houses are full to overflowing, and are, as regards prices, "masters of the situation;" and in their corridors, and on the streets, excited talking and zealous arguments are going on, and groups of patriots, who have the welfare of the country—or of themselves—at heart, are encountered at every turn. Meanwhile in more retired places, and with less noise, deep plots are being concocted, wires with undiscoverable ends are working, and combinations by which this candidate is to be sacrificed, and that one carried, are being formed. In one respect the assembling of the National Conventions is to Americans what Derby-day is to the Briton,—the occasion for unlimited betting. Fortunes have been made by a lucky guess as to "the favourite."

The eventful morning arrives, and near the place of meeting stump speeches are being delivered, the delegates are assembling, and all is uproar and confusion. The first day is occupied in organising the Convention, in choosing officers and hearing them orate, in selecting committees on credentials, on the "platform," on nominations, &c., and in verifying the commissions of the delegates. To relieve the monotony of the business, one of the orators of the party is sometimes called on to expound the "issues of the hour." On the second day the Convention assembles, conscious that the tug of war has come. The preliminary business is finished; the president of the Convention,

amid great excitement, announces that the order of the day is the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. He has need then of some parliamentary patience; for a loud buzzing arises all over the hall, the delegates huddle together, pass slips of paper to and fro, gesticulate, and are utterly deaf to the repeated thumps of the gavel. The delegation from each state, having chosen one of their number as chairman, sit together; the chairman is their mouthpiece, announcing the votes of his colleagues, and addressing the Convention in the name of the state which they represent. Order being at last secured, the next thing is to propose the various candidates for the nomination. The chairman of one of the delegations rises, and, with a flourish of stump rhetoric, "begs to propose to the Convention, as its nominee for President, that great soldier and unsullied patriot, General Grant." The friends of the man so proposed set up "tumultuous applause," and the nomination is seconded by half-a-dozen eager voices. All the names of candidates having thus been brought before the Convention, it proceeds to what is called a "ballot;" the voting, however, is *viva voce*. The secretary calls the roll of the states in alphabetical order; and as each state is called, the chairman of its delegation, standing on the bench, declares its vote as follows. The secretary calls "Massachusetts." The chairman of the Massachusetts delegation promptly shouts out, "Massachusetts casts five votes for Grant,

four votes for Chase, and one vote for Sumner," or however the votes of Massachusetts have been given to him; and so the voting goes on till every state delegation has voted. If there is no choice, further ballots are taken; the excitement increases as the votes of this or that state change from one candidate to another, and grows more intense with every ballot, until some name triumphs by receiving a majority of all the votes cast. When at last it is evident who is "the coming man," the delegations of the different states hasten eagerly to "wheel into line;" that is, to change their votes, and cast them for the candidate who is evidently now on the high road to success. Then the enthusiasm of the Convention rises to its height; state after state—the chairmen indulging in fervid flights of an eloquence peculiar to such assemblies as they announce the votes—"wheels into line;" cannon begin to boom outside; a full-length portrait of the victorious candidate forthwith is displayed on the platform; the band, stationed at one side, strikes up, and the Convention becomes a very mob of excited men, who rush about, and shout, and wave handkerchiefs, and are beside themselves with the delirium of the moment. A similar process—only that it is less exciting—is gone through in making choice of a candidate for Vice-President. The Convention has but one more task—that of framing what is called the party "platform." The platform is simply a series of resolutions adopted by the National Convention, and embodying the political prin-

ciples in favour of which the party asks the support of the people. These resolutions are drawn up by a committee appointed for the purpose; and having been discussed, are adopted with enthusiasm. A committee having then been selected to formally notify the candidates of their nomination, the Convention adjourns, the news is telegraphed everywhere, and that night great mass meetings, to ratify the nominations, take place in all the cities and towns throughout the land.

When the Conventions of both parties have been held, have made choice of their candidates, and have given them a platform to stand upon, the presidential campaign opens in earnest. The nominations are usually before the nation as early as July, and the contest goes on with ever-increasing heat for the four months which intervene before November. In every city, town, and village, the organisations of both parties are already complete and in working order: there are committees in every ward and district; "head-quarters" for keeping the records and serving as a rendezvous for the canvassers; volunteer orators of more or less eloquence, ready to go anywhere at any time to speak in behalf of the candidates; and elaborate preparations for great meetings, with the inspiring accompaniments of torchlight processions, great bonfires, and not seldom of "barbecues," where oxen are roasted whole and cider-barrels are tapped and drained, by which to turn the popular tide in the right direction. It is customary for each party, in small villages as well as in the largest cities, to

hang national flags on lines passing from house to house over the streets, and bearing the names of its candidates. If you visit America during a presidential contest, you will see flags waving over the streets, bearing the names, this one of the Democratic candidates—say “Seymour and Blair;” and not far off another, with the Republican names “Grant and Colfax;” while at the top is seen some patriotic and pungent motto. These greet you at every turn.

Congress is not in session, and the leading Senators and representatives of both parties throw themselves into the campaign as vigorously as do the lesser luminaries of the political world. The oratorical talent of both sides is called upon to exert itself to the utmost. Meetings are held everywhere; and there are, as well as brilliant processions, party picnics, excursions, and general illuminations. These meetings and celebrations become more frequent as election-day approaches. Meanwhile the press is busy searching into the career and character of the candidates; publishers vie with each other in issuing “campaign lives” of the rival aspirants; and the walls and fences of city and town bewilder one with their multitude of large-lettered and vari-coloured placards, warning the public of the “terrific importance of the present crisis.”

On the same day—the first Tuesday in November—the whole nation proceeds to the election. Polling-stations are selected in each election district, usually consisting of a plain room, where is placed a large bal-

lot-box, presided over by one of the election officials, while another checks the names of the voters in the printed list as they advance and deposit their ballots. Just outside of each polling-room the committees of each party have stationed men with ballots, containing the names of their candidates; so that when the voters come up, the ballots of both parties are eagerly thrust upon them by these emissaries from the two camps. But this important fact is to be observed, that the people do not vote *directly* for President and Vice-President. According to the American system, the party state conventions (before referred to) choose, as well as delegates to the National Convention, certain persons who are candidates for what are called "electors." These electors must be equal in number to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state is entitled in Congress. It is for the electors, and not directly for President and Vice-President, that the people vote. The ballots contain, then, the names, not of the party candidates for the latter offices, but of the party candidates for electors. But these candidates for electors are already pledged in their turn to vote for the party candidates for President and Vice-President; so that the people are voting practically, though indirectly, for the latter. The electors of one party or the other having been duly chosen, they meet in their respective states some time after the general election, and vote for President and Vice-President, always selecting, of course, the nominees of the

National Convention of the party to whom they owe their own election.* The result of the ballots given by the electors of each state are carefully engrossed and sealed in duplicate: one copy is sent by mail, and the other by a special messenger, to the President of the national Senate at Washington. In the February following, the two Houses of Congress assemble in joint session in the hall of the House of Representatives; the President of the Senate takes the chair, and in the presence of the legislature thus united, proceeds to count the votes of the electors of all the states for President and Vice-President, and to formally declare the successful candidates duly elected.

The fourth day of the March immediately following the presidential election is perhaps the most interesting of all days at the American capital. Then takes place the inauguration, and induction into office, of the newly-elected President and Vice-President. The simplicity of the ceremony—which yet has a certain dignity strikingly in harmony with the republican traditions of the Union—presents a marked contrast to the pomp and splendour of European coronations. There is no blaze of crowns and coronets, of gold lace and jewelled knightly orders; there are no long-flowing

* The electors being pledged to vote for the candidates of their party for both President and Vice-President, and the people being confined in their choice to the lists of electors presented by each party, it follows that no one can cast his vote for the presidential nominee of one party and the vice-presidential nominee of the other, but must vote for both candidates of one party or the other.

robes, no symbols suggestive of the era of ostentatious chivalry; there are no gorgeous liveries, or heraldic banners, or gilded canopies; from the head of the nation down to the humblest looker-on, who gazes curiously upon him as he passes by—excepting only the judges, who wear plain silk gowns—there is no distinctive dress, no external sign to announce dignity or office. The troops, and the envoys of foreign powers, alone appear habited in ornate costumes. The ceremony of inauguration takes place at the capital exactly at noon. The President-elect, usually accompanied by the out-going President, is escorted by a long line of troops, in an open barouche, to the Capitol; arrived there, he proceeds to the Senate chamber, where the Senators, the members of the lower House, the diplomatic corps in uniform, the judges of the Supreme Court, the cabinet of the out-going President, and multitudes of eager spectators in the spacious galleries, are awaiting him. The President-elect enters the chamber with his predecessor and the Vice-President-elect, all of whom are dressed in simple black broadcloth; chairs have been placed for them just below the presiding officer's desk, and there they take their seats. The first ceremony is, that of administering the oath to the new Vice-President, and inducting him into office. The Vice-President of the United States has but one official duty, that of presiding over the national Senate. When by death, resignation, disability, or impeachment, the office of President becomes vacant, the Vice-President

becomes President for the remainder of the term. But although officially the presiding officer of the Senate, he does not continuously perform that duty. He may preside when he so pleases ; meanwhile, the Senators elect one of their own number as President *pro tempore*, who always presides in the Vice-President's absence. His salary is 8000 dollars per annum. The Vice-President having taken the oath of office, ascends to the desk, and briefly addresses the Senate. This done, a procession, comprising the out-going and in-coming Presidents and Vice-Presidents, the Senate and House, going in pairs, and the other State and foreign dignitaries, advances from the Senate chamber to the vast open portico of the Capitol. Here a platform has been erected, on which is built a plain wooden canopy. Under this seats are placed, and a table. Long benches are also ranged on either side for the assembled dignitaries. In the broad esplanade below the portico a vast crowd of spectators has gathered, and is awaiting the arrival of the procession. The President-elect takes a seat under the canopy ; on the other side of the table may be seen the Chief-Justice of the United States in his silk robe ; on the table is a large Bible. Amid breathless silence the Chief-Justice rises, and the elect of the people follows his example ; the Chief-Justice presents the Bible, and the new President, laying his hand upon the sacred volume, repeats after him the following brief oath : " I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and

will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Having thus become legally the President of the United States, he advances to the front of the platform, and delivers, or reads, his Inaugural address. This document has a significance similar to that of the speeches from the Throne, although perhaps less oracular; its purpose is to announce the general policy of the new Administration. Sometimes it is delivered in so low a tone as to be inaudible; for many of the Presidents—Grant among them—have not been orators. President Lincoln, however, delivered his Inaugurals with great distinctness and force. The peroration of the address is the signal for dispersing; it ends the ceremony of inauguration. The procession re-forms, and the new President is escorted to the White House—the official residence of the Presidents—of which he takes formal possession. Then follows a general reception, in the great "East room," of all citizens who desire to grasp the hand of the new chief magistrate. The doors are thrown open: all enter who like; the President, attended by his marshal, stands near the door of one of the drawing-rooms; the multitude files by him, and each and all are introduced to him by name—the marshal acting as master of ceremonies; and this—to the President—most wearying occupation takes up a large part of the afternoon.*

* On the day that the venerable President Harrison was inaugurated, he soon became so exhausted by the perpetual hand-

In the evening takes place a brilliant *fête*, in celebration of the new powers, called the "inauguration ball." This is held either in one of the vast halls of the public departments, or in an immense wooden edifice constructed for the purpose. All are admitted who choose to pay the two-guinea fee for tickets; chairs are placed on a slightly raised platform for the President and his lady; all the notabilities of the nation, and the foreign envoys in their stars and gold lace, are present; those sumptuous toilets and magnificent costumes, in which the wealthy American ladies vie with the proudest of their European sisters, are bewildering in their abundance; the dancing proceeds under difficulties, so enormous is the crowd; and the supper-room is a scene of confusion and struggling, where only the boldest may succeed in procuring refreshment for the inner man. Thus ends Inauguration-day, and with it the process of choosing the President, and of establishing him in his four years' dignity.

shaking, that he was forced to suspend his arm in a sling, and discontinue this by no means refreshing species of manual labour.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRESIDENT: *His powers and political position—
The presidential mansion—Society at the White
House—Every-day life in the President's family.*

THE President must, according to the Constitution, be thirty-five years of age, and a native of the United States. His salary is 25,000 dollars (5,000*l.*) a-year—the same as that of the English Prime Minister. He is, by virtue of his office, commander-in-chief of the armies and navy, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States. He has the absolute power to grant pardons to all offenders, political and criminal, against the laws of the United States, excepting to such persons as may have been convicted by impeachment; but this power cannot be exercised in favour of offenders against *state* laws. He may make treaties and conventions with foreign powers, but only by and with the consent of two-thirds of the national Senate, which possesses certain executive as well as legislative powers. To him is confided, subject to the approval of the Senate, the appointment of the national officers—of envoys and consuls to foreign countries, cabinet ministers, judges of United States courts, and the subordinate officials engaged in the service of the United States;

excepting those minor officials who are appointed by the Cabinet ministers or the judges. He may, whenever he thinks it politic, summon Congress to an extra session, or even the Senate alone, for the performance of the executive part of its functions; but he has no power to prorogue or dissolve Congress, or either of its branches. At the opening of the annual session of Congress he communicates to it a written "Message," in which he reviews the events and condition of the country since it last met, and suggests whatever legislative measures he may think timely and important; and during the session, whenever there is occasion for it, he communicates in the same manner with the Legislative bodies. The two first Presidents—Washington and John Adams—followed the English precedent of addressing the legislature in person; but the third—President Jefferson—being no orator, and feeling an invincible repugnance to public speaking, introduced the custom of sending a written address; and that example has been followed ever since. When the President delivered his message in person, Congress was wont to vote an address in reply, and deliver it to him in a body; but since messages have been sent this has been discontinued, and Congress discusses them in committee of the whole house.

Besides these functions, it is the duty of the President to superintend the execution of the laws and the routine of the national administration. Inasmuch, however, as he is unable to exercise this personal super-

vision over all the great departments himself, the constitution provides him with certain executive officers, who take charge of the several departments, and are responsible to him for their effective operation, he being in turn responsible for the same to the nation. The Cabinet, as a Cabinet, has no existence in the American constitution, any more than it has in the English; but practically, the Ministers of the departments are the intimate and confidential council of the President.

The main difference between the American and the English Cabinet is, that the former owes no direct responsibility to the legislature, but only to the executive; that, while in England, the Cabinet sits in Parliament, and its members are called upon individually by the representatives of the nation to explain matters relating to the department of each, the American Cabinet has no place in either house of the legislature, is responsible to the President alone, and holds office, subject only to the extreme method of impeachment, at his will. While the English Cabinet have a kind of individual responsibility and administrative independence, the American Cabinet are legally but the agents assisting the President in fulfilling the executive office. The President, however, naturally chooses for his Cabinet men in whom he has confidence—men who both agree with him in political faith, and who are intellectually capable as well of tendering him useful advice on general policy, as of conducting

their particular departments. It has therefore come to pass that, in case any of the Cabinet dissent from the opinion of the majority of their colleagues, or from that of the President, in a question of general policy, they retire from office. But this is to be observed—that, while in England, the secession of influential members from the Cabinet is not unlikely to break up the existing administration altogether, and to introduce, for a time at least, the opposite party into power, in America the whole Cabinet may retire, it may be changed throughout a dozen times in the course of a presidential term, and the general policy of the Government may yet remain quite the same; it is, after all, in America, but the substitution of one subordinate for another, the same work transferred from one hand to another. A further difference between the American and the English executive is often remarked—that while the President not only possesses, but frequently exercises, the very large power of the *veto*, that power, though still existing in law, has practically become obsolete in England, and no English government has ventured to use it for a century and a half. The President can and does veto any law passed by Congress and sent up for his sanction, of which he disapproves. Then, if it can be carried by a two-thirds vote of both Houses, it becomes a law in spite of him; but unless a measure can secure this two-thirds majority, the President may effectually condemn it. No “appeal to the country,” as in England, can force it upon him;

impregnable behind his right as conferred by the constitution, he may effectually defy the majority in Congress, and even the people, as long as his official term lasts. In the practical power to use the veto, in possessing the command of the military forces, in the almost absolute tenure of his authority, which can only be terminated by the extreme course of a state trial, in his independence of his Cabinet, and his ability to change advisers and administrators almost at will, and because the administration does not bear the burden of perpetual personal questionings in the legislature, the authority of the American President is clearly more substantial, individual, and extensive than that of the English executive.

The White House is naturally the centre of the metropolitan society. The "republican court" over which the President and his lady preside is, however, as may be conjectured, very different from the life in European palaces. Everything savours of the simplicity and absence of ceremony which befits a democratic state; yet the social customs of the White House are not so sansculottic and indiscriminating as they have often been described. First, let me briefly describe the White House itself. It is too plain, one is apt to think, even for republican severity itself. It is situated at the west end of the city, about a mile from the hill whereon the majestic white marble edifice of the Capitol, lifted high above the town, stands. A magnificently broad and straight thoroughfare—where

are all the principal shops and hotels, and which is shaded by rows of trees—conducts from the Capitol park to the presidential mansion. The latter edifice is itself situated in the midst of the capacious buildings which comprise the great public offices—the Treasury, War, and Navy departments. Between the White House itself and the street is a lawn, edged with flower-beds, and in the middle of which stands a curious copper statue of President Jefferson, green and corroded by age. Avenues on either side of this lawn lead to the portico of the White House. The portico is high, and supported by massive pillars; the building is of sandstone painted white—hence its name—and does not externally give a hint of either spaciousness or comfort. From the portico you pass into a large but almost wholly unadorned vestibule, a glass partition separating it from the corridors beyond. Passing to the left you enter a high door, and find yourself at the foot of a broad staircase. This leads to the President's official apartments. First you reach a perfectly plain ante-room, or waiting-room: if you are seeking an audience, it is here, supplied with the daily papers, that you must bide your time. One or two steps lead into a broad corridor; doors on either side conduct from this corridor to the President's business reception-room, his library, his private secretary's apartment, two or three consulting-rooms, and the chamber where the cabinet meetings are held. The reception-room strikes you as remarkably plain and simple; the furniture is

substantial but far from gaudy ; the adornments are few and tasteful. A large desk stands near the window ; it is that used by the President for writing or reading. There are also a few bookcases, mostly filled with those volumes in law-calf, which suggest the solidity of their contents. The room where the Cabinet meets is also plainly elegant, with a long table and *fauteuils* in the centre, curious from their having been used by a long succession of famous statesmen. Through the corridors and chambers are a few busts, portraits, and sculptures ; these are almost the only ornaments. The drawing-rooms, which are all on the ground-floor, are, in contrast with that portion of the house devoted to business, very richly decorated and furnished ; especially is this the case with the vast East room, which extends the whole length of one side of the edifice, and is adorned with heavy cornicing and frescoes, rich carpets and hangings, and massive mirrors and mantelpieces at frequent intervals. At the south side of the White House is a really beautiful lawn and park, extending to the banks of the Potomac river, with fountains, flower-beds, pretty copses of trees and shrubs, and graceful artificial hillocks—resembling not a little some of the smaller and well-cared-for parks one sometimes sees in rural England. A cozy balcony looks out upon this park from the mansion. On one side of the White House is an extensive conservatory of fruits and flowers, with doors communicating with the main building ; on the other side are the stables,

kitchens, and storehouses. The family of the President occupies well-furnished and spacious apartments in the wing opposite to that devoted to public duties.

The public hospitalities of the White House are extended to all who desire to receive them. Anyone who is respectable in dress and appearance may, without ceremony, pay his respects to the President. This is, perhaps, but conforming to the republican principle, that the President is the servant of the nation, and that it is only due to the sovereign people that he should be accessible to all. His hours of public reception are from ten till four; and he receives every day, excepting the days when the cabinet meetings take place; and the Cabinet meets usually on Tuesdays and Fridays. When Congress is in session, the President gives preference, between the hours of ten and twelve, to such Senators and Representatives as may call, and to the cards of those with whom he is personally acquainted. After twelve the reception becomes general. If you desire to see and shake hands with the President, you have but to present yourself, neatly dressed—although no especial costume is required—at the door, and you will be at once admitted and directed to the ante-chamber upstairs. There you will find, in ordinary times, thirty or forty others waiting on the same errand. The hour of the reception having arrived, an usher announces to the visitors that the President is ready to see them, and leads the way, the visitors informally following, to the modest reception-

room. The President is there, standing in the middle of the room, often quite unattended. Each visitor in turn approaches him, and is welcomed with outstretched hand; he introduces himself, states his business, if he has any, or passes the compliments of the day, the President courteously listening, and makes way for the next. Of course the cordiality of the reception varies with the disposition of each President. Presidents Fillmore and Lincoln were remarkably talkative and sociable; the latter, especially, never seemed to weary of chatting and joking with his guests, numerous as they were, and had a quaint saying, an anecdote, or at least a pleasant word, for every one. President Buchanan was more stiff and sedate; he was observed to ask almost every stranger to the Capitol a set formula of questions: "Have you seen the Smithsonian?" "No." "Well, you must go." "Have you seen the Capitol, the Washington Monument, Mount Vernon?" "No." "Well, you must go." President Grant is quiet, placid, yet not at all starch; receives easily and naturally, says little, occasionally betrays a little glimpse of dry wit; listens patiently; and if his visitor be an office-seeker, remains provokingly impenetrable. If the "rush" at Washington is not very great, one may often, by sending in a card, see the President alone, in his reception-hours; and these White House hospitalities, these little private interviews are willingly accorded to foreigners visiting Washington. The President's wife, who is, of course,

the leader of the metropolitan society, holds receptions for ladies and gentlemen on a certain day in the week, from one till four ; the occasion is unceremonious and sociable ; free to all who come ; and is the more interesting, that the President, towards the close of the reception, usually makes his appearance, and greets and chats with his lady's guests. During the Washington "season," which is from December to March or April—Congress being then in session—the President and his lady hold weekly evening "levees." It is at these levees that you see the republican court, and life at the political metropolis, at its best. The levee, as the receptions, is open to all without distinction ; it is, notwithstanding, a most brilliant and fashionable assembly, democratic yet splendid, where the poorest may go to see, and the richest find it worth their while to be seen. The ladies are attired in their most elaborate toilets—and there are no toilets at the Tuileries balls more dazzling and costly. The foreign ministers, with their suites, are there, in gorgeous apparel ; there you may see the great dignitaries of the Republic from the social and unofficial point of view. The guests begin to arrive at the White House about eight o'clock. Ample provision is made for the disposal of cloaks, hats, shawls, and other *impedimenta* ; these are taken by women in the vestibule, ticketed, and carefully put away in rows of boxes. A procession of the guests forms at the door leading to the drawing-rooms, and slowly passes along until it reaches the

“Green room”—so named from the prevailing colour of the decorations—where the President, in broadcloth and white necktie, is waiting to receive them. Beside him stands the marshal of the District of Columbia, in whose ear the guests whisper their names, which he announces to the President. There is time but for a word, and the procession tides on. Just beyond him are stationed his wife and the ladies of her family; another official introduces the guests, the ladies of the mansion bow, and the presentation to the presidential family is over. Grouped behind his Excellency are usually to be seen several members of the Cabinet and their families, Senators, diplomats, military celebrities, and his personal friends and secretaries; and many in the procession are fain to drop out of it, and remain in the Green room, where, if it be not too crowded to incommode the hosts, they may stand and observe the notabilities as near and as long as they please. Of fancifully-dressed lacqueys and chamberlains there are none; a few ushers in plain attire, a few policemen here and there, compose the sum-total of the presidential service. The tide of guests sweeps on to the long East room, which is soon filled with a brilliant and lively multitude. Some stand talking in groups; others promenade up and down the room, the procession of promenaders forming a moving circle around the apartment; yet others seat themselves on the richly-covered sofas, and contemplate the scene. There is never dancing at the President’s levees; but a military band

is stationed at one side, and from time to time discourses lively music for the entertainment of the guests. At about ten, when the guests have mostly arrived and been presented, the President leaves his post in the Green room, offers some lady his arm, and democratically taking his place among the rest promenading in the East room, passes around, now and then stopping to chat with some acquaintance, and doubtless glad to escape the manual exertion of the reception ; and his example is followed by the ladies of his family, who are often escorted by a cabinet minister or a Senator. Thus the evening passes away ; the hour of breaking-up is about eleven. When the band plays the familiar air of "Yankee Doodle," it is a hint to the guests to prepare for departure. Neither at the levee, nor at any of the receptions, are refreshments of any kind offered to the company. It was formerly the custom to provide refreshments ; but it was discontinued by President Jackson, whose stubborn independence of character was shown in this, as in far more serious matters.

During the winter it is the habit of the President to give a series of official dinners. The Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators, and the members of the lower House, are successively invited to the chief magistrate's table. On New-Year's-day a day levee is held at the White House ; and this example is followed by all the notabilities and would-be notabilities of the city. The President receives the dignitaries, native and foreign,

from eleven to twelve; and the general public are admitted from twelve to three. At the White House, as has been said, no refreshments are offered; but at the New-Year's receptions of the Cabinet, the Vice-President, and Speaker, the more prominent Congress men, the mayor, and the leaders of the metropolitan society, tables are spread, sometimes very profusely and luxuriously, for the entertainment of visitors. The public is admitted without distinction to these, as to the White House receptions.

The everyday life at the Executive Mansion (the official designation of what is popularly called the "White House") is perhaps as simple and unostentatious as that of the well-to-do private American citizen. The service consists of a steward and under-steward, a head cook and two or three subordinates, a few table waiters, one coachman and one footman, one gardener and his assistants. For official purposes, the President is provided with a private secretary, two assistant-secretaries, and a stenographer, who acts as clerk to the Cabinet council, and reports the President's official interviews and receptions. There is no military corps attached to the President's person, as is the case at European courts. His carriage is modest, quite without escutcheons or other adornment, drawn by a span of sleek horses, and driven by a coachman without any livery. The presidential family usually breakfasts about nine. Immediately after, the President goes to his office and receives his Cabinet ministers, if any of

them wish to consult him ; at ten begins, as has been described, the public reception ; this over, the President, often accompanied by members of his family, drives out, returning to dine at six. The evening is passed much in the same way as in a private family ; the President receiving visits from personal friends, or attending to any public business which may be urgent. Formerly the President was not in the habit of himself making private calls, it being regarded as contrary to etiquette ; but President Pierce broke through the custom, and was wont to visit his friends, and his example has been followed to some extent by Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Grant. The President's wife receives and returns calls much as if she were a private lady. The recent tendency is for the President to mix very freely with the people as a citizen ; he may often be seen walking alone through the streets ; he frequently attends public festivals and dinners ; the theatre was a favourite resort of many of the Presidents, especially of Lincoln, and was indeed the scene of that beloved patriot's assassination. President John Quincy Adams, the father of the late American envoy at the English court, was wont, during the summer, to rise very early, walk off quite alone to the river, a mile distant from the White House, and take a morning plunge in its refreshing waters ; and he attributed his vigorous old age to this habit.

The White House, its furniture, service, and its ordinary expenses, are provided by the nation. A few

miles from Washington there is a series of spacious buildings with grounds, situated in a pleasant and secluded spot called the "Soldiers' Home." Its main use, as its name implies, is to provide a retreat for disabled soldiers—it is a sort of miniature Chelsea Hospital. One of the buildings, originally designed for the commandant of the hospital, is reserved and fitted up as a summer residence of the President and his family; the press of business over, and the excessive heat of the southern summer arrived, the President has been accustomed frequently to retire there for repose. A proposition has been made in Congress to purchase and fit up a country residence near the metropolis worthy of the President's dignity; a committee has been appointed to select a site and make the estimates, and the project will doubtless be ere long carried out.

CHAPTER III.

THE CABINET AND PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS: *The Diplomatic and Consular Service—The Treasury—The Army and Navy—The Interior—Agriculture—The Post-office—The Attorney-General—The Public Edifices—The Cabinet in Society.*

THE Cabinet consists of seven members; they are, the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of the Interior, of War, and of the Navy, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General. Each presides, under the general supervision of the President, over the department from which he derives his title; and each receives a salary of eight thousand dollars a-year. They are nominated to the national Senate by the President, and if that body confirms the nominations, they receive from the President their commissions. The President may at any time suspend them from their functions; but they cannot, under the existing law, be permanently removed, excepting by and with the consent of the Senate. They have the selection of the inferior officers employed in their respective departments, and may appoint and remove them at will; being responsible to the President for the efficient conduct of the public service, it is but just that they should have control over their assistants. They perform the double

function of administrating the departments and of acting as the intimate advisers of the President on matters of general policy. The members of the Cabinet do not sit in either house of Congress; all, excepting the Secretary of the Treasury, make their annual reports to the President; the Secretary of the Treasury makes his directly to Congress. The office of SECRETARY OF STATE corresponds in many respects with that of the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is charged with the conduct of all negotiations and communications with foreign powers; with instructing and supervising the American diplomatic and consular service; and with the official business with the envoys of foreign nations resident in the United States. He is also the keeper of the seal of the United States, and to him is confided the duty of affixing the seal to all commissions of officers in the civil service, and other public acts, under the direction of the President. He countersigns the President's proclamations, these being issued from his department. He receives and preserves in the State archives the enrolled Acts of Congress, and is the official keeper of the original Constitution of the United States (which is open, on application, to the visitor's inspection) and of all treaties and conventions. The Secretaryship of State, although legally placed on an equality with the rest of the Cabinet, is regarded as the highest and most dignified Cabinet office. It has not seldom occurred that the President has appointed one of his chief com-

petitors for the presidential nomination, to this post. Such was the case when President Buchanan appointed Lewis Cass, and when President Lincoln appointed William H. Seward, Secretary of State; both of these had been rivals of the successful aspirant in the nominating party conventions. Indeed, President Lincoln not only appointed Mr. Seward to his Cabinet, but also two other rivals for the Republican nomination—Mr. Chase (now Chief-Justice) taking the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and Mr. Cameron that of War. The Secretary of State is often called the “Premier,” though there is no analogy between his office and that of the English or French Premier; it simply implies that the Secretary is the senior officer of the Cabinet.

In the administration of his department, the Secretary of State is provided with two assistant Secretaries, a chief clerk, and statistical, disbursing, diplomatic, consular, translating, rolls, commission and pardon, and passport clerks. Pardons are granted by the President through this Minister; and passports are issued under his seal and signature. From what has been said, it will be seen that the American Secretary of State performs functions which are confided to three Ministers of the English Crown. By conducting relations with foreign states, he exercises duties similar to those of the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs; by his custody of the seal, he answers in this respect to the Lord Chancellor; and by his being the medium through whom pardons are granted, he is intrusted

with a function performed in England by the Home Secretary.

The United States diplomatic and consular service comprises four diplomatic grades—those of envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary, minister-resident, secretary of legation, and assistant secretary of legation; and six consular grades—those of consul-general, consul, commercial agent, vice-consul, deputy-consul, and consular agent. An ambassador being an envoy from one sovereign to another, that grade is unknown in the service of the Republic. There is as yet no competitive examination of the candidates for the foreign missions and consulates; the probability is, however, that such examinations will be instituted. The envoys and consuls are mostly appointed upon the recommendations of Senators and Representatives; and there is no organised system by which promotions in this service take place. The envoys to the principal courts—those of England, France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Russia—are selected from among the most eminent statesmen, scholars, and literati of the land; indeed, the mission to England is by many regarded as the most honourable office in the gift of the President; and men who have occupied seats in the Cabinet, and in the national Senate, regard this mission as a high honour. More than one American minister to England has returned to his own country to rise to the presidential chair. Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams (his son), Van Buren,

and Buchanan had all represented the United States in London. Mr. Dallas was appointed minister to England after he had occupied the second office in the nation, the Vice-Presidency. Minister Rush became Secretary of the Treasury soon after his return; and Minister Stevenson had already long been Speaker of the House of Representatives. The United States has also freely recognised high literary merit in its diplomatic appointments. George Bancroft, the historian of the Republic, was minister to England, and is now minister at Berlin; Mr. Motley has occupied the legations at Vienna and London; George P. Marsh, the first of American students of language, is envoy at Florence; Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," was consul at Birmingham; Nathaniel Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool; and many other cases of a similar kind might be cited. While the higher missions are filled by men of this character—men who may compare with the graduates of the more rigid system of European diplomacy—the lesser missions and consulates are mostly filled by congressional recommendation; and although experience in official duty may not always be thus secured, the selections are influenced to a large degree by the ability and culture of the candidate. Members of Congress, as coming from the different sections of the land, are more capable, perhaps, of judging of qualifications than those who can have no personal acquaintance with the candidates; and although they often recommend men as a reward for some political

service, past or expected, the consular corps of the United States, as a whole, performs its duty well.

The ministers and consuls generally have no expectations of promotion, nor even of a life retention of their offices. The larger part of the *personnel* of both services is usually changed at the accession of each new President. The salaries of the diplomatic and consular corps vary widely, according to the importance of the posts. Those of the envoys to London and Paris are each 17,500 dollars; those of the envoys to St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, &c. are 12,000 dollars; those of the second diplomatic grade, ministers-resident, are mostly 7,500 dollars. The principal secretaries of legation receive, on the average, 1,800 dollars; the assistant secretaries, 1,500 dollars. No outfits are now provided by the nation, either for envoys or consuls; neither are there any retiring pensions.

The salaries of consuls vary from 7,500 to 1,000 dollars. A large majority of the consuls receive salaries, but there are some who are not salaried; and these rely upon official fees for the payment of their services. It is a rule that salaried consuls may not engage in commerce; those not salaried may. The representatives of the United States abroad are forbidden to wear any distinctive uniform or costume: they appear at court and official receptions, if at all, in plain black; but if they possess a military rank, they are permitted to wear the military dress.

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY is intrusted with

the financial administration of the Government. It is his duty to execute all laws relating to revenue and expenditure; to collect, through the medium of custom-houses, the duties on foreign imports, and, by the internal-revenue bureau, the home taxes; to have custody of the national treasure, and authorise its expenditure according to law; to execute all statutes regulating commerce, navigation, the coast-survey, the lighthouses, the marine hospitals, and the custom-houses. Since the close of the civil war, the Secretary of the Treasury has become practically the most important member of the Cabinet; for the United States found themselves, in 1865, saddled with a debt of 3,300,000,000 dollars. It was a first necessity to reduce the burden; and this depended to a great extent upon the efficiency and honesty with which the revenue was collected, the prudence with which the public funds were managed, and the economy and wisdom of the Treasury. The American financial Secretary differs from the English Chancellor of the Exchequer in that he does not sit as a member of the national legislature, and does not present a "budget." In his annual report to Congress, he makes what recommendations he sees fit with reference to the future revenue; but such report is not presented to Congress as a distinct government measure; that body takes the financial policy of the government into its own hands. The Chancellor of the Exchequer initiates a financial policy; the American Secretary of the Treasury only executes the financial

policy ordained by Congress. Under the Secretary of the Treasury are the following principal subordinates, whose duties may mostly be inferred from their titles: two comptrollers of accounts; a commissioner of the customs; six auditors (charged each with the accounts of one of the departments); a Treasurer (who is the keeper of the public moneys, receiving them, and disbursing them on warrants drawn by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General); a register, or keeper of records; a solicitor, or legal adviser of the department; a comptroller of the currency; a commissioner of internal revenue; an architect; and the collectors of customs at the different ports.

The President is, by virtue of his office, commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States: these two departments he administers through the Secretaries of War and of the Navy.

These secretaries perform duties not wholly dissimilar to those intrusted in England to the War Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty.

✓ The SECRETARY OF WAR superintends all matters regarding the army and the national defences; all commissions are countersigned by him; he directs, under the President, the movements of troops, and attends to their payment and maintenance. The bureaux of the General commanding-in-chief, of the Adjutant, Quartermaster, Paymaster, Commissary, and Surgeon-generals, of the Ordnance, Engineering, and Topography, are under his general management. The General

commanding-in-chief has his head-quarters at Washington, in the building of the War Department; he is quite subordinate to the orders of the Secretary of War, as the organ of the President; and under those orders he directs the movements of the army, the recruiting service, and the military discipline, and enforces the army regulations. It may here be remarked that the exigences of the state of affairs existing at the South during and after the war demanded the formation of certain extraordinary bureaux. The Bureau of refugees, freedmen, and abandoned lands, established in 1865, was devoted to remedying the disorders existing in the South consequent upon the long and disastrous contest, and the immense social change involved in the extinction of slavery. It was charged with the protection, education, and employment of the poor negroes freed from their ancient thralldom; with collecting the moneys due to soldiers and sailors; with the management of the lands, in town and country, abandoned, confiscated, or captured; with the distribution of certain public lands to the freedmen; with supplying relief to the destitute of every class in the South; and with the establishment and superintendence of schools.* This bureau was placed in charge of army officers, and under the supervision of the Secretary of War. Its practical good works may be judged from the fact that,

* In 1868 this bureau had established and put in operation throughout the South no less than 1,500 ordinary schools, with 1,700 teachers and 82,000 pupils; besides 772 Sunday-schools, with 2,000 teachers and 57,000 pupils; and 40 industrial schools.

for a period of four months, according to a report, "corn and meat were distributed to 58,848 persons daily."

To return to the army. The regular grades in the American military service before the late war were, Major-generals, Brigadier-generals, Colonels, Lieutenant-colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Corporals, and Privates. In only two instances, before 1861, was a rank higher than that of Major-general conferred, and these were conferred by special acts of Congress. Washington and General Scott were thus created Lieutenant-general. In the course of the late civil war, Congress successively established—especially in honour of General Grant—the ranks of Lieutenant-general and General; and these are now permanently added to the regular system. When Grant became President, he resigned his commission as General; Sherman, then Lieutenant-general, became General; and Sheridan was made Lieutenant-general. But let it be noted that these did not rise to the rank stated as a matter of course, in the order of seniority; for the Lieutenant-general and General are nominated by the President to the Senate, and, if confirmed, are commissioned. There is no purchase-system in the American army.

The military forces of the United States—its regular standing army—amounted, in 1860, to about fourteen thousand men. The Rebellion breaking out, President Lincoln from time to time called for Volunteers by proclamation; and when the war closed, the total of

soldiers who had served the Union appearing in the Adjutant-general's records was over two millions and a half. The standing army now kept up amounts to about fifty thousand men; a large portion of this force is stationed at the South to maintain order, and in the far West to defend advancing, and as yet sparsely settled civilisation, from the depredations of the Indian tribes.

The SECRETARY OF THE NAVY has the same supervision over the national marine that the Secretary of War has over the army. He controls the bureaux of Navy-yards and Docks, Navigation, Ordnance, Construction and Repair, Equipment and Recruiting, Steam-engineering, Provisions and Clothing, and Surgery. Before the war the naval force consisted of forty-one men-of-war; during the war this was very largely increased both by purchase and by home construction; and since the war the marine has been reduced to two hundred and six vessels of all kinds, and about seventeen hundred guns. The grades in the navy before the rebellion were, Commodore, Captain, Commander, Lieutenant-commander, Lieutenant, Midshipman, Sailor, and Marine. During the contest the grades of Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral were added by Congress to this service, as were those of General and Lieutenant-general to the army. There are one Admiral (now Farragut), one Vice-Admiral, and ten Rear-Admirals.

The departments already described were established early in the history of the Government; the Department

of the Interior was instituted so recently as 1849. The SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR—corresponding in some respects to the English Home Secretary—has charge of the public lands, a most important function in America, when the extent of the public domain still unoccupied is considered; in this capacity he manages—through the Commissioner of the Land office—the survey, care, sale, and apportionment of these lands. He is intrusted with the pension bureau, which likewise has an immediate chief, and which regulates the granting of pensions for military and naval service—the only pensions, by the way, granted by the United States. He presides over the relations of the nation with the Indian tribes. He is charged with the bureau of patents, and all matters connected with inventions. He has the management of the mines, the decennial census, the public institutions of the District of Columbia, and the accounts of United-States attorneys and marshals, and clerks of court. The public lands will be considered when the subject of emigration is reached. The Indian bureau is, as its name implies, devoted to negotiating with the Indians, to removing the causes of difficulty between them and the settlers in the West, and to the endeavour to bring them within the pale of civilisation. The importance of the patent office may be seen in the statement that, during 1868 there were more than twenty thousand applications for patents, of which about sixteen thousand were granted. In contrasting the American with

the English departments, especially the Interior with the Home Office, it must not be forgotten that all local matters—such, for instance, as internal improvements—are in America controlled by the individual states; while in England the internal improvements and similar matters are in the province of the Imperial government. There is one exception to this rule in America; for the United States make the improvements on rivers flowing through several states, and also on all harbours. In 1862 the Department of Agriculture, and in 1867 the Department of Education, were established. Their chiefs are not members of the Cabinet, but are commissioners acting under the President. The purpose of the Department of Agriculture is to obtain and spread among the people valuable information respecting husbandry; to procure and distribute through the country new and valuable seeds and plants; to make practical and scientific experiments, and publish their results; and to collect books and correspondence on agricultural subjects. An experimental farm is attached to the department, as well as chemical laboratories, museums, and archives open to the access of the public. All agricultural information and seeds are furnished to any applicant who chooses to request them. The Department of Education will come more properly under the head of public instruction.

The functions of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL may be inferred from his title. He has charge of all the internal and foreign postal arrangements. He sits in

the Cabinet as the equal of the Secretaries. Under him are the bureaux charged with the superintendence of the various branches of the postal service—the appointment, contract, inspection, and finance offices. The expenditure in the American postal service somewhat exceeds the receipts.

The American ATTORNEY-GENERAL differs widely from the English officer of the same name. He has a seat in the Cabinet, and ranks with the Secretaries of the great departments. His principal duty is to advise the President and the Cabinet ministers on the legal points arising in the course of the public business. He also examines the titles of all lands purchased for any purpose by the government; receives applications for pardon, and for appointment to offices in the United States courts; conducts on behalf of the United States all suits in the Supreme Court in which the government is concerned; and supervises suits arising in any of the departments. He has two assistants and a clerk; these constitute the whole staff of his office.

The public edifices in Washington, like those in London, are not uniform either in style of architecture or in size. They are not grouped together in a single quarter of the town; some are at one end of it, some in its centre, and some at the opposite end. The Treasury is a long building three storeys high, comprising a central section of sandstone painted white about five hundred feet long, and two wings of granite, recently added, each two hundred feet long. It has

in front a row of Corinthian columns extending from wing to wing, which support the roof of a spacious portico, reached by broad flights of steps; and it stands at the head of the wide avenue leading from the Capitol, seen from which it is an imposing structure. The former State department, which stood just north of the Treasury, has been demolished to give place to one of the new Treasury wings just described; it was as small and modest as the Treasury is spacious, presenting much the appearance of an old-fashioned gentleman's residence. Until the new State department is built, the Secretary and his subordinates occupy a building a little way out of town. The White House is west of the Treasury, and beyond it stand the War and Navy departments, buildings very like each other, substantial, built of brick painted brown, and unadorned. The department of the Interior, which, next to the Capitol, is the most imposing of the public edifices, is situated near the centre of the town, about midway between the Capitol and the Treasury. It comprises an immense quadrangle occupying two squares, and consisting of one side built of sandstone, and the other three of beautiful white marble; it is adorned by lofty peristyles and façades and fluted Corinthian columns; and on three sides broad flights of steps lead up to high wide porticoes, reminding one much of the ancient Parthenon, and of the Madeleine at Paris. The Post-office department stands near that of the Interior, is wholly marble, rectangular, somewhat ornate, and mag-

sive. New edifices for the State, War, and Navy departments will doubtless soon be constructed, and ere long Washington will, in its public structures, rival, if not surpass, those of the more ancient capitals.

The members of the Cabinet are wont to mingle freely in the society of Washington, and consider it incumbent on them to imitate the President in extending hospitality to the people. The ladies of the ministers hold weekly receptions, and their drawing-rooms are open to anyone who may choose to call. During the winter and on New-Year's-day, public receptions take place at the residences of the Cabinet members, and on these occasions elegant entertainments are provided for the guests. These are more often *soirées* for chatting and promenading; sometimes there is also dancing and music. They are full-dress, and in them, as in the President's levees, the political and literary celebrities of the capital democratically mingle with the *nouveaux riches*, and the aspiring wives and daughters of government clerks. The invitations include, in addition to the other Cabinet ministers, high officials, and members of Congress, those ladies and gentlemen who have previously called on the ministers' ladies.

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRESS : *The Senate and House of Representatives*
—*The powers and privileges of Congress—The election of Senators and Representatives.*

CONGRESS—the Legislative estate—is, like the British Parliament, divided into two Houses.

The SENATE, the upper House, is composed of two Senators from each state, without regard to population. Delaware, with a population of about 112,000, has two Senators, as well as New York, with a population of 5,000,000. The states, being equal as bodies politic, are entitled to an equal representation in the Senate. The Senators are not chosen directly by the people, but by the legislatures of the several states. Their term of office is six years. No one can sit as Senator who is under thirty years of age, who has not been a citizen of the United States for nine years, and who is not an inhabitant of the state for which he is chosen. The Senators are divided into three classes, so that one-third retires at the end of each Congress of two years. The Senate is thus a perpetual body, and, two-thirds surviving each Congress, is able to proceed continuously with the public business. It has already been mentioned that the Vice-President of the United States is

President of the Senate; and that the Senators choose one of their own number to act as President *pro tempore* during the Vice-President's absence. The Vice-President can only vote when the Senate is equally divided. If any senatorial vacancy occurs during the recess of the legislature of a state, the Governor of the state can temporarily appoint a Senator until the next meeting of the legislature, which then fills the vacancy by election. The Senate has all the legislative powers excepting that of originating bills for raising revenue; such bills must originate in the lower House. Besides its legislative functions, the Senate possesses certain executive and judicial powers. It confirms or rejects all the nominations of public officers made by the President; without its consent the President's commission of appointment to office can only be temporary. No treaty or convention with a foreign power can be ratified without the approval of two-thirds of the Senate. All impeachments are tried by the Senate sitting as a "high court." The present number of Senators, including those of all the states now in existence, is seventy-four.

The HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES corresponds, in the American system, to the House of Commons. It is the popular and lower branch of Congress, and its members are elected directly by the people. The term of office for members of the House is during one Congress, that is, two years; this House is therefore wholly renewed by election every alternate year. The Representatives are apportioned among the states according

to population. One representative is chosen for about every one hundred and twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, and every state is entitled to at least one member. Every ten years, when the decennial census is completed, a new distribution of congressional districts is made throughout the nation. To be eligible as a representative one must be twenty-five years of age, an inhabitant of the state in which he is chosen, and he must have been a citizen for seven years. The House, at the beginning of each Congress, chooses its own Speaker and other officers; it has the sole power of impeachment. In the event of a vacancy, a new election is ordered by the Governor of the state in which the vacancy occurs, he having no power, in this case, to fill it. Each organised territory not yet made a state is entitled to one "delegate" to Congress, who may speak, but not vote. The present number of the Representatives is two hundred and forty-three.

Congress must meet at least once a year. Its time of meeting is determined by its own will, and is now appointed for the first Monday in December. Every alternate year Congress dissolves on the fourth of March, when the term of a new Congress commences; the intermediate year it sits until both Houses agree by joint resolution upon a time of adjournment. These are called respectively the "short" and the "long" sessions; the long session usually continues until July. It is to be observed, that while the English House of Commons can be prorogued or dissolved by the royal

prerogative, the American Congress is not subjected to this uncertainty of duration ; it terminates its existence at a time absolutely fixed, and it closes the alternate session at its own will ; no power can abridge its duration, no power except its own can shorten the "long" session. Each House is made the judge of the election and the qualifications of its own members ; a majority constitutes a quorum capable of transacting business ; but a smaller number may so far keep the session continuous as to adjourn from day to day, and compel the attendance of absent members. Each House has also the right to make its own rules of proceeding, may punish its members for disorderly conduct, and by a two-thirds vote may expel a member. The present salary of Senators and Representatives is five thousand dollars (1,000*l*.) a-year, and they are entitled to mileage, that is, to be paid for travelling expenses, at the rate of twenty cents (tenpence) a mile, for the distance over which they travel in going from their residences to Washington, and returning thither. For each day's unexcused absence eight dollars is deducted from the member's salary. The Speaker has double the salary of the members. Neither House can, during the session, adjourn for more than three days at a time without the consent of the other House, nor can it adjourn to any other place. The members of both are exempted from arrest in all cases, excepting for treason, felony, and breach of the peace, while attending the session, and they are not responsible outside of Con-

gress for any speeches there delivered. No Senator or Representative can hold any civil office which has been created during the time for which he was elected, or any office the salary of which has been increased during that period.

The powers of Congress are : to vote and collect all taxes and duties for the United States ; to provide for the general defence ; to borrow money on the national credit ; to regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several states, and with the Indians ; to establish laws of naturalisation and uniform laws of bankruptcy ; to coin money, regulate its value, and fix weights and measures ; to establish post-offices and post-roads ; to make patent laws, and secure the rights of inventors and authors ; to institute United States courts ; to define and punish piracies, and breaches of the law of nations ; to declare war, and grant letters of marque and reprisal ; to raise and maintain national forces and a navy ; to provide for calling forth the militia of the states to suppress insurrections and resist invasions ; to exercise exclusive powers over all the domain of the Republic not organised into self-governing states ; and to make all laws and regulations for executing the powers confided to it as the national Legislature. All powers not expressly vested in the United States government by the Constitution belong to the local governments of the several states.

To Congress, in addition to the prerogatives already stated, is given the authority to designate the time and

manner in which the state legislatures shall choose the Senators; and by a recent act the election is ordered to take place as follows. Each branch of the legislature (for the state legislatures consist, as does Congress, of two Houses) must proceed to the election of a Senator, when a vacancy is about to occur, on the second Tuesday after the session opens; each, then, votes *viva voce*, in separate session, for a Senator. The next day the two branches meet in joint session, and the votes of the preceding day are announced. If a candidate has received a majority of the votes of each branch, the election is complete; if not, both branches, in joint session, proceed to a joint *viva-voce* vote; and the person receiving a majority of all the votes so cast—provided there is present a majority of each branch—is chosen Senator. Should an election not then take place, the branches must continue to meet in joint session day after day, and must take at least one vote for Senator every day until a choice is made. It is not seldom the case that, when a state legislature is to be chosen, upon which will devolve the duty to elect a Senator, the issue of the legislative election is made before the people, whether this or that man shall receive the vote of the members of the local body for Senator. Candidates for the legislature are “pledged” to vote for this or that candidate for Senator; and thus the election of Senator comes practically into the hands of the people. This was the case in a memorable campaign which took place some years ago in the state of Illi-

nois, a campaign to which the nation owed the subsequent choice of Abraham Lincoln as President. Stephen A. Douglas, the leader of the Democrats, had long sat in the Senate, representing Illinois. His term of office approached its close: he and his party were anxious that he should be reëlected for another six years; but the state was almost evenly divided between the two parties. The Republicans were anxious to defeat Douglas, and to send one of their own party to the Senate in his place. It was therefore resolved, on both sides, that the state should be "stumped" by Douglas, and by Abraham Lincoln his competitor: the candidates for the legislature were pledged, the Democrats to vote for Douglas, and the Republicans for Lincoln. The result was one of the most hotly-contested campaigns in the history of American politics. Both Douglas and Lincoln were eloquent and popular, and exerted themselves to the utmost; and when the legislature met, there was a clear division between the adherents of these two names. Douglas won by a small majority; but Lincoln, by his frank noble bearing, his eloquence, and his clear and telling logic, secured by this campaign a greater prize than the senatorship; for by it he obtained the Republican nomination, and his election to the executive chair.

The time of electing the members of the House of Representatives varies in the different states. In some they are elected in the spring; in others, in the autumn preceding the assembling of a new Congress; in a few

the elections take place as long beforehand as the autumn of the year preceding. The candidates for Congress—for the Americans, when they speak of “members of Congress” and “congressional elections” mean the House of Representatives and its members, as “Parliament” in England is often used to mean the House of Commons only—are nominated by party conventions which meet in the several districts; these conventions being composed of delegates chosen by the “ward” or “town” meetings before referred to. It is very rarely that there are more than two rival candidates for Congress—those duly nominated by the conventions of the two great parties. Independent candidates stand little chance, and are not encouraged by the American system of politics. There is another important difference between American and English elections. In England, as often as not, the candidate is not a resident of the county or borough for which he stands, or its neighbourhood; in America, it is an invariable rule that the candidate resides in the constituency which he solicits. Some of the states have a law compelling him to be such a resident; but latterly a question has arisen whether it is in the power of a state to make such a law, the Constitution having defined the eligibility of the representative, and having only enjoined that he should be an inhabitant of the *state* in which he is chosen; and this question has not as yet been authoritatively settled. Another difference between the elections in the two countries lies in the matter of expense.

The candidates in America are not obliged to defray any of the costs of the elections whatever. I have seen returns of amounts expended by a single candidate for Parliament which would cover the cost of a presidential election. The official costs are paid in America by the town and city governments; and the costs of electioneering, paying speakers, renting rooms, printing, and so on, are paid by voluntary subscriptions raised by the various party organisations. The expenses incurred in the voting-rooms, the superintendence of the balloting, the hire of clerks, and so on, are very slight; and neither candidate nor citizen need, unless inclined, contribute to the electioneering costs. The total average cost of an election for member of Congress does not probably exceed 1,000 dollars (200*l.*). It would be too much to say that none of the candidates do, as a fact, spend money in the elections; for bribery, although by no means prevalent, is occasionally resorted to in America; but they are under no necessity to do so. It is quite possible for poor men to be elected to Congress; and many, perhaps the majority, of the members are men of very moderate means. The expenses of those candidates who do spend in America are very trifling compared with those of the English candidate, who, as a rule, must either be lavish, or lose all hope of success. It follows that the American Congress is far from being the rich assembly which the House of Commons is; and the wisdom of paying salaries to the former body, thus giving independence to those who

do not have it by private fortune, is apparent. A great deal of the work done in an American election is voluntary. Committees, canvassers, orators often exert themselves without payment, either out of zeal for party, or inspired by the hope of political profit.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPITOL : *The hall of the House of Representatives, and the proceedings therein—Congressional customs.*

THE customs and mode of proceeding in Congress are in so many respects different from those of the English Parliament, that it cannot but be interesting to note them. Washington, as the time for the assembling of Congress approaches, becomes the crowded and buzzing centre of hosts of politicians from every section of the Republic. The hotels begin to fill with office-seekers, correspondents, and the great army of the "lobby;" with the "friends" of newly-elected members, the oracles of western villages, and the needy claimants on congressional justice or bounty. The boarding-houses—Washington is full of them—and the "family hotels" are put in trim for the harvest; and Congress men, with means more limited than their ambition, have arrived to find residences for the season. The first Monday in December comes, and the spacious Capitol is the centre towards which the human streams pouring from every part of the town converge. The corridors, halls, galleries are soon full of excited beings: ladies have flocked up to see the Speaker elected and

the session begin ; politicians have gathered to intrigue for this or that man or measure ; the members are there in force, shaking hands and welcoming each other to Washington, or collected in little knots to discuss the events of the day, or to make combinations in the approaching election of officers. The issue of the latter event is, however, usually a foregone conclusion. The operations of the rival parties in Congress are governed, as they are in the elections, by regular party organisations, composed of the members of Congress, by which the will of the majority of the party is ascertained and carried out. The course of a party in Congress is determined by what are called "caucuses." These are meetings of the members—sometimes of only one House, sometimes of both Houses—who agree in political opinion. They are held privately : discussions take place as to the party policy ; the party nominations are made for the officers of the two Houses ; and a majority of the caucus decides upon both, the minority considering it a matter of fidelity to their party to follow the lead thus indicated, and afterwards to vote in the House as the majority has decreed. Thus the power of directing party policy, which seems to rest to a large degree in England, on the one hand with the Prime Minister, and on the other with the leader of the Opposition, rests in America with the party majority of the members of each House. The candidates of each party for Speaker, clerk, doorkeepers, and so on, are nominated just before the meeting of Congress, in these prelimi-

nary caucuses ; and as the candidates of the dominant party are certain to be chosen, the curiosity as to who are to be the officers is directed to its caucus.

The Capitol, which contains the chambers of the two Houses of Congress, is perhaps the stateliest edifice in America, and is fully worthy of its high use and name. Within the past ten years extensive additions have been made to it, so that it is now a very different building from that described in the older books of travel. Its site is one of the finest that can be imagined. It stands on the crest of a high sloping hill, which overlooks the whole city, and from which the broad and winding Potomac, and the pleasant hilly Virginian landscape beyond, may be seen for miles. It is approached by a stone walk which passes through a delightfully umbrageous park, enriched by pretty plots of flowers, fountains, and green terraces rising one above the other, and ascending gradually to the edifice itself. Broad flights of steps, shaded by trees, lead up to the principal terrace from which the Capitol is entered. The structure contains a central building of sandstone painted white, and two vast, elaborately-adorned wings of white marble, the latter having been added within a few years. It consists of a basement, a main story, and a high attic ; its rear, which is the side approached from the town, is comparatively plain and massive in appearance ; the front is, on the contrary, grand and imposing. Rising from the central building is a lofty, magnificent dome, which may be

seen for miles as you approach Washington by rail. This dome is constructed of cast-iron, the weight of the iron used upon it being over eight millions of pounds. Its lower section is a gallery supported by ornate pillars; the second is a massive and richly-ornamented gallery of iron; the sloping roof, likewise of iron, has a series of windows—this is surmounted by a circular and pillared structure not unlike the temple of Vesta; and rising above the whole is a colossal bronze statue of Freedom, nineteen and a half feet high, and weighing nearly fifteen thousand pounds.

The central, or original, building is three hundred and fifty-two feet long, and one hundred and twenty-one deep; the recently-added marble wings are each one hundred and forty-two feet long and two hundred and thirty-eight deep. The whole length of the Capitol from end to end, including the connecting corridors, is somewhat over seven hundred feet; the area covered by the Capitol is 153,000 square feet. The central building and wings are approached from the east by very broad and high flights of steps which lead to spacious porticoes, the roofs of which are supported by lofty monolith Corinthian columns; the columns in the main portico are twenty-four, and those of each of the wings twenty-two. The façades supported by the columns are adorned by handsome and symbolical bas-reliefs; on two projections from the central portico stand two colossal sculptures, one of Columbus with an Indian crouching at his side, the other illustrative of the perils of a back-

woodsman's life. Statues of "Peace" and "War" adorn the interior of the central portico, and in the grounds immediately before the east front is a sitting statue of Washington in Roman costume. At the sides of the wings, as well as in front, there are noble porticoes supported by Corinthian pillars. On the whole, the exterior view of the edifice is most majestic; its pure white marble, its many columns, fluted, and their capitals richly sculptured, its towering dome, its noble façades, and its vast extent, produce an effect perhaps not less imposing than that of the classic structures of ancient Greece. Entering the building on its west side, and passing through several unadorned corridors and up two flights of steps, you find yourself in an immense circular room, dome-roofed, and ornamented by frescoes, large paintings of historical scenes, and here and there by historical bas-reliefs. This is called, from its shape, the "Rotunda." Two doors, directly opposite each other, lead from the Rotunda respectively to the chamber of the House of Representatives and that of the Senate; these chambers are in the two new wings at either end of the Capitol.

The hall of the lower House is reached by passing through the old hall, formerly used by that body. Thence you enter a light elegant corridor, and at once find yourself in the spacious lobby which extends around the chamber. Here, on the morning of the meeting of Congress, you will find the excited crowd already described, increasing in numbers and in vivacity every

moment. Ascend the wide staircases, where you are confronted by historical frescoes and illuminated windows, and enter the galleries. Most unlike the galleries of the House of Commons do you find them. You are at perfect liberty to enter them without card or order, and there is room enough for all. The hall is rectangular, and much larger, lighter, and more favourable for speaking and hearing, than the Commons. The galleries are broad and spacious; they will seat from fifteen hundred to two thousand people; they are provided with benches cushioned on seat and back, and placed one above the other as in a theatre. Every seat in the body of the House may be distinctly seen from every part of the gallery, and there is no screen, as in the Commons, to obstruct the ladies' vision. One side of the galleries is reserved for ladies and their gentlemen escorts; another is reserved for the diplomatic corps; a small space is secured to "messieurs of the press;" the rest is thrown open to all, without distinction, who choose to come. The roof of the chamber is richly decorated, its long beams, which cross each other at right angles, being carved and gilded, and the broad square panes between them painted with appropriate devices. The high desk of the Speaker at once attracts the stranger's eye. It is of sculptured white marble, approached by marble steps on either side. Behind this is the Speaker's ample *fauteuil*. Just below the Speaker's desk, and still elevated from the floor of the House, is the desk of the clerks and

secretaries, also of marble. The House of Commons, it is well known, contains for the seats of its members straight benches running parallel with the wall on either side. The American Representatives' chamber is very differently arranged. Here are semicircular rows of *desks*, the desk of each member being quite separated from the rest by little aisles converging to the space in front of the Speaker. These semicircles rise one behind the other, the foremost being short and the rear semicircle extending nearly around the chamber. Each member's desk is provided with writing materials, drawers, and shelves underneath for books and papers; both the desks and the chairs are very ornate, richly carved, and luxurious. Behind the rear semicircle of desks is a corridor supplied with sofas, where members can walk up and down, or sit and chat with those who, not being members, are privileged to go upon "the floor." Doors at intervals lead from this corridor into spacious rooms, where every comfort and convenience are provided for the members; here are lavatories and dressing-rooms, cloak-rooms and smoking-rooms, lavishly furnished. On either hand of the Speaker, on the floor of the House, are desks for the sergeant-at-arms and the doorkeeper.

From the corridor behind the Speaker's chair, doors lead to certain luxuriously furnished apartments which are devoted to the use of the Speaker and other dignitaries.

The time for organising the House arrived, the principal clerk of the last Congress, standing at the clerk's desk, calls the new body to order. The verification of the members' credentials follows; then comes the election of a Speaker. This is the simplest matter possible. The clerk of the old House presides while it is proceeding. The members have taken their seats; the galleries are filled with elegantly dressed ladies, interested envoys of foreign States, and multitudes of spectators of the unlimited obscure. The candidates for Speaker, already designated in the caucuses, are put in nomination by leading men on each side. Then the roll of the members is called from the clerk's desk, each member, as his name is called, giving the name of the candidate for whom he votes. An election having been made, the new Speaker is conducted by his defeated competitor to the chair; the oath is administered to him by the senior member present, that is, the member who has been longest in Congress; and the ceremony ends with a short address of thanks from the just-inducted presiding officer. In the same manner the clerk of the House, the sergeant-at-arms, the doorkeeper, the postmaster of the House, the chaplain, the librarian, and other officers are chosen. The elections completed, the House adjourns, ready to begin business the next day. The hour of assembling for both Houses is at noon, and the daily session of each usually lasts till between three and four. The fashionable dinner hour in Washington is from five to six.

Toward the close of the annual session, however, the pressure of business—for Congress, not unlike many individuals, is fain to put off the hardest work till the last moment—compels them to meet earlier and sit later; and during the last week of the session they sit often from ten in the morning, all night, with a short recess early in the evening. The House of Representatives is an orderly body, and preserves—excepting on exciting occasions, when there is confusion enough—for so large an assembly, a marked decorum. The daily session always opens, in both Houses, with a prayer from the chaplain, a clergyman elected by the body for this purpose. The members never sit with their hats on; cheering or other signs of approbation or disapproval are very rarely heard; and although the dull speakers are not very attentively listened to, attempts to groan them down are seldom made. They converse and move about freely during the sitting, write their letters or read the papers at their desks; and when an interesting speaker is on his feet, they group around him, placing their chairs close together in front of him, and listen with deep attention. You will not fail to observe on the steps of the Speaker's desk some neatly-dressed boys, twelve or fourteen years old, who, when a member raps on his desk, emulate each other in the effort to get to him first. These are called "pages;" it is their duty to do such errands for members as bringing glasses of water, posting letters, carrying notes, and sometimes bringing them the snuff-box,

which is provided for the members' use. The method which exists in the House of Commons of taking "divisions" on important questions, by going into separate lobbies, is not usually adopted in Congress. The ordinary modes of voting are, to put the question to the House by calling on those in favour of the motion or reading to say "Aye," and those opposed, "No." If the Speaker decides that "the Ayes have it," and any member doubts the correctness of this decision, he may call for the "Ayes and Noes;" and if he is supported in this by one-fifth of the members present, the Ayes and Noes are called. The Ayes and Noes are simply the roll-call of the House, each member shouting "Aye" or "No," when his name is called, and the Speaker announces the numbers. The Ayes and Noes are often demanded repeatedly by the minority, so as to gain time or weary the majority. Sometimes the vote is taken by the Speaker calling on all those in favour of the motion to rise and be counted; he himself counts them, and in the same way those of a contrary mind are counted. When a division does occur, it is taken for the purpose of counting the members to see if a quorum is present; the members do not go out of the House and into separate lobbies, as in England, neither are the galleries cleared. The division is had in the open space in front of the Speaker's desk; here stand the tellers named by the Speaker, while the members file in procession between them.

In England, bills of importance are usually drawn

and presented to Parliament by the Ministers ; a day is appointed for the first reading, one for the second reading, and so on ; and the Committee of the whole House is, in ordinary cases, the only committee which considers the measure. The method of doing business in Congress is totally different. No Ministers sit in either House, and bills do not proceed from the Executive. The manner of proceeding is this : all the members of each body are divided into certain *standing* or permanent *committees*, some six or eight members being apportioned to each committee, and many of the members sitting on several committees. Each of these permanent committees is intrusted with the consideration of matters and measures relating to a particular subject of public policy. For instance, there is in each House a committee on foreign affairs, one on finance, on commerce, on appropriations, on military affairs, on claims, on patents, and so on. These committees are selected, in the House of Representatives, by the Speaker ; in the Senate they are elected by a vote of the Senators, the senatorial party caucuses having previously nominated them. When the reports of the Cabinet Secretaries, which accompany the President's annual Message to Congress, come before the House, they are referred by the House to the committees to whose particular subject each report is pertinent. Thus, the Secretary of the Treasury's report is referred to the committee on finance ; and that committee, after considering the report, embodies, if it

sees fit, the recommendations of the Secretary, or the contrary, regarding future financial policy, in a bill, which it presents to the House. All bills or measures presented by the members—and every member has a right to introduce bills—after being read a first and second time, are in like manner referred to the committee having special cognisance of the general subject to which the bill refers; the committee considers it, and either reports the bill itself, or another bill on the the same subject, to the House, which then entertains it; or else the committee “smothers” the bill by never bringing it before the House at all. When a bill has thus been reported from a committee, the House proceeds to discuss it, and, if the majority approve, to pass it through the Committee of the whole House and it's third reading.

Each committee is provided with a committee-room, luxuriously furnished and decorated, in the Capitol building. The rooms are situated in the two wings, the committees of each House in the wing where its chamber is, and mostly on the floors below and above that of the chambers. The walls and ceilings of many of them are ornamented with beautiful frescoes painted by Italian artists; these are symbolical and illustrative of the subjects with which the committees have to do. For instance, the frescoes in the room of the committee on naval affairs represent nautical subjects—Neptune, with his trident, riding the sea, or men of-war in the midst of battle; in that of the com-

mittee on agriculture, the frescoes are of cereals and implements of husbandry deftly grouped, and so on. The committees, especially the more important ones, meet in the morning, an hour or two before the session opens, and consider the business needing their attention—the bills to be examined or presented, or the reports to be made. The committee-rooms also serve as lounging-places, where members may retire from the hubbub of the chambers, receive their friends, and, if inclined, even take a refreshing nap; and, indeed, whist-parties are not wholly unknown to these cozy and quiet resorts.

Besides the committee-rooms, there are apartments devoted to document and speech-folding; each House is provided with a convenient post-office, where the congressional mails arrive and depart several times daily; there is for each an elegant restaurant, where, indeed, at very dear prices, anyone may refresh himself; in the rear is situated the vast congressional library, with more than 175,000 volumes; and there are stationery-rooms, and a great variety of other offices for the convenience of the legislators. The right of franking still exists in the United States, and is enjoyed by Senators and Representatives, the President and his Cabinet, and ex-Presidents, the latter having the privilege for life. In both Houses the members are divided according to their political creed, the Republicans sitting on the Speaker's or President's left, and the Democrats on his right.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENATE : *The senatorial office—A view from the galleries—Society at Washington.*

THE Senate chamber is in the new wing of the Capitol, opposite to that of the House of Representatives. It much resembles the chamber of the House, but is smaller and somewhat less ostentatious. Its galleries are constructed and divided in the same manner; they are capable of holding perhaps a thousand spectators. The reporters have places just over the Vice-President's desk. The arrangement on the floor of the Senate chamber is, as in the House, semicircular; the desks are less ornate; the general appearance of the body is much more sedate and dignified. The presiding officer's desk is of polished and carved wood, raised on a high dais; on another dais, just below it, is the desk occupied by the secretary of the Senate and his assistants. There are also desks for the sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper, and there are "pages," as in the other chamber. There is a quiet dignity about the proceedings of the Senate strikingly in contrast with the hubbub of the more numerous body. A seat

in the Senate, both from the length of its term and from the traditional dignity of the office, is considered by many as preferable to a cabinet portfolio or a first-class foreign mission. Senators have often refused both, and men have retired from both in order to accept a senatorial election. The states aim to send their foremost men to the upper House, and are proud of the talents which they display there, and which reflect credit on the states themselves. The Senate is therefore far from being a receptacle for decayed politicians, or the convenient shelf upon which to lay men who are embarrassing. It is, on the contrary, the most notable arena in the land for the display of wise and ripe statesmanship, and of lofty eloquence. The Senator has arrived at the acme of his influence, and is more often in the mature prime of his energies. In the Senate he shares the legislative powers of a Representative, and divides some of the highest executive powers with the President. He may be called upon to sit as the President's judge. He retains his high place for two years longer than the President, and for four years longer than the Representative: not seldom, approving himself to the state which sends him, he remains a Senator through two or three consecutive terms. The leaders of the Senate are always regarded as possible candidates for the Executive Chair; and in a body which may be said to be made up of the sifted talent of each state, there are many who would do honour to that highest seat in the Republic. The Senate is

more calm and deliberate, more conservative in its consideration of public measures, than the House; in this respect resembling the English upper House.

From the gallery, let us observe the Senate as it appears when in session. Opposite, in the further gallery, the lady spectators, almost every one handsomely dressed, are seated; above the chair the reporters are preparing to scratch away with their wonted lightning speed; here and there, in the diplomatic gallery, a foreign envoy or *chargé* or two are listening intently. The President ascends the dais, and the buzz of conversation ceases. The chaplain of the Senate, placing himself on the step just below the presiding officer, offers a prayer allusive of the body and its work, and perhaps touching on recent national events; the Senators stand by their desks, their heads bowed. There is a little confusion when the chaplain ceases, for there are people on the "floor" who are not entitled to remain after the opening of the session, and these are being mildly forced out of the doors by the sergeant-at-arms and his aids. The Senators have meanwhile taken their seats; the journal of the preceding day is read; and then Senators, rising successively at their desks, present the petitions, on every conceivable subject, with which they have been intrusted. You have leisure to observe the more noticeable faces, as the Senators (not wearing their hats) sit quietly at their desks: one opening his morning mail, another delving into masses of manuscripts and docu-

ments, others conversing quietly on the sofas behind the semicircle of seats. A marked face and figure are those of Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, who is, very likely, presenting a petition embodying advanced radical ideas. From the length of time he has served in the upper House, he is called "the father of the Senate," although around him are many older men. He is the leader of the more radical wing of the Republicans. Although nearly sixty, he is still handsome and scrupulously dressed. He is tall, straight, robust in frame; his luxuriant grayish hair is inclined to curl; his features are classically even; and his appearance is that of a refined and scholarly gentleman. His voice is deep-toned, and his manner of speaking, though not especially graceful, is earnest and forcible, and is aided by choice and clear language. Not far off sits Senator Fessenden of Maine, the ablest of the more moderate Republicans, and the leading practical statesman in the Senate. His figure is slight, and he appears frail in health; the expression of his face is refined and thoughtful; and a broad high forehead, the gray hair disposed carelessly above it, indicates unusual intellectual power. He speaks simply, with little or no movement, and eschewing rhetoric and all flowery graces, aims directly and clearly at the gist of his subject. He is especially at home on financial questions; and his lucid arguments and unostentatious intellectual force, sometimes relieved by a caustic parenthesis of irony, win for him an attentive hearing

whenever he rises to speak.* A youthful, almost boyish face and figure are those of Senator Sprague of Rhode Island, a millionaire manufacturer, who was Governor of his state before he was out of his twenties. He is small, somewhat foppish, with eyeglasses; his manner is impulsive and nervous. The famous "Parson" Brownlow of Tennessee—at once preacher, editor, and politician—is another of the notable senatorial faces: thin, gaunt, with high cheek-bones, resolute eye, and a true Western rudeness and boldness. The Senators are punctual and constant in their attendance; the seats are seldom, many of them, vacant; and on the occasion of a debate on some question of critical interest, the *tout-ensemble* of the chamber—the crowded galleries, the small decorous group of Senators, the distinct utterances of the orators, the Vice-President and secretaries on the dais, and the soberly yet richly ornamented hall—is one of no little interest. Neither the presiding officers nor any of the officials of the Houses of Congress wear any distinctive dress; and to an American the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor in their long-flowing wigs and ample gowns are an entirely novel and curious spectacle. In the House of Representatives a single symbol of authority is used—the mace. This is the symbol

* Since this was written, America has suffered a very great loss: Senator Fessenden died in September 1869. A great and pure statesman has passed away; his place in the Senate will not easily be filled.

of the authority of the House, and the sergeant-at-arms, when arresting a member for any cause, must have it in his hand. It is a long baton surmounted by an eagle, and it is placed on the right of the Speaker's chair when that officer is presiding, being taken down when he is not in the chair. It is a frequent custom in both Houses for the presiding officers to leave the chair while the bodies are sitting. If they wish, for any reason, to be for the moment relieved from it, they may call upon any member or Senator they please to occupy it in the mean time. Over the roof of each chamber there is a small dome, and on each of these domes, when the House over which it rises is in session, a large American flag is hoisted. Thus people in the town below may always tell when the House and Senate are in session; and the worthy landladies, whose guests are Congressmen, may, by a glance towards the Capitol, know, by the flags being hauled down, when the Houses have risen, and may govern their culinary operations accordingly.

The society of Washington is naturally tinged to a large degree with the political element. The population of the city is not far from one hundred thousand, and a very large proportion of the permanent community consists of government officials of high or modest rank. There are many thousands of clerks attached to the departments, many army and navy officers, and in the winter the city is filled with additional thousands who have come to the capital on errands of

expected profit or pleasure. There is little or no commercial enterprise; the navigation so high up the Potomac is necessarily confined within very narrow limits. That portion of the population which is not political is employed mainly in providing for that which is. Washington has no independent means of existence besides those derived from the presence of the national Government. In the summer no place could be hotter, duller, or dustier, and, excepting those who are forced to stay, it is in that season utterly deserted. In the winter, on the contrary, its society is brilliant, fashion and festivity reign paramount, and the number of people is far more than doubled. The city itself, if we except the public edifices, is by no means imposing, and is not yet, though it is rapidly becoming, worthy of its rank as the national metropolis. At the west end—in the neighbourhood of the White House—the private houses are spacious and elegant; there are pretty parks and grounds, and the vicinity wears a general air of wealth and taste. The greater part of the town, however, is built principally with two and three storey brick houses; the streets are wide and shaded, and afford a grateful relief from the summer heats. Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal street, and at least in breadth and shade a noble thoroughfare—extending in a straight line for a mile from the Capitol park to the Treasury—was, until within a few years, occupied mostly by buildings of all heights and breadths; of late it has been improved

by the construction of many imposing blocks and spacious hotels. A majority of the Senators and Representatives, as well as a large portion of the clerks, live in hotels or boarding-houses. Washington, outside of its political attractions, is hardly an interesting place of permanent residence: the terms of the members of Congress are so short, that few of them care to establish themselves there; and most of the clerks are ill able to afford the expensive living which keeping house in Washington implies. Those Senators and members, however, who, or whose families, desire to share social as well as political triumphs, take and fit up elegant mansions, and, with the Cabinet ministers, the mayor of the city, and the wealthy citizens, aid in establishing a brilliant and attractive society. And this society, as is befitting in the metropolis of a Republic, is very accessible. Those who flock to Washington in the winter from all parts of the Union, the foreign guests of the nation, and the clerks, find no difficulty in securing admittance to the saloons of the Cabinet and Senators. It requires neither wealth, descent, distinction, nor rank; people who are respectable in reputation and manners, whether ambassador or clerk, whether congressman or tradesman, are at liberty to partake of their hospitality. Receptions, balls, whist-parties, are frequent. New-Year's day is a great social gala, and it is well worth while to be in Washington when that day comes round. Business is suspended, the public departments are closed, and at an early hour the

city is astir with shoals of gentlemen, dressed in black broadcloth and white neckties, passing hither and thither, bent on reaping the full benefit of the festive anniversary. Not only the President, Cabinet, Senators, and city officials, but also the housekeeping private citizens "receive" on that day; it is a universal occasion for paying long-neglected social debts, for "setting matters right"—in a social point of view—for the new year, as well as at the same time having a general jollification. It is the fashion for the gentlemen to make the calls, while the ladies remain at home to receive them. At the houses of the Secretaries and other dignitaries, the entertainments are elaborate—including often plentiful champagne and punch, boned turkey and salmon salad, ice-creams and rare fruits—and are quite free to all. At the private houses the usual refreshments consist of "egg-nog," punch, wine, and cake. First, at noon, the rush is to the President's; from there the carriages hasten to the houses of the Secretaries and other public characters; and these more formal calls completed, the troops of gentlemen resort to the houses of their friends, drink a glass of egg-nog and pass the compliments of the season with the ladies, and so pass from one house to another, growing more and more genial as the day advances and frequent potations begin to produce their legitimate effect. It is amusing, late in the afternoon, to walk through the streets at the west end and observe the groups of officers in uniform, of decorated diplomats, and of black-habited citizens, as they come, laughing and

joking, with faces aglow with "that last glass" of apple-toddy or rum-punch, out of one house and hasten on to the next, or whirl by in a state of infectious merriment in their cabs and barouches. So it goes on till late at night: rich and poor, great officials and small, citizens and strangers, enjoy the day to the utmost. Perhaps the President and his Cabinet—what with the handshaking and too oft repeated "compliments of the day" passed with the ten thousand obscure—are the only people in the city to be pitied. The hotels in Washington are generally not so ostentatious and spacious as the best in New York or Philadelphia; they are, however, during the winter filled to their utmost capacity, and they provide frequent entertainments for their guests and their invited friends. Their long drawing-rooms are weekly thrown open for dancing-parties, which are as fashionable and *recherchés* as those in the private mansions, being often attended by the *élite* of the official and diplomatic circles. There are one or two good theatres, and in the season Washington receives visits from the leading opera troupes and dramatic artists. Another attraction in the capital consists of the free lectures which are given at the "Smithsonian Institution." This is an establishment founded by the munificence of James Smithson, a wealthy English gentleman who bequeathed more than half a million of dollars to the United States "for the purpose of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men." A very handsome edifice of red sandstone, looking much like some ex-

tensive and ornately built English castle, was erected in the broad open space which lies between the city and the Potomac. This is provided with a museum, laboratories, a fine library, collections of natural history, geology, and mineralogy, and a spacious lecture-room. Here lectures take place at frequent intervals, free to the public, on a great variety of subjects, and delivered by the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the land, who are paid from the ample funds of *Smithson's* bequest. Such men as *Agassiz*, *Bayard Taylor*, *George William Curtis*, *Vice-President Colfax*, *Dr. Lord*, and others equally well known, have thus provided from time to time rich intellectual feasts, which have included experiments in science, historical narrative, literary criticism, and humorous illustrations of character.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURTS AND JUDGES: *Law and the Lawyers—Customs of the Bench and Bar—An American Court-room.*

As the United States government has certain powers over the states, taken as a whole or as a nation—and as, on the other hand, the states, taken separately, have all the powers of a self-governing community, excepting those given up to the general government by express provision — there are two systems of courts, one for the United States, another for the states as local governments. The United States courts deal with those cases which affect the whole nation, and which arise under the Constitution, the national laws, and in respect to treaties with foreign powers. They decide all matters relating to ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; they have jurisdiction over all admiralty and maritime cases, as these cases affect the nation as a whole; they also decide all disputes, in which the United States is a party, between the several states, between a state and citizens of another state, between citizens of different states, and between any state and foreign nations, or the subjects of foreign nations. The state courts, on the other

hand, which are created and empowered by each local state government, have authority to decide matters relative to property, crime, and civil rights or wrongs within the state where they are located.

The Supreme Court of the United States is, as its name implies, the highest judicial body in the Union. In all the cases just mentioned, excepting in those relating to ambassadors and other foreign agents, it is a high court of appeal from the lower United States courts; in the excepted case, it has original jurisdiction. The Supreme Court is created by the Constitution; the judges may be increased or decreased by act of Congress. The present number of judges, including the Chief-Justice, is nine; they are appointed for life, or during good behaviour, by the President, subject to the confirmation of the Senate. The annual salary of the Chief-Justice is 6,500 dollars; that of each of the associate Justices 6,000 dollars. The officers of the court are, the clerk and one or two assistants, the marshal, and the reporter; these are selected by the judges. The annual session of the Supreme Court begins about the time that Congress meets, and closes in the spring. The present Supreme court-room is that which was occupied by the Senate before the new wings to the Capitol were built. The apartment is semicircular, much smaller than the present Senate chamber, with narrow galleries extending around the semicircular and the diametrical walls. A long raised desk confronts you on entering;

behind this sit the nine judges, who wear plain silk gowns as the only mark of their judicial rank. At one side is the desk of the clerk; at the other, that of the marshal. Over the judges' heads is a large portrait of Washington; and disposed about the room are busts of the former Chief-Justices. Near the door are seats for spectators; in the space between these and the judges' desk are long tables for the use of the lawyers. The proceedings are usually of that dry nature which long arguments on abstract questions of law possess; there is seldom a case of exciting interest; the sombre quiet of the chamber is monotonous; and it is only when public curiosity has been aroused by the announcement that some famous pleader is to speak, that the seats reserved for spectators are occupied. Not a few of the Senators and members of the lower House divide their labours between their legislative duties and — what they are quite at liberty to do — practising in the Supreme Court; and the most distinguished advocates from all sections of the country are frequently to be heard there.

The duties of the judges of the Supreme Court are not confined to its annual session at Washington. During the recess, which comprises, indeed, the greater part of the year, they go each upon a defined circuit. The Union is divided into nine circuits; in each of these a circuit court holds two sessions every year in each state comprised within the circuit limit. The Supreme-Court judge assigned to the circuit presides

over the court, and is assisted by a district judge. Besides the circuit courts there are what are called district courts of the United States. There is one district court for each state; it is presided over by one judge, called the district judge; and its main function is to decide admiralty and maritime cases. An appeal is had from the district to the circuit court—the district judge and one of the Supreme Court justices constituting the latter; and an appeal is also had from the circuit to the Supreme Court. The district judges, like those of the Supreme Court, are appointed for life by the President. In each district, that is in each state, there is an officer called the District Attorney, who occupies the position in this inferior United States court occupied by the Attorney-General in the national Supreme Court; he is the government counsel: there is also in each state a United States Marshal, performing the duties of a sheriff. There is in the United States no general Court of Chancery, as in England. In most of the states the local common-law courts have equity powers, and sit at stated times as courts of chancery; in one or two—as in New Jersey and Delaware—there are local courts of chancery, held by chancellors, which confine themselves to the province of equity. There is in America no officer corresponding to the English Solicitor-General. The Attorney-General is rather a political than a legal officer—being a member of the Cabinet, chosen from the President's party, and acting as his political as well as legal ad-

viser. He enters office, therefore, with no necessary prospect of being subsequently advanced to the bench; indeed, there have been but two Attorneys-General, out of the thirty since the foundation of the Union, who have afterwards sat on the Supreme Bench—Taney and Clifford. On the other hand, Attorneys-General have often succeeded to other political positions—to the Senate, or a higher cabinet office. He is, however, the government counsel in the Supreme Court in cases in which the United States is a party.

The local courts of the different states vary in many respects. In some there is only one court higher than the police courts; in others, two or three. In Massachusetts, all the local judges are appointed for life by the Governor of the state; in New York, they are elected by the people for a certain term; in Maryland they are elected by the people—the Governor designating one of those chosen as Chief-Justice; in Maine they are appointed by the Governor for seven years. Perhaps the prevailing system is that of having a state Supreme Court, which is the upper court, and hears both original cases of a certain importance and appeals; a Superior Court, or Court of Common Pleas; and police-courts for inferior matters. In Massachusetts the Supreme Court consists of a Chief-Justice and five associate Justices. It is the only court which can try crimes punishable by death, divorce-suits, and chancery cases. It is also competent—as well as the Superior, or next lower court—to try civil cases, in which the amounts

claimed exceed 1,000 dollars ; and appeals may be had to it from the Superior Court. The latter comprises a Chief-Justice and nine associate Justices, and may hear civil claims of amounts exceeding 20 dollars, and all criminal cases involving a less penalty than death. The salaries of the judges vary in the different states. Those of the Massachusetts Supreme Court are each 5,000 dollars, the Chief-Justice receiving 500 dollars more ; of the Superior Court, 4,000 dollars. In Maryland, the judges get 3,000 dollars ; in New York, 3,500 dollars ; in Pennsylvania, 6,000 and 5,000 dollars ; in Missouri, 3,000 dollars. The state courts decide all matters not included in the jurisdiction of the national courts, as before described. They try suits concerning property, the validity of wills, trespass, and crimes—excepting treason, and crimes against the nation. Besides the courts mentioned, there are in each state courts of bankruptcy and probate. Cases in which a jury is necessary—which involve questions of fact, and of mixed law and fact—are tried by a single judge ; questions of law alone are tried by all the judges sitting together in *banco*, as in England. In none of the state courts is any costume whatever worn by either judges, officers, or lawyers. The English visitor will miss the carefully curled horse-hair wigs of the barristers, the gowns worn on the bench at Westminster, and the paraphernalia of the officers of the court. He will find the judges at their desks, dressed primly and carefully perhaps, but in quite everyday apparel, and dis-

tinguished by no external mark of dignity. The annual sessions of these courts are held at the state capitals, usually in the winter ; and in the interval between the sessions, the judges go upon circuit, and sit at *nisi-prius* trials, as in England. Each state has its Attorney-General, or prosecuting officer, on behalf of the community, whose duty it is to bring offenders against person or property before the tribunals. He is usually elected by the people.

The Americans have, indeed, in establishing their courts, avoided the pomp and ceremonial which attend the administration of justice in monarchical countries ; they have eschewed the wigs and gowns, and the symbols of the magisterial dignity ; but they have wisely profited by one inheritance, at least, from the mother country. The common law of England lies at the base of American jurisprudence. With a single exception, every state has founded its laws upon that noble product of long generations of judicial wisdom and legislative foresight. Blackstone's Commentaries is the first book read by the American law-student ; the most eminent American jurists who have written upon legal subjects—Story and Kent—have but amplified and explained the English common law. That law—with the statutory additions which the legislatures of the different states have made to it, and which are rather supplementary than subversive—is the law which now prevails in the United States as in England. If an English lawyer visits an American court, one thing at

least will sound familiarly in his ears—he will hear Coke and Sugden, Blackstone and Adams, quoted as frequently as at home. The modifications by statute are comparatively few—and the Anglo-Saxon nations recognise the same great principles of law. The definitions and distinctions of murder, the law of libel, the law of wills and descent, the tenure of land, and the practical instruments of the law—the deeds and mortgages, the summonses and leases—are very nearly, if not quite, identical. In one state only the common law is not the basis of its legal system. Louisiana was formerly a colony of the French Crown; it was purchased from France by the United States in the time of Napoleon I. There the civil law and the Code Napoléon still exert a predominating authority. In the other states a man is of age at twenty-one; in Louisiana he does not arrive at legal independence till he is twenty-five; and in very many respects the laws of that state vary from those of her sisters, as do the Scottish laws from the English.

The legal profession is, to many educated young Americans, a very attractive one; so much so that, especially in the east, in the states which border on the Atlantic coast, it is sadly overcrowded. The law is in America much more frequently than in England the stepping-stone to political honours; besides, the rules of admission to the bar are not nearly so stringent; and it is therefore much more easy of access. The education of a lawyer is of less duration, and the

formalities necessary to be able to practise are comparatively simple. There are usually two modes in which a legal education is pursued. First, it must be premised that there are no grades or ranks among lawyers in America as there are in England. There is no division in the profession such as that which exists in England between the barrister and the solicitor or attorney. The American lawyer is invariably barrister, solicitor, and attorney in one. He is empowered to do, and does actually do, the work which in England is divided between two distinct professions. He draws deeds and makes wills, prepares and conducts the written pleadings, and sees to the serving of writs, like the English attorney; he takes charge of cases in court, examines and cross-examines witnesses, addresses the jury, and argues the law to the judge, as does the English barrister. Sometimes, it is true, a lawyer who has made a reputation in a particular branch of the profession—in tracing titles, in criminal cases, or in maritime law—confines his practice to this branch. There are many who never appear in court, and whose practice is confined to their offices; there are others who only act as advocates, and who receive retainers for this purpose from other lawyers; but these have an established position. The great mass perform every kind of legal business which comes in their way. And those who do confine themselves, from choice or special aptitude, to what is done in England by attorneys, are quite as highly considered as those who are advocates

before the courts. The certificate of "admission to the bar" gives power to practise in every branch of the profession. There is no custom, as in England, of attending Inns of Court, eating there a prescribed number of dinners, and studying in chambers. Many of the universities and colleges have law-schools attached to them; the law-student either attends the lectures given at these for a certain period, or, as is perhaps most commonly the case, he takes a desk in some established lawyer's office, and, under his supervision, reads the customary text-books, meanwhile picking up the practical experience to be gained by observing and partaking in the everyday routine of legal business. Sometimes the student combines these methods: first hearing several courses of lectures at a law-school, and afterwards, in order to learn the practical operation of the theories with which the school has familiarised him, entering some well-known lawyer's office; sometimes, too, he reverses this process, proceeding from the practical to the theoretical education. The law-schools comprise usually two or three professors of learning and distinction, who take turns in lecturing, and each of whom has his particular department of subjects. Perhaps the best known American law-school is that connected with Harvard University at Cambridge. Here there is a substantial building, which contains a spacious lecture-room and an excellent law-library. Some of the most eminent of American statesmen have been professors there. Judge Story, whose

Commentaries are well known among lawyers in England ; John Quincy Adams, afterward President ; Greenleaf, the author of the standard book on evidence, occupied chairs at the Harvard law-school ; and now Emory Washburn, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, and the author of several much-esteemed works on real estate, is one of the instructors. There is no examination for admission to the law-school. The attendance on lectures is quite voluntary. Two lectures are given each day, occupying the time between eleven and one ; the rest of the time is left to the students to continue their course of reading, and to examine the various text-books and reports which have a bearing upon the lectures which are then going on. One professor, for instance, delivers, from eleven to twelve, a discourse on the law of wills ; the same professor, from twelve to one, lectures, perhaps, on the law of partnerships ; another day, one of his colleagues will deliver two lectures on different subjects. The larger part of the students take copious notes, and they are permitted at any time to interrupt the professor, and ask him questions on the subject of which he is speaking. Sometimes the professor himself proposes a problem, and asks this student or that what the law is in regard to it. The professors have studies in the law-building, and they are always accessible to inquiring students, and glad to solve any legal difficulties which may have perplexed them. The law-library at Harvard is a valuable one ; and the English lawyer would be surprised

to find how large a part of it is occupied by English text-books and reports. Once a week there takes place a very useful exercise ; what is called a "moot court" is held. The moot court is intended to accustom the students to "getting up" cases and publicly arguing them. One of the professors presides as judge ; a certain case has been proposed, in which certain facts are considered as admitted, and the only question is on the principles of *law* applying to it. Two students are appointed on each side to argue it ; one of the more advanced students is on each side the "senior," or leading counsel ; one of the younger students on each side the "junior" counsel. A table is placed below the desk of the professor, now the judge ; the "counsel" take their places on either side of it ; and the students who choose to attend the discussion (they may or not, as they like) sit on benches ranged on either side. The counsel, pro and con, marshal their arguments, appeal to their authorities, lay down their legal dogmas ; the judge now and then interrupts to puzzle them with an awkward question, putting this or that matter in a new light. At the moot court of the following week the professor delivers his judgment on the case. The regular course at the Harvard law-school occupies eighteen months : when a student has attended lectures for that period he is entitled, without any examination, to the degree of Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) ; which, however, is a degree and nothing more, giving him in itself no right to practise, but being practically only

the evidence that he has passed through the course at the school. The student who prefers to read in a lawyer's office is received on various conditions. Sometimes he pays one hundred dollars or two hundred dollars a-year for the privilege; sometimes the lawyer who receives him finds himself compensated, for the trouble of directing his studies and setting him right on matters of practice, by the assistance which the student affords him in drawing deeds or pleadings, and looking up his cases in the text-books and reports; sometimes again, if the student is very clever, the lawyer will even pay him for his office services, besides giving him the opportunity of learning the practical details of the business.

The condition of being admitted to the bar is, that the candidate shall pass a certain specified examination. The applicant usually resorts to one of the judges of the state courts; this dignitary either undertakes to make the examination himself, or he designates one or two lawyers of high standing to conduct it. The candidate is sometimes invited to take a seat at one of the side-tables in the court room, where, very likely, a case is being tried; the judge to whom he applies gives him a written paper, containing some forty or fifty questions designed to try his familiarity with the general principles of common or statute law, the judge meantime "keeping his eye on him," that he may not communicate with anyone. He writes out his answers, being awarded three or four hours for the task; he

then gives them to the judge, who takes till the next day to consider them. If the papers show an adequate proficiency, the judge gives the candidate a certificate, testifying that he has passed a good examination, and is qualified to be admitted to the bar. The next step is to request some lawyer to move that he be admitted to practise. The lawyer and candidate proceed to one of the courts, armed with the judge's endorsement, certificates of good moral character, that the candidate is of age, a citizen of the state, and so on; and just as the session is about to open, the lawyer rises, addresses the bench, reads the papers, and makes the motion; the judge who happens to be sitting orders that the candidate be admitted; and the clerk of the court delivers to him a signed and sealed certificate to that effect, for which he is rewarded by a five-dollar bill. When the examination is confided to one or more lawyers the candidate attends at their offices, and the examination is either oral or written, as the examiners prefer—perhaps more often the former mode is adopted. His admission to the bar enables the young lawyer to practise in all the local courts—and only these—of the state where he is admitted; but in many of the states there is a custom of courtesy, by which a lawyer removing from one state into another is admitted to the courts of the latter without the formality of an examination. Comparatively few lawyers extend their practice to the United States courts—the circuit and district courts before described. Those who desire, however,

to add a maritime practice to their business, make application to the district judge, and he refers them to certain "commissioners"—eminent maritime lawyers—who give notice of the application in the papers, and who conduct a new examination for admission to practise in these courts.

That, in such a judicial system as that which has been sketched, the law should be a stepping-stone to public honours, is not, perhaps, strange. The appointment of the United States judges resting with the President, who is a political functionary and the head of a political party, eminent statesmen and politicians are often elevated to the bench. Four of the six chief-justices of the United States were more distinguished in the political than the legal arena. The first chief-justice, John Jay, had been a member of the Congress of the Confederation, and a diplomatist. John Rutledge, the second, was long identified with the politics of South Carolina. Roger B. Taney, the fifth, would never have been chief-justice but for political events. He was a great favourite with President Jackson, and had successively been his Attorney-General and his Secretary of the Treasury. In the latter capacity he had, in compliance with the President's wishes, removed the national deposits from the United States bank. The Senate was bitterly hostile to this course, and to mark their displeasure, they rejected Taney's nomination as Secretary. The President waited until he could control a senatorial majority, and then, to

reward Taney for his former disappointment, he nominated him chief-justice. Salmon P. Chase, the present chief-justice, had long ceased practising law when he was elevated to the bench. He had been Senator from Ohio, and Governor of that state, and was one of the earliest advocates of the abolition of slavery. Mr. Lincoln had appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, and he initiated the financial policy of the Union which was called for by the war. He had for some time been a prominent candidate for the presidential nomination. When chief-justice Taney died, Mr. Lincoln proposed Mr. Chase for his office, and he now occupies it. Associate-justices McLean, Thompson, Woodbury, and Campbell were rather statesmen than lawyers; and the district judges often receive their appointments as a reward for political or party services. Notwithstanding this fact, the United States bench has been not only irreproachable in its integrity, but greatly respected for its learning, impartiality, and effective administration of justice; and those who may be called the "political" chief-justices—Taney and Chase—have adorned the bench, and proved that a political career does not, in all cases at least, unfit men for a just appreciation of the judicial office.

In the different states, on the contrary, where the judges are appointed by the Governor, they are for the most part selected from the foremost rank of lawyers at the local bar. There is one drawback to this. The salaries given to the state judges are so small, that

lawyers possessing a large and lucrative practice hesitate to relinquish it to sit on the bench. The more prominent lawyers in the cities receive incomes ranging from 20,000 to 50,000 dollars a-year; it is hardly strange that they should decline to throw up such incomes for the judicial salaries of 4,000 or 5,000 dollars. The judicial office is, however, an honour and dignity, and its occupant is looked up to and respected by the community; its authority is agreeable to the lawyer who is weary of years of pleading—the idea of deciding instead of advocating is attractive; after the turmoil of an active legal career, with its failures and hardly-earned triumphs, the ease which the bench offers seems grateful; and so it is that, small as the salaries are, many of the states possess a bench of which they are rightly proud. The judges of Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont are especially renowned for their great learning and probity. In the states where the judges are elected by the people, partisan opinions too often control the selection; the Republicans have a candidate, and the Democrats a candidate; and the fact that the judicial seats are prizes won by a party struggle, must detract more or less from the dignity of the bench, and sometimes from its independence. In New York, especially in the city of New York, this system of the popular election of judges exhibits its worst—and it must be confessed they are very bad—results. The judges are too often venal, grossly partial, the instruments of political

combinations, and the creatures of a party. In common with the city government, the judiciary of New York have acquired a fame of a by no means sweet savour. But New York is an exceptional case. In Pennsylvania, where the judges are elected by the people, the bench is a very able and highly respected one; justice is well and fairly done, and no taint of corruption assails the good name of the bench. In these states—where the judges are elected—the bench is less often regarded as a resting-place for life than in the states where they are appointed, from among the lawyers who confine themselves to their profession, by the executives. The elected judges are usually politicians as well as lawyers; they often go on the bench as they would accept a political office, by no means intending to remain there for life; and it is frequently the case that judges leave the bench and “run” for Congress or for Governor, or accept a Cabinet office, a diplomatic mission, or a government bureau. That the legal profession is a high-road to public honours may be seen by the fact that a very large proportion of both Houses of Congress, many of the Cabinet officers, envoys to foreign countries, and other officials, are lawyers. Some of the most distinguished generals in the civil war left parchments and law-calf tomes to command brigades and establish sieges. Mr. Lincoln and five of the seven members of his Cabinet were lawyers. Reverdy Johnson, lately envoy to England, the recent American envoys to Paris,

Madrid, and St. Petersburg, were lawyers. Generals Halleck, Rawlins, Banks, Butler, Logan, and Sickles on the Federal side, and Generals Longstreet, Wise, Floyd, and Johnston on that of the South, were lawyers. A large majority of the Presidents have been members of the same profession; and lawyers greatly preponderate among the governors and legislators of the states. Public oratory is, perhaps, the talent having the greatest influence in American politics, and the lawyers are the best talkers.

In society, the learned professions—as is natural in a country where there is no traditional or distinctly defined aristocracy—hold a high place. They, to a great extent, give society its tone; and this is more especially the case in the rural districts and small towns, where their social influence is undivided, while in the cities it is disputed by the wealthy merchants and the literary circles. In the villages, the lawyer, the parson, and the doctor are the unchallenged oracles; the country squires, albeit a sturdy and independent race, regard them with respect, and pay no little deference to their opinions. While the eastern states are sadly overstocked with lawyers, the west needs them, and offers splendid opportunities to the young and active advocate and attorney.

Looking in upon an American court-room, the English visitor must be struck by the great simplicity which prevails. It is ordinarily a large airy room, with plenty of light, and so built as to give every

material convenience to the participants in the daily routine. On one side you will see a wide raised desk, with cushioned arm-chairs behind it, where sit, in the every-day apparel of well-to-do gentlemen, the judges. Before them on the desk are a mass of papers and pamphlets, and, scattered here and there, bulky volumes in law-calf. Each judge has his note-book before him, to which he constantly refers, and in which he jots notes from time to time. In a lower desk, standing upon the carpeted floor, immediately in front of and below the judges, you will not fail to see a prim serious-looking old gentleman—quills behind his ears, and piles of papers before him—dressed much as the judges are: this is the clerk of the court, who has supplied blank writs to the counsel, and heard the endless variety of lawsuits, perhaps, these thirty years. Against the wall, to the right and left of the judges' bench, are two little square desks, at the ends of which you will perceive swords hanging, in cases fastened upright to the desks. Here are portly and important-looking fellows, who now and then call out, in deep bass, "Order!" who bring in the prisoners, if it be a criminal trial, and who rejoice in the titles and dignity of sheriff and deputy-sheriff. Below, in the body of the room, a rail runs in a semicircle, enclosing a large space which is filled at the back with benches, and in the middle with comfortable arm-chairs. At either end of this space, near the clerk's desk, are two broad tables, opposite each other; these are for the

respective counsel in the case which is going forward. The space behind them is filled with an audience of lawyers and law-students, who have come in to hear what is progressing, and who, when there is a *cause célèbre*, crowd it to its utmost capacity. In each of the corners on either side of the judges are two benches, one behind the other: these are for the juries. There are always two juries trying cases at the same session; when one has heard a case, and has retired to consult, the one in the opposite corner begins to hear the next case in turn; when the latter jury goes out, the first jury hears the next case; and so on. A small stand just below the judges serves as a witness-box; while an enclosed bench behind the space occupied by the members of the bar is used by the prisoners, when there are any, guarded by one of the sheriff's deputies. At the back of the room are seats for the public, who are free to enter the courts without distinction. The lawyers address the judges as "your honours," and speak of each other as "my brother Jones," "my learned brother Tompkins;" the judges address the lawyers simply as "Mr. Jones," "Mr. Tompkins." In some of the courts in the northern states—and latterly, also, in some of the southern states—you will find negro lawyers examining witnesses and arguing the law; and there are instances of negroes who have won eminence in the profession. There are no serjeants or queen's counsel, or any ranks corresponding to them, in America; all lawyers

enjoy the same professional rank, and they pass, without any gradations, from the bar to the bench.

In the courts of the eastern and middle states, there is quite as much dignity in the proceedings as in the courts at Westminster; in the courts of the uncereemonious far west there is much more familiarity in the conduct of judges and counsel, and some of the scenes described of the western courts are more amusing than decorous. The west is a land of adventurers and "rough and ready" settlers; and courts of justice, as well as all other social and political institutions, exhibit the characteristics of a pioneer race.

CHAPTER VIII.

STATE, CITY, AND TOWN GOVERNMENTS.

EACH state possesses a complete government, having a written constitution, and comprising executive, legislative, and judicial branches. The state judicial system has been described in the preceding chapter. The executive branch consists of a Governor, a Lieutenant-governor, a Secretary of State, a Treasurer, an Attorney-General, an Auditor, Commissioners, and Inspectors: the inferior offices, however, differ somewhat in the various states.

The Governor and Lieutenant-governor are elected by the people of each state; and in most of the states the other executive officers are chosen at the same time and in the same manner. The terms of office of the Governors are laid down by the state constitutions, and vary widely. In the New England states the term is one year, and annual elections take place. In New York the Governor and other state officers hold office for two years; in Pennsylvania for three years; in Virginia for five years. The salaries of the Governors range from 1,000 dollars, as in New Hampshire, to 5,000 dollars, as in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The duties of

the Governor in regard to the state correspond in many respects with those of the President in regard to the United States. To him is confided the appointment of the state judges, notaries, justices of the peace, and other subordinate and local officers, usually subject to the approval of the upper House of the legislature; he communicates by message with the legislature, sending in at the opening of the annual session a report of the past events, condition, and necessities of the state, and recommending such measures as he thinks expedient. He has the qualified power of veto, like the President; and an executive council in some states—as, for instance, in Massachusetts—is elected by the people, who are the Governor's official advisers in the general state policy. The Lieutenant-governors in some states preside over the upper House of the legislatures, and, in case of the death or resignation of the Governor, perform his functions during the remainder of his term. The Governor is the Commander-in-chief of the state militia, appoints his staff as such, and often holds military reviews. During the late war, this prerogative of the Governor became a very important one; and many of the state executives at its breaking out—especially Governors Andrew of Massachusetts, Morton of Indiana, and Curtin of Pennsylvania—did effective service in organising and putting at the disposal of the Union the first brigades of that vast volunteer army which, after four heroic years, restored peace to the country. The Governor has the sole power of pardoning offenders

against the common law and state statutes. He resides at the capital of the state, and has offices in the "State House," an edifice corresponding in the states to the Capitol at Washington. He is very accessible to the public, and is attended with little ceremony or formality. The duties of his office are usually not onerous; and often the governors live unostentatiously, and without any official or personal display.* The Secretary of State keeps the records, countersigns the Governor's proclamations, and performs other duties which the title implies. The functions of the Treasurer and Auditor are explained by their designations.

The state legislatures are divided into two Houses, an upper and a lower House. The upper House is invariably styled the Senate, the lower is usually called the House of Representatives—sometimes the House of Delegates or the House of Commons. The terms of the legislatures vary widely. In the New England states both Houses are elected annually, as well as the Governor and other state officers. In many states the Senators are elected for four, and the Representatives for two years; in others, both are chosen biennially; in yet others, the Senators have two years, and the Representatives one. The legislature meets annually, more often in winter; its sessions extend late into the spring or into the summer. The House of Representa-

* Silas Wright, an eminent statesman, formerly Senator and Governor of New York, who declined the presidential nomination, spent much of his time in working hard, with his own hands, on his farm.

tives elects its own Speaker and officers; the Senate, its President and officers, excepting in the states where the Lieutenant-governor presides over that body. It is almost unnecessary to say that the ambitious politician looks upon the legislature as the readiest stepping-stone to higher political honours. In the modest halls of the State Houses you will find the budding talents which yearn to be heard in more august assemblies, and which will one day win applause from the audience of the nation. Country lawyers preponderate; but there are also doctors and well-to-do farmers, editors fresh from local sanctums, and here and there fervidly patriotic parsons. To go up to town during the winter months, and sit in the legislature, is a high object of ambition not more to the "village Hampdens" than to many of the "sturdy yeomanry." The legislature of a state is therefore, in more than one sense, a remarkably representative body: it reflects the local character and peculiarities, the favourite pursuits, the prevailing type, as well as the political will, of the community. The refined and acute city lawyer, the wealthy and public-spirited merchant, or the caustic and nervous editor, usually "leads" the body; but his followers have a will of their own, and party discipline is not always easily enforced. Among the many homely and irrelevant speakers, now and then there is one that seizes and forcibly interprets the popular feeling on a timely subject. He is marked in the party books for promotion, and the next year he becomes Speaker, or is sent to Congress. Not seldom the elections of mem-

bers of the legislature turn less on national politics—on party distinctions of Republican and Democrat—than on some local question applicable to the state alone. Sometimes the dispute is whether or not there shall be a prohibitory liquor law; sometimes, whether libraries shall be opened on Sundays; sometimes, whether this or that contract shall be made on the part of the state. But when a United States Senator is to be chosen, the struggle is always between the two national parties. The legislatures, like Congress, are divided into committees, to whom are referred all measures, and who consider and report on them before they are finally acted upon. It is confided to the legislatures, with the Governor's coöperation, to make such changes in the common law as become necessary in the lapse of years, to create and control corporations, and to make statutes affecting the people of the state at large; they have a general control over educational and benevolent institutions, hospitals, railroads, and other public establishments. Each state has the power to define the qualifications of its electors. A proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, however, which will probably be adopted, declares that no state shall deny or forbid citizens from voting on account of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude. A mistaken impression prevails with some Englishmen, that universal, unrestricted suffrage exists everywhere in the United States. A statement of the qualifications required of an elector in some of the states will correct this error. In Massachusetts, a male citizen twenty-one

years of age, who can read the Constitution and write his name, who has resided one year in the state and six months in his electoral district, and has paid a tax within two years, has the right to vote. Here there is a condition of intelligence, and also of responsibility in the shape of taxation. Negroes who possess the stated qualifications may vote in Massachusetts as well as whites. The electoral law of Connecticut is the same as that of Massachusetts, excepting that the electors must be *whites*; negroes not yet having been admitted to the suffrage. In Pennsylvania, white freemen twenty-one years of age, having resided in an electoral districts *ten* days, and in the state a year, and who have paid a state or county tax within two years, may vote; with this in addition, that freemen between twenty-one and twenty-two need not pay any tax before voting. In Rhode Island there is a property qualification. The elector must own real estate worth 134 dollars, or must pay a rental of seven dollars annually; but every native male citizen who has resided two years in the state and six months in his district, who is duly registered, has paid one dollar tax, and served in the state militia within a year, may vote. In Ohio there is no qualification, either in regard to property or intelligence: white male citizens who are of age, and have resided in the state one year, may vote. Kansas is still more liberal; requiring only a residence in the state six months, and in the township thirty days. In the Kansas state election of 1867, an energetic attempt was made to introduce both negro and female suffrage: both

were defeated, however, by a large majority. At the same time the rebels in the state were disfranchised. Mr. Pomeroy, one of the United States Senators from Kansas, is an earnest advocate of female suffrage; and it is not unlikely that that state may ere long adopt it. Iowa has just granted the suffrage to the blacks. Minnesota includes among those admitted to electoral rights persons of mixed white-and-Indian blood, and persons of pure Indian blood, who reside in the state, and "who have adopted the language, customs, and habits of civilisation, when pronounced capable by any district court." Missouri has just amended her electoral law, so that after 1876 the voter must be able to read and write. In North Carolina the following classes of persons are excluded from electoral rights: all persons who shall deny the being of Almighty God, who shall have been convicted of perjury, treason, or other infamous crime, of corruption or malpractice in office, unless legally restored to citizenship. In Oregon, sailors, soldiers, idiots, insane, Chinamen, and negroes are excluded; and most of the states exclude paupers, criminals, idiots, and lunatics. In Texas, taxed Indians may vote. The vote in most, if not all of the states, is by ballot. In Virginia, however, before the civil war, it was taken *viva voce*. The fact that bribery is by no means extensive in the United States is doubtless owing in a large degree to this universality of the ballot. The condition of things there is so different from what it is in England—there being no powerful landlords,

with a great and direct influence weighing upon their tenants—that intimidation of voters is seldom practicable. It may, indeed, be used to some extent by the large manufacturers; but the labour-market is not in America, as in England, overcrowded; on the contrary, it is hardly equal to the demand; hence the operative, not being so absolutely dependent on his employer for work, is less restrained, and may, without fear of losing employment, exercise the suffrage as he pleases.

The CITIES as well as the states are self-governing. Those towns are called cities in America which are incorporated, and possess a municipal government. This government consists of a mayor, a board of aldermen, a board of common councilmen, and such inferior officers as are necessary to carry on the municipal affairs—registers, commissioners, chiefs of police, city attorneys, and so on. The mayor and corporation (the latter being the general name for the city legislature) are elected directly by the people; and it is not at all necessarily the case that the mayor should have previously been a member of either of the boards. In the larger cities the mayor is often a prominent politician, and the mayoralty is regarded as a step toward yet higher political honours. The office of mayor of New York, especially, is one of much dignity and importance, and gives its occupant a conspicuous position in the eyes of the nation. Fernando Wood went from the mayoralty of New York to the national Congress; and John T. Hoffman, now Governor of New York state,

was previously the mayor of the commercial metropolis. The mayors of the different cities hold their offices for various periods of time. Most of the New England cities elect their mayors and corporations annually. The boards of aldermen and of the common council are composed of merchants, lawyers, professional politicians, and well-to-do shopkeepers. The traditional dignity of the "city fathers," with their capacious paunches, their prosperous rotundity and redness of face, their pompous indolence, their conservative moderation of thought and movement, is sometimes found even in America, where roast-beef, green turtle-soup, and port are *not* the sine qua non of aldermanic dinners. As in London, an important duty of the American city governments is "to dine and wine" distinguished guests, to get up harbour excursions or elaborate picnics, and to celebrate every notable event by a gorgeous feast at the best hotel. If, happily, a national convention of doctors, or a general conference of orthodox ministers, or a foreign prince, or a Japanese embassy, or a victorious general, arrives at one of the larger cities, they are waited upon by his honour the mayor (who does not wear, however, any gold chain or other external insignia of office), and, the compliments of welcome passed, the next thing is the invitation to a banquet at the expense of the city. The honoured guests are fêted to their heart's content; they are treated to banquets, they take charming steamboat rides down the bays or up the rivers, they are surfeited with balls, and they are escorted with

great ceremony to all the "sights" of the neighbourhood. The example thus set by the city fathers is zealously followed by ambitious private citizens; for there is no people on earth who like better to "lionise" and display public as well as private hospitality than the Americans.

In every city there is a "City Hall," where are situated the mayor's offices, and the rooms in which the aldermen and common councilmen assemble. The mayor's apartments are spacious and elegant; those of the corporation are usually plain and modest. The city corporation meets two or three times a week; it legislates upon all local matters—the management of the police, the care of property, the laying out and naming of streets, the contracting for buildings and other work for city purposes, provisions for the public health, charitable establishments, education, and the local taxation. Neither the mayor nor the aldermen have usually magisterial functions, as in England; these are performed by police-judges, notaries, and justices of the peace. The mayor and corporation are paid small salaries, as are the members of the state legislature. The city governments are for the most part pure and efficient; but an obtrusive exception to this rule exists in the corporation of the city of New York.

New York has a numerous foreign population, consisting largely of a low and corrupt class. The franchise is so free, that this element, led by demagogues, is able to control the city elections. The result

is that a succession of mayors, judges, and aldermen have been chosen who have launched the city into serious extravagances, and many of whom have been flagrantly corrupt. Judges on the bench have been not only open to bribery, but to the menacing pressure of a mob constituency. Aldermen have been dominated by "rings," and great frauds have been perpetrated both in city contracts and in the items of ordinary city expenditure. The estimated expense of administering the city of New York, with its population of 750,000, during the year 1869, reaches the large sum of 21,000,000 dollars (4,200,000*l.*)! The burden of property and taxation has become so great, that many people have removed their residence from the city into the neighbouring state of New Jersey, only retaining their places of business in New York. The immigration into the port of New York during 1867 amounted to more than 200,000, and 1869 will show a large increase of these numbers; and when it is considered that a large portion of the emigrants remain at the port where they land, it is readily seen how large and increasing a control over the city politics this element possesses. The poorer classes fall into the hands of low men who adopt politics as a lucrative profession, and their votes are openly traded with, while their physical powers are at the service of their leaders when a "demonstration" of any sort is to be made.

Aside, however, from its practical abuses, and looking solely at its constitution, the corporation of

New York may serve to illustrate the system of municipal government. It comprises a mayor, a city judge, a corporation counsel, a register, a comptroller, a street commissioner, a clerk, a sheriff, a recorder, seventeen aldermen, and twenty-one assistant aldermen (called in most cities the common council). The city is divided into twenty-one wards, each ward electing an assistant alderman, and the wards being so divided as to elect seventeen aldermen. There are also a number of commissioners having various duties; four to supervise the hospitals, almshouses, prisons, and asylums; eight to deal with all matters connected with "Central Park," a new and very beautiful park recently laid out at the upper end of the city; eight commissioners of emigration, three tax commissioners, four to superintend the fire department, six commissioners of the Board of Health, twenty-one school commissioners, and others.

The city proper is divided into thirty-two police districts, each of which is under the command of a captain of police. The department of the metropolitan police extends over Brooklyn, and certain counties and towns contiguous to the city, as well as over the city itself. The whole force included in the department is under the control of a superintendent of police; there are four inspectors, forty-five captains, 178 sergeants, 93 doormen, 2,280 patrolmen, and 72 special police, making a total police force of over 2,600 men. There is besides, attached to the police department, a "sanitary squad," subject to the orders of the Board of

Health, and there are special squads for the police courts. Eighteen surgeons are attached to the police department ; and there is a detective force exclusive of the regular police. The fire department, which is under the control of four commissioners, comprises about 680 men ; there are forty-five engines in the metropolis, each having a fireman and an assistant, an engineer, stoker, driver, and seven firemen. The steam fire engine has been used for some time in New York, and an alarm telegraph has been established throughout the city. There are also fifteen hook and ladder companies for reaching upper stories and saving people and goods from burning houses, comprising a force of 180 men. The duty of the Board of Health is to make inspections and enforce measures, with a view to the sanitary condition of the town. A superintendent and twelve inspectors comprise its active force ; and no building can be erected in the city limits without a certificate from the board approving the plan. There are four police courts, each having two judges, who relieve each other by sitting on alternate weeks. A court of special sessions sits three times a week at the Tombs for the hearing of small misdemeanours, two judges presiding. The street commissioners have charge of the wharves, roads and streets, vacant lands, and the lighting of thoroughfares. There are fourteen public hospitals, two of them belonging to and supported by the city. There are thirty-seven asylums for the destitute, the blind, the inebriate, orphans, and so on, two of which are owned by the city, and the rest supported by the vari-

ous religious sects or by independent associations. It is a sign of the times that one of these asylums is devoted exclusively to coloured children. New York is divided into seven school districts, superintended by the Board of Education, which is composed of the twenty-one school commissioners. There are fifty-five ward schools, forty primary schools, and nine coloured schools, supported at the public expense, and free to all classes of children residing in the city limits. The total number of public school teachers is 2,154; there are, besides, many private schools.

There is nothing, perhaps, more strikingly characteristic of the spirit of American institutions than the town governments. Therein lie the germs of the whole polity of the Republic. The townships are the most ancient, the most simple, and the most purely democratic organisations in America. They preceded the formation both of the states and of the national Union. In them is at once recognised an essential difference between the American and the English systems, and the contrast between the ideas which lie at the foundation of the two constitutions. The theory of the English government is, that popular rights and privileges proceed from and are granted by authority. The authority has its fountain-head in the Crown. Liberty comes to the people from above. England was not originally self-governing by its people; the government by the people has come, after centuries of struggles, in which authority has repeatedly made necessary and sub-

stantial concessions. The founders of the American polity started with the idea of the absolute sovereignty of the people, and upon the theory that all authority rested in and proceeded from the people; and from this sprang the simple and pure system of town governments.*

In the national government the people act indirectly, by delegating their powers to representative legislators; and the same is the case in the state government. In the towns the people themselves meet, make their own laws, and choose an executive to put them into practice. The towns were originally divided off, without any fixed limit as to numbers or area; wherever there was a settlement, there was a town, which assembled in "town meeting," and made laws. In the older states, therefore, the townships are found to be smaller and more numerous than in the new states, where there is a certain limit adopted—usually an area of six square miles—to constitute a township. The townships thus marked out, within their own area possess all the powers of a self-governing community, excepting those granted to the state or to the Federal Union. They have full power to raise taxes, to establish schools, to make improvements, to regulate charities. All male citizens participate in

* In the famous political compact, which was drawn up on board the Mayflower (which conveyed the Puritans to New England), this principle was distinctly announced as the foundation of the new commonwealth.

the town government. Every township possesses its Town Hall, and here the town meetings—which are held annually, and not seldom several times a year—assemble. The Town Hall is situated in the principal village included in the area of the township; although in the older states, sometimes, other villages have outgrown the seat of town government, and it is one of the smallest. The building is ordinarily a large, plain edifice, looking not unlike a chapel, with a spacious hall, simply furnished, and used not more for the meetings of the townspeople in their political might and majesty, than for concerts, lectures, school exhibitions, and church fairs. The town meetings are the occasions for an unwonted excitement among the rural population, to whom any event, however small, is a diversion. The farmers from all the contiguous country drive to town in their little homely wagons, fasten their horses along the fences, and proceed in groups—evidently impressed with a sense of their responsibility and importance—to the Town Hall. They have their opinions, these sturdy yeomen; that you can see in their browned, positive faces, and independent bearing. The Puritan blood is there in all its strong sense and firm self-respect. They are great newspaper readers, to a man: not one of them but has his “semi-weekly” regularly from the city, wherefrom he draws political inspiration no less than a knowledge of the events which are passing in the world beyond; not one who does not read, slowly and carefully, the speeches which his member

(of Congress) has been so thoughtful—with a view to future exigences—as to send him. A man who is unable to read is a curiosity. They are, every one, primed with toughest arguments; when their minds are made up that this or that is *right*, they are as immovable as the granite hills among which they live. The town meeting is a most interesting and characteristic body. The farmers and squires, the doctors and parsons, the grocers and apothecaries, assemble in the spacious hall: one rises and proposes Squire Perkins for “moderator.” The moderator is the chairman of the meeting; when chosen, he takes his seat at the small desk at one end of the hall, and with little preface requests the meeting to proceed to business. Then there are motions and counter-motions: Squire Jones thinks the town ought to prop up the bridge over Tibbs’s Creek; Parson Brown wants more funds for the common school; Lawyer Robinson would like to hear how much the town is in debt. The “selectmen” read their yearly report on this and other topics, answer questions from this side and that, and make such explanations as are due to the sovereign people. The selectmen are simply a committee, elected every year in town meeting, and charged with administering the township, according to the will of the meeting, during the ensuing year. They are the town executive. They are chosen by ballot, and are usually the most active and public spirited citizens in the township. Often they are reëlected year after year; for the office,

though not pecuniarily lucrative, is regarded as an honourable one. From the facts stated it will be seen that the town governments are democracies in the most simple and primitive form. The making of laws is not delegated to others—the people make them themselves; and the selectmen are the most directly responsible, the least independent of executives. Town meetings are frequently called by the selectmen in the interval between the regular times of assembling. This happens when any special case arises requiring the popular assent, and in which the selectmen are not inclined to act without the popular authority; or upon the application of a few citizens. Notices are affixed to prominent places—at the inns, the church doors, or the junction of several roads—calling a town meeting to consider such and such matters or propositions; it assembles accordingly; a moderator is chosen, the selectmen state the object of the extraordinary meeting, the townsmen discuss it, and dispose of it by legislative action.

The town meetings of the New England states are historically memorable. These assemblies have witnessed the early efforts of some of the greatest American orators, and have been the occasion for some of the most noteworthy scenes in American annals. It was in town meeting at Boston that James Otis, displaying an eloquence classic in its language and expressive power, and fervent in its audacious patriotism, made the first articulate rebellious protest against the

policy of the mother country toward her colonies. It was in town meeting that John Adams first betrayed his courage and obstinacy, and that Samuel Adams and John Hancock won the distinction of being excepted from the royal offer of amnesty by their advocacy of irreconcilable resistance. It was in town meeting that Daniel Webster, first among transatlantic orators, won the plaudits and the affection of the people. It was in town meetings from one end of the land to the other that the rebellion of the colonies was mooted and resolved, that resistance to the mother country was organised, that men met during the bitter struggle of the Revolution to cheer each other's drooping spirits, to scrape together difficult succours for the patriot troops, to mourn over the many defeats, and to rejoice over the occasional triumphs. And in the late civil war, it was due perhaps more to the town meetings than to the larger political organisations, that volunteer forces were raised with so little difficulty, equipped so quickly, and replaced so easily by equally brave battalions and brigades.

The intelligence and sturdy honesty for which the rural population in America is noted make the town governments successful almost without exception. No element of political corruption invades them ; ignorance does not vitiate the justice and good sense of their acts ; selfish ambition has little chance among neighbours who know each other through and through ; the soundest counsel almost always prevails, and the clearest judgment and best capacity executes.

CHAPTER IX.

AMERICAN POLITICS AND POLITICIANS: *Public speaking—The military element in politics—Political activity and radical ideas—Political corruption—Office-seeking—Election disturbances—The new South—Reconstruction.*

THE Americans take a keen and almost universal interest in politics. In the most secluded villages, as in the largest towns, political questions are everywhere discussed with zest. Intelligence is so widely spread by the freedom of education, that one of the chief pleasures of the farmer, and even of the farmer's boy, is to read the papers and know "the news." The visitor from the city to the rural districts is surprised to find how well posted everybody is on the proceedings in Congress, the party platforms, and the respective qualifications of party candidates. Doubtless this universal interest in politics is largely due also to the intimate relation of all the people to the political institutions of the country. The man who is a power in town meeting, in the city election, in the congressional district—and there are very few who are not voters, and thus powers—has a pride in showing himself worthy of the responsibility. From this intimacy with the political system, and this consequent well-

nigh universal interest in politics, there has resulted a well-nigh universal passion for public speaking. America is a prolific country for orators of more or less genius. It is a land of conventions and assemblies, where it is the most natural thing in the world for people to get together in meetings, where almost every event is the occasion for speech-making, and where oratory has a very perceptible influence in acquiring public authority. If the negroes want the franchise, or women their "rights," the proper and only thing to do is to establish associations, to hold monster conventions, to agitate by calling mass meetings here and there and everywhere, and pouring a ceaseless rain of eloquence upon the people.

Distinguished foreigners find themselves the targets of innumerable addresses, of endless congratulatory speeches, and long municipal "words of welcome." If Hopkins, who has presided over the Chamber of Commerce, retires from that high responsibility, he is at once assailed by a committee of merchants, who read him a regretful document, to which he is fain to reply at length; and the whole appears in the next morning's papers. Popular politicians and generals, wherever they go, must needs address their "fellow citizens" at rustic stations and from railway platforms; and when the train has gone on with its distinguished burden, the local oracles keep up the entertainment by eloquent harangues on the questions of the day in general, and the glorious deeds of the departing visitor in particular.

No small portion of the schoolboy's education is devoted to the practice of speaking in public. At a very early age he learns to ascend the platform, and, in presence of his schoolmaster, to declaim,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!”

or,

“Romans, countrymen, and lovers;”

or,

“My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flock.”

As he progresses, he is required to declaim his own compositions, to engage in debate with his companions, and to appear at exhibitions before lenient audiences of fond parents and admiring damsels. Perhaps, if he lives in a remote village, which holds the “college boy” in admiring awe, he is called upon, some time in his teens, to make orations on patriotic anniversaries, and to “spout” at political meetings. He becomes confident, feels at ease on the platform, grows facile in tongue, and by and by blooms out a finished and prolific public speaker. So it is that there are few Americans who cannot, on occasion, “make a few pertinent remarks;” it is essentially a national custom, and perhaps a national gift. It is no wonder that so universal a habit should not only train some fine orators, but that it should also conduce, in a large degree, to that general political education of which public meetings are the best possible mediums. The American political speakers and politicians are not by any means confined to those who make politics an ex-

clusive profession, or those who are personally interested in the election of this or that candidate. Men of all professions and occupations mingle in the exciting campaigns, take part in the conventions and caucuses, and find a relief and a diversion from their daily labours in actively participating in political struggles. It is by no means rare to see clergymen joining in the political fray. Henry Ward Beecher, the most eloquent of American pulpit orators, often lectures and writes upon political subjects. At one time a formidable minority of the Massachusetts legislature were clergymen; this was when the "Know-nothing" party was waging its brief crusade against the foreigners and Romanists, and many of the Protestant clergy joined in the political attack upon the Papal Church. There are now two Senators of the United States who are Methodist ministers—Senators Harlan of Iowa and Brownlow of Tennessee. During the civil war, the clergy were generally very active in support of the Union, exhorting the people, speaking at recruiting meetings, and supporting candidates. Merchants, doctors, lawyers, as well as office-holders and professional politicians, serve on the party committees, contribute freely to the expenses, and put their shoulders to the wheel at the crisis of the election, most of them having no expectation of earning thereby any personal profit. There are, besides, plenty of men who work for a selfish purpose, who demand a reward for their exertions if their party succeeds; it is mostly these

men who form the vast army of zealous office-seekers which besieges each new presidential administration.

The fact that the rival parties must depend for success as much on the personal popularity of their candidates, as upon the creed of their political faith, has resulted in a frequent connection of military men with American politics. A victorious general receives—even among a people as prone to peace and peaceful pursuits as the Americans—an enthusiastic admiration such as few statesmen or orators, however brilliant their talents, can arouse. There is something in military courage, above all, in military success, that fascinates humanity in every phase, whether of barbarism or civilisation. After each of the wars in which the United States has engaged, the politicians have turned with one accord to the most prominent generals to bear the political standard in the elections. And they have proved to be, almost without exception, irresistible candidates for political power. The result is that, for the years immediately succeeding a war, military men are found filling civil offices of every grade. How extensive and invariable has been the practice of choosing generals for political places may be seen by a glance at American history. Washington, the first President, was the hero of the revolutionary war; Hamilton, his Secretary of the Treasury, and Knox, his Secretary of War, had won fame in the army. Two of the generals in the war of 1812—Generals Jackson and Harrison—subsequently became Presidents; Clinton

and Burr, revolutionary soldiers, were Vice-Presidents; of the Secretaries of War, Eustis, Armstrong, Porter, and Rawlins were military men. After the war with Mexico (1846-9) there was a brisk competition among its heroes for the Presidency and other high offices. General Taylor, who fought the battle of Buena Vista, won in the political race, and became President; he was opposed by General Cass, a soldier of 1812, who was supported by General W. O. Butler, a Mexican war general, as the candidate for Vice-President. At the next presidential election (1852) two more officers of the Mexican war opposed each other—Generals Pierce and Scott, the former winning, and selecting an old brother officer, Colonel Jefferson Davis, as his Secretary of War. In the two elections which have taken place since the outbreak of the civil war, there have been military candidates. In 1864 General M'Clellan was the democratic candidate, but could not prevail against the deep personal affection and trust which the nation reposed in Abraham Lincoln. In 1868 General Grant “walked over the course,” the candidate for Vice-President on the defeated ticket—General Blair—having also been a distinguished Union soldier. At present it would be interesting to note how large a proportion of the national and state offices are held by ex-Federal soldiers. There are very many in Congress; the present governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, and the recent governor of Rhode Island, were in the Union army; and multitudes of

other offices of less note are occupied by soldiers of every grade, from generals to lieutenants. It is worthy of remark, too, that the military Presidents have been by no means the worst whom the Republic has had. Washington and Jackson, Taylor and Grant, were good chief magistrates, whose capacity for administration, and whose honesty and homely vigour, were in no degree inferior to the statesmen Presidents. The fear of a military dictatorship seems never to have been felt; and the military Presidents seem never once to have thought of such an event. The political history of the United States proves that, however subject other republics have been to the dangers of military ambition, such an ambition is wholly contrary to the spirit of American institutions, and could never be enforced there. The standing army is very small, quite incompetent to execute a *coup d'état*; and the complete organisation of the several states would give the resistance to such an attempt a stand-point at as many centres as there are states.

The fact that the military element, after a war, enters so largely into politics, is one favourable to the rapid establishment of a volunteer army, and the quick growth of a military spirit. Young men see in a coming war not only an opportunity to achieve fame on the battle-field, but also a means of rising to high civil dignity after the war has closed. So that, let the President issue a proclamation calling for volunteers, and the ambitious youth of the land, fired by the pro-

spect of a double prize as well as by patriotism, flock to the ranks, emulate each other in learning the art of war, and rejoice in the occasions which display alike their courage and their military skill. America will never, then, need a standing army; conscription will not be necessary; as long as American institutions are what they are, and as long as military renown is so good a passport to political eminence, armies will spring up at the time of need, and when exhausted, will be replaced by other armies equally formidable.

America has no antique political traditions; she is bound by no long-hallowed precedents; her people have no reverence for the ancient by reason of its antiquity. Americans, therefore, are the more ready and the more zealous in the trial of new expedients, more quickly adopt radical opinions, and push politics to far greater extremes, than if they were so bound to the past. Thus it is that all sorts of propositions and questions are constantly agitated, and measures of every kind receive more or less adherents. Agitation of some sort or other is always going on; as soon as one progressive measure has been adopted, another appears, and is thrust upon the community, until it in turn is accomplished. For many years slavery was the great topic of agitation; abolition was pursued by a few earnest and courageous men, who subjected themselves to the attacks of the slave power, and what was perhaps as little supportable, the sneers of respectable society. Americans have always had a deep, almost superstitious

reverence for their written Constitution. It has been looked on as almost sacrilegious even to criticise it. But the abolitionists, in pursuit of their end, did not hesitate to shock this sentiment by declaring that the Constitution, because it suffered slavery, was "a league with hell and a covenant with death." The slavery struggle went on for more than a quarter of a century ; gradually the people of the North, provoked to it in a great measure by the arrogance and threats of the slave-holding oligarchy, were converted to abolition ; and slavery was annihilated finally by the civil war. Succeeding this came the agitation for negro suffrage. The southern states had laws which prohibited negroes from learning to read and write, prevented them from testifying in a court of justice against a white man, and forbade them the ordinary protection of the laws. This, after much agitation, was remedied by the Union conceding them civil rights. Then came the proposition to give them votes ; and it seems probable that by the adoption of the new amendment to the national Constitution, no one shall be denied the suffrage on account of race or colour. The country was next agitated as to the mode of treating the defeated South, and of "reconstructing" the states lately in rebellion ; this was settled by Congress, and embodied in the reconstruction amendment to the Constitution. Recently, the agitation in favour of female suffrage has assumed much larger proportions, owing, perhaps to the absence of other subjects for discussion, and to the energy of some women of

marked ability and energy. They argue that, justice having been done to the negro, women should next be admitted to the polls. Some of the most eminent politicians have espoused the cause of female suffrage. Senators Wilson, Wade, and Pomeroy, Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson, are among its earnest advocates; and it is probable that some of the more radical states will in no long time try the experiment. Meantime there are woman's rights conventions everywhere; lecturers are busy impressing the subject on the public mind; a newspaper has been established as a "Woman's Rights" organ in New York; and even those politicians and papers which oppose the cause, and have previously sneered at it, are beginning to discuss the claims of women in a serious and argumentative tone. So it is that all radical ideas find a quick expression somewhere in America, and attract followers, and "agitate." The good sense of the people, in the midst of so many claims, may be trusted to judge each by its merits, and, while rejecting the chaff which is fruitless, to settle upon the good grain and enjoy it.

It has been customary for the Presidents, on leaving the White House, to retire altogether into private life, and to appear no more as public men. They lapse into obscurity, and are speedily forgotten. It is not regarded as dignified for an ex-President to accept an inferior office, or to reappear at Washington, the scene of his former power. There have, however, been exceptions to this custom, which rather savours of an aristo-

cratic etiquette than of republican equality. Washington, after having served two terms as President, was made Lieutenant-general, and nominally commanded the armies until his death. President Monroe was so indifferent to the custom, and so entirely unaffected in his democratic inclinations, that after leaving the White House he became a justice of the peace in Virginia. The most notable exception to the rule, however, was the good and venerable John Quincy Adams. He was not content to cease serving the nation when he ceased to enjoy its highest dignity. He devoted himself earnestly to the cause of abolition; he accepted an election from his native district to the lower House of the national Congress, and retained his seat in that body to the end of his long and useful life. For nearly twenty years—until he was long past his four-score years—he battled manfully for the cause of the slave, amid savage threats and grievous insults, motions of expulsion and bitter personal tirades, from the southern members; and he died, as did Chatham, at his post, with his armour on. He was a very old man. One day he was presenting a petition for the abolition of slavery, and commenting upon it, when he suddenly fell in a fit. Conscious that his time had come, he murmured, “And this is the last of earth!” These were his last words. He was taken into one of the rooms near by, and soon passed away. So died, struggling for the right, one of the noblest and best of American statesmen; one who sacrificed his pride to descend from the Presidency to

the legislative arena, there to struggle with a dominant and vindictive oligarchy.

It cannot be questioned that there is much political corruption in America. There is, however, this difference between the corruption which exists there and that which exists in England. In America there is comparatively little bribery or intimidation of the voters. The elections are not, as a rule—excepting now and then in a few localities—controlled by unfair or immoral means. Bribery is used, not to influence electors, but to corrupt the legislative bodies after they are elected : it is transferred from the polls to the “lobby.” Congress is much less subject to such influences than some of the state legislatures and the city corporations ; still there are in every Congress members who are accessible to the “lobby” managers—a class of men who make it their profession to get bills through the Houses, and who use every means to accomplish their end. Their modes of proceeding are various ; but they make it their business to know and secure those members who will sell their votes. The recent course of Congress shows, however, that only a very small proportion of the members are purchaseable. A crusade has been successfully waged against “lobby” bills. Some of the state legislatures are noted for their corruption. Jobs of the most infamous kind have been repeatedly carried in that of New York. Members are attacked both by threats of losing office, and by the offer of large sums of money ; and it is sometimes

only the very small minority who are able to resist the warning or the temptation. Governors have been charged with selling offices to the highest bidder. This practice is one of the most dangerous in American politics. I would not represent corruption to be by any means universal: happily it is not so. The good sense of the people have, in many states and cities, successfully resisted it; still it is an evil too patent to be ignored, and one which, in New York especially, must be vigorously attacked by the intelligence and virtue of the community, or it will bring great disasters upon the people.

Office-seeking is perhaps a necessary evil in a republic. There are evils special to every form of government; and this is one which, when it has grown to be a custom, it is hard, in a democratic state, to eradicate. - Latterly the American Presidents have followed the maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." General Jackson, forty years ago, first put this principle into extensive practice. Before his accession to the Presidency, government officers generally retained their places so long as they filled them creditably. General Jackson's initiative has been followed by his successors. The officers of the civil service, high and low, look forward with dread to the accession of a new President. The idea is, that the Presidency is a prize to be competed for by the rival parties; that the election is a party victory; that the offices are prizes as well as the Presidency; and that those who have actively contributed

to the party triumph are entitled to a party reward in the prizes which the party struggle has won. The workers in the "campaign" therefore claim their share of the presidential gifts, gauging their demands according to their prominence, influence, and amount of service. Generals, ex-Senators, Governors, aim for foreign missions, the higher consulships, Cabinet places, rich post-offices, assessorships, and bureaux; local oracles are content with department clerkships, small consulships, small post-offices, and agencies. Those who are already in grow nervously enthusiastic over the "coming man" and his party; those who are out, but want to get in, aim to oust the "ins" by raking up their political antecedents, and proving that their conversion to the triumphant cause has been suspiciously recent. Washington, at the beginning of a new presidential term, fairly swarms with thousands of seekers after office. They besiege the new ministers, and the President himself, in eager multitudes; they often proceed to the departments escorted by their members of Congress, who zealously urge their claims upon the dispensers of official gifts; they file their folios of papers, recommendations, petitions, and so on, until the department rooms are choked with them. It is a sore besieging, half-famished army, each private of which is the bitter rival of every other, but which joins in the common assault upon the new powers that be. The guillotine of political proscription soon begins to fall daily upon the luckless occupants of clerkships, of con-

ulates, as well as of great missions and bureaux. He is a fortunate man who survives this critical period, who, having enjoyed a four years' possession, sees the office-seeking hosts reluctantly fade away, leaving him still moored at his haven. Of those who go out, many have spent their income as fast as they received it, and, unskilled in profession or trade, are sent adrift without means, often at middle age, upon the plodding world outside the tranquil round of official life. Still, it is not usually a wholesale proscription; many remain for years; and the best clerks are always the safest. The ministers doubtless aim to weed out the less efficient. Political services and creed cannot be justly said to be the only conditions of appointment; efficiency is, in most cases, honestly regarded.

Whether this practice of rotation in office is a wholly bad one may be doubted. It is certainly far too extensively exercised in America; but it has, perhaps, some advantages. It puts the whole machinery of the government into accord with the policy of the administration; it infuses new life into the public service; it affords an opportunity for the Secretaries to get rid of an excessive civil force, and thus to economise; it enables them to weed out the indolent, the inefficient, and the corrupt, and to exercise judgment in the new selections. The men who go in are as efficient as, if less skilled than, those who go out. A long retention of office is almost certain to produce listlessness, neglect, and a decrease of energy

in its exercise. It is bad for the office-holders themselves. A change once in four years brings new energies, more active habits into the public service; and if the office-holder, knowing the precarious tenure he has, relies upon it as a permanency, it is his own fault: he has full notice to quit in the general custom. It is true that it is not usually to be expected that good men should abandon a more permanent occupation to take office, when its tenure is so uncertain and so brief. But America is a very different country from England. The population is not so fixed and settled; men pass easily from one occupation to another; they like change; they are adventurous, and risk more,—so it is that good men *are* found to fill the offices, notwithstanding the liability to removal. The office-seekers are not, after all, so greedy and utterly selfish a race as they are sometimes called. They have worked, most of them, for a cause which they think right; they have aided in its triumph. To desire to hold an office is not criminal or dishonest; the holders of offices do not possess a monopoly of them; one man is as good as another. They reason thus; and it is not worse reasoning than that of the merchant or the lawyer who seeks, openly and frankly, to put himself in a better position, even though that position is held by another. So long as there is no corruption or bribery used in the pursuit of office—which is indeed too often, yet by no means universally, the case in America—it is not so offensive a thing as it is painted.

There is one error prevalent in Europe in regard to the alleged dangerous excitements of American politics, and the violence and mob influence which are supposed to prevail in American elections, which should be set right. It is not true that mob law dominates the polls; it is not true that the electors are over-awed; it is not true that bloodshed—the use of bowie knives and revolvers—is the usual accompaniment of a political contest. In the most exciting presidential election, perhaps, which has ever occurred—that in the midst of the civil war, when Lincoln and M'Clellan opposed each other—there was, in all that vast extent of country, far less rioting and brawling, less intimidation, less bloodshed, than occurred in England during the general election of 1868, or in the French election of 1869. No scenes worse than those which were enacted at Blackburn have ever occurred in America, hardly even upon the frontiers of the far West, where civilisation has come in contact with half civilisation and barbarism. There is plenty of excitement throughout the country at election time, but it is not a dangerous excitement. The election over, the most perfect public tranquillity follows. The elections, with the exception of one or two of the larger towns and in the far West, invariably pass over in quiet and order. Even in those in which are involved great issues, when the whole administration of the Government is to be changed, there is very rarely anything anywhere bearing the semblance of a riot. There is no constitutional nation in Europe where

elections are less apt to be turbulent than in the United States. The statement that they are mob-governed is a bugbear, the invention of timid brains. Even in New York city, with its crowded population, embracing thousands of low-class foreigners and native "roughs," election disturbances are exceptional. Such disturbances are almost unknown in the New England states, even in the populous cities. Election day, far from being a day of battle, assumes the appearance of a public holiday: small knots of citizens gathered about the polling-rooms; here and there a cheering and shouting group of men and boys parading the streets; committee men busily bringing up indifferent voters; the reading, in the evening, of the telegraphic returns of the election in crowded halls and from exchange steps; a great deal of exulting and cheering, music and torch-light bearing, illuminations and gun-firing, later in the night, when the result is known or well guessed,—these are the obtrusive features of election day in America.

In the South, before the civil war, politics were much more entirely in the hands of a few rich or educated men than in the North. The South was dominated by a planter and feudal aristocracy, all the more powerful from their possession of the slaves. The white masses of the South were deplorably ignorant, wretchedly poor, and quite under the control of the planters. There were no free schools, and popular education was, if not absolutely prohibited, discouraged

and disliked. The few rich and intelligent therefore managed the nominations and the elections; the people at large had little share in them, and representatives of the slave aristocracy were almost invariably sent to Congress and occupied the higher state offices. It was this class which, finding that it could no longer control, as it long had done, the Federal Government, precipitated civil war, and dragged the poor and ignorant masses of the South after them. It was their own ruin; for defeat in the field meant simply a complete social and political revolution in the South itself, in which there was a transfer of power from the slave oligarchy to the people as a whole, in which the very slaves themselves had their share. The leaders of the old South have probably lost their power for ever. They are disfranchised, and can only regain their political rights by a submission to the changed state of things. There is, and is to be, a new South. Slavery has disappeared, and with it have tumbled all the ramparts which once hedged about the aristocratic, cavalier-descended planter. Free schools are springing up there; the Freedmen's Bureau and George Peabody and the new southern constitutions have planted them, and they are growing and gradually spreading over that humiliated and prostrate section, letting in upon the poor whites the altogether novel light of education. The franchise is granted to them, and encourages them to respect themselves and to fit themselves for self-government. Emigration from the North and from

foreign lands has learned the way to the rich Virginia valleys and the luxuriant Georgian and Louisianian rice, sugar, and cotton fields. A new and enterprising commonwealth is taking the place of the old and exhausted one. For the first time in American history, truly republican institutions, social and political, are taking root in the South. In the period of re-formation, there must be commotion, occasional discouragement, occasional spasmodic resistance from the lingering elements of a dying system; but the process goes on, and its fruits already begin to appear. The former slaves are manifestly struggling up to real citizenship and political responsibility. There are in the South negro meetings and conventions, negro editors and orators, negro members of legislatures, candidates for Congress, and lieutenant-governors. More than one prominent coloured man in the South has displayed an undeniable capacity for government and legislation. Those who show such a capacity, and those who show the lesser capacity for a reasoning use of the ballot, will increase and will maintain their political and civil status in the new order of things.

A glance at the measures taken by the national Congress to "reconstruct" the southern states, will suffice to give an idea of the change which is occurring in the spirit of the political institutions of that part of the country, and the new character which is given to the southern states by their reorganisation. First, immediately after the close of the war, the states lately

in rebellion were divided into five military districts, governed by generals of the army, who enforced order by the aid of their troops. The object of this was to restore to something like tranquillity a section exhausted yet still irritated by a hopeless defeat. The commanders of the districts were instructed to protect all the inhabitants in person and property, to suppress insurrections, to prevent disorder and violence, and to punish at discretion all disturbers of the public order. At the same time Congress made provisions whereby the southern states could, by forming republican state constitutions, and including in them certain guarantees against any future rebellion, resume their places as component parts of the Federal Union. These new constitutions were required to be harmonious in all respects with the constitution of the United States; they were to be framed by conventions of delegates, elected by the male citizens over twenty-one years of age, without distinction of race, colour, or condition, excluding from the vote those who were disfranchised because of a participation in the rebellion, and criminals; they must contain in their provisions the granting of the suffrage to all male citizens, of whatever race or colour, over twenty-one years of age, not already disfranchised for acting in the rebellion; they must be submitted to and ratified by a majority of such persons; they must then be submitted to Congress for its approval. Previously to readmittance as a state with full privileges, however, it was ordained that each

southern state must ratify the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This amendment provides that all persons born and naturalised in the United States are citizens; that no state shall make any law abridging civil rights, or deprive citizens of those rights, except by due process of law. The basis of representation in each state is reduced if male citizens of the United States twenty-one years old are denied the suffrage. No person can be a member of either House of Congress, a presidential elector, or an officer of the United States or of any state, who, having taken an oath as a United States or state officer, military, civil, or judicial, to support the national Constitution, has engaged in rebellion against it, or given aid or comfort to its enemies. Congress can, however, by a two-thirds vote, remove this disability, and has, as a fact, removed it from a large number of former confederates. The amendment also declares that the validity of the public debt shall not be questioned, and repudiates and declares void the Confederate debt. This amendment has been ratified according to law, and is now a part of the national Constitution; and the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina having complied with the conditions of Congress, as stated, have been restored to their places among their sister states, and their Senators and Representatives now sit once more in the Capitol. Texas, Virginia, and Mississippi are not yet "reconstructed," but will doubt-

less resume their places as states ere long. Many of the new state constitutions embody liberal provisions for free education, and compare favourably in other respects with those of the northern states. So untrue is it that the military force in the South exercised political tyranny, that nearly every southern state voted, in the presidential election of 1868, for Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate, the military forces being, the while, under the immediate command of General Grant, his opponent.

CHAPTER X.

THE RURAL FREE SCHOOLS: *A glimpse at a rustic schoolhouse—How free schools sprang up—Their system—Country teachers, male and female.*

YOU cannot stroll far on a rustic American road without being struck by certain modest, homely, one-storied frame buildings, sometimes painted red and sometimes white, which stand more often a little aside from the highway, and to reach which you must pass over a pretty plot of grass. Every two or three miles you come upon one of these snug unpretentious buildings; they are quite unlike anything seen in European countries, and you cannot but wonder what they are. If it is summer—when the country air is laden with fragrant smells, and you are greeted with the thousand rustic sounds of insect, bird, and reptile—when the sun beats down hot upon the earth, and you are fain to rest on the road-side bank, laden with fruit and flower-bearing bushes, you perceive that the windows of the building are wide open; and it will not be long before a monotonous buzzing sound, now pausing, now resuming, comes through them, rousing your attention. You are in America, where people do not stand on

ceremony, and where, if they have curiosity, they are fain to satisfy it. Approach, glance in at the open window, and you will see a sight, homely, yet most suggestive. If you have observed the almost universal intelligence of the American, whether rich or humble, and that you will rarely find one, even in the remotest village, who does not read and write—if you have wondered how this is—here, in this little red building, you have your answer. It is the RURAL SCHOOL. Cozy and cool and busy, refreshed by the gentle breezes which invade the open windows, here are gathered the young hopefuls, who have come for miles around to con their reading, writing, and arithmetic. Little rude desks and benches—often sadly hacked and whittled by the inevitable penknife—stand in rows across the room; a few maps and blackboards compose the garnishment of the walls; the roof is low, the single apartment small. At one end is a slightly raised plain desk; and here sits, likely enough, a rosy, bright-eyed damsel of eighteen, the daughter, perhaps, of some neighbouring farmer, who is armed with the symbolic ferrule, and divides her attention between the little class which is reciting on the bench before her and the restless ones who are playing antics at the desks beyond. They are boys and girls together—you observe, however, that the girls sit on one side of the schoolroom and the boys on the other, as in a Quaker meeting. Mostly quite small boys and misses—the oldest thirteen or fourteen—for it is summer, and the big boys are abroad in the fields,

helping "father" with the mowing, or "geeing" and "hawing" the oxen to mill. They are dressed—these brown-cheeked, hardy, keen-eyed children—plainly, but with scrupulous neatness; the little boys' jackets and the little girls' aprons are as starch and clean as if it were their first wearing. There are, perhaps, between thirty and forty of them; some are bent over their dog-eared, well-worn books, the frown studious wrinkling their foreheads, their hands deep in hair, overcoming with difficulty the knotty points in their lessons; others are slyly whispering, or pulling each other's ears; that fat little fellow in the corner is watching the teacher, with a view to having a premature taste of his luncheon when her head is turned. The lads and lasses who are reciting on the bench just in front of the mistress are working with a will; it was the hum of their effort to spell this word right or add up that sum which you heard through the open window. The schoolmistress apparently knows her duty well: she is quick to correct the errors of the little class before her; she keeps a keen watch over the rest, and ever and anon stops the lesson to reprove the transgressors of scholarly order; she is, withal, patient and hard-working, and is gentle with the boys and girls committed to her care. Noon comes, and with it the bustle and hilarity of adjourning for recess. The teacher, premising that she wants to speak to Lucy Brown or Johnny Thompson after school, tells the scholars that recess hour has arrived: all at once be-

gins a merry chatting and laughing, a scrambling for satchels, a rush for the door, the scholars crowding for a moment around the pegs in the entry where the caps, bonnets, and hoods are hung, then hurrying out to the road, to catch up with boon companions or hasten home to dinner. A few remain behind, and linger about the teacher's desk, talking and laughing with her, or listening humbly to her counsel; others sit at their desks, produce from their satchels little paper parcels, which, unfolded, reveal sandwiches and home-made pies, apples, grapes, and jam. These live at too great a distance to go home, and therefore must dine at the school; their homely repast over, they too escape from the scene of their studies, ramble out upon the road, scale the fences, and wander off into the fields and woods, whiling away the hour's grace by picking berries, or playing "tag" in the soft mossy vales, or climbing the trees for nuts or fruits; perhaps near by there passes a clear running stream, overhung by drooping trees; in go the lines, out come the shining fish; or there is a splashing of little feet wading about the shallow shore. In America there's room enough for all. Trespass is an unknown sin; you may wander through the fields and woods, across the lawns, by river bank, or along shaded dell, where and when you please, never fearing gamekeeper, bailiff, or watchdog, warned off by no landlord's sign, "Beware!" In an hour, back troop the scholars, playing, romping, laughing as they come, loth to obey the teacher's moni-

tory bell, putting off to the last instant their return to schoolroom quiet. Then more lessons are heard ; these over, the teacher calls on the school to sing "From Greenland's icy mountains," or "Away, away to school," in which all join, large and small, with high cheery voices, filling the rustic solitude with a pleasant sound. How lovely are the voices of children, breaking in harmoniously on the quiet of the country ! At four the school closes for the day ; many of the children stay about the schoolhouse, playing their various games ; the teacher walks home surrounded by a little bevy of her scholars, who emulate each other in getting nearest to her, and to whom she awards her smiles, studious to please each one.

The rural, or town, or common school—it is spoken of in all of these ways—is the starting point and cornerstone of American education. The worthy farmers or village tradesmen to whom the lads and lasses above described belong pay no tuition for their schooling. Every boy and girl in America—excepting in the southern states, where education until lately was discouraged—is given the opportunity to learn ; they may all have a good education free. To learn to read and write, to parse, and "do sums," to know geography and history, they have only to attend the free schools, which are plentiful everywhere, and the advantages of which are to be had for the asking. It was one of the first cares of the founders of the American colonies to establish schools ; they relied upon educa-

tion to build up the state which they fondly imagined for the future. The Puritans who left England, and betook themselves to the bleak shores of the western continent, first established a church, then common schools. Each settlement was a commonwealth; and each one, almost as soon as it was located, founded its school, to which every child, as soon as it was old enough, resorted. As the settlements increased and extended over the country, each little community built a school, taxed itself to maintain it, and fostered it with tender care. So sprang up gradually that common school system which lies at the base of American institutions, which has given those institutions a spirit peculiar to themselves, and which now puts it into every man's power—be he wealthy merchant or hard-drudging labourer—to give the great boon of education to his child. I have already described the townships, which were the original political divisions in America, and the beginnings of the present American Republic. The culture of the mind has advanced with that of the soil from the landing of the Mayflower to this day. It was, and still is, the townships which provide and maintain the common schools. Each township is divided into several school districts; each district has its school. There are, therefore, schoolhouses such as have been described in every two or three miles square, situated as near the centre of the district as is convenient. The manner in which these schools are supported and controlled is as simple as possible. At the

town meetings—held annually in every township, and composed of all its male inhabitants—a school tax, adequate to sustain all the schools in the township, is voted, and is afterwards collected by the selectmen, the town executive; at the same time, a school committee is elected by ballot. It is the duty of this committee to examine candidates for teaching, to distribute the funds voted by the town among the districts, and to exercise a general supervision over the schools. A tax is voted large enough to keep the schools in session during six months in the year, three in summer, and three in winter. Sometimes, however, one of the school districts—of which, as has been said, there are several in a township—may wish to have more time devoted to schooling. In that case the people of the district meet—here, let it be observed, is a community yet smaller than the township, which in certain respects is self-governing—and vote an additional tax; this, added to its share of the town funds, enables the school to be held for a longer period. The district also elects a school committee, charged with the supervision of its own school. The town school committee examines whatever candidates present themselves for the teachers' places; the district school committee then elects, from the candidates who have passed this examination, a teacher for its own school; its choice is confined to those who possess the certificate of the town committee. Most of the states have school funds which they divide among the districts; and, generally speak-

ing, the school taxes levied by the town and district are very light, and do not weigh at all upon the poorer citizens, who nevertheless enjoy the privileges of the school equally with their well-to-do neighbours. All children residing in the school district, of whatever race, colour, or condition, are admitted to the common school education. There is no distinction of class, either in the treatment of the scholars or the arrangement of the schools. The only requisite of admission is neatness of dress and person. Side by side you will find the tidy son of the opulent farmer and the poorly-clad daughter of his Irish labourer. Often you will see in these free schools woolly-headed little negroes, sandwiched between white schoolmates, and mingling with them. You may sometimes hear, in the classes, first the nasal twang of the Yankee boy parsing the verb "to be," then the broad brogue of a little Irishman stumbling over a long sentence in his reading book, and next the quaint idiom of a youthful "darkey" reciting his task in eager haste. In the democracy of free education all are equal. The smaller boys and girls go to school both winter and summer, the general rule being, that the school is in session three months in each season. The larger boys and girls usually attend only the winter session: they are farmers' children; the summer is the high-tide of farming; the father wants his able-bodied boys in the fields and woods with him; the mother needs her girls in the dairy and garden. It has become the custom for the

winter schools to be taught by young men, and the summer schools by young women. One reason doubtless is that the larger scholars, who attend only in the winter, are beyond the controlling power of female teachers, and must be confided to the repression of the masculine arm. The foreigner would be surprised to find, however, how large a share of the teaching in America is intrusted to women; and an excellent teacher does the keen, energetic, patient, persevering New England girl make. She is more often the daughter of a farmer, and has a taste for teaching; above all, she has a desire to be useful, and as little as possible a burden to her people. Teaching is a diversion, an excitement in the monotony of rustic life; it gives change of scene and wide acquaintance; the female teacher is quite as good as anybody else, and worthy to associate with the best, even though she does "work for a living." Indeed, working for a living—so long as the work is honest and useful—is never in America a stigma; no one is less a gentleman, less welcome among refined people for that. The male teachers are often students who are pursuing their curriculum at college, and whose poverty necessitates some exertion to meet their college expenses. Three months of school teaching in the winter aids them to get through the collegiate year. The universities and colleges make it a practice to grant leaves of absence in the winter to such students as desire to teach. The young man packs up his slender stock of apparel about

Christmas time, and posts off into the country in search of a "desk." Likely enough he finds a place in the vicinity of his own home; the neighbouring folk have heard of him, and after he has passed the required examination, and has received his certificate, friends interest themselves for him, and one of the district committees elects him to teach their school. He is at once admitted to the best society of the neighbourhood, and, if he have any fun in him, speedily becomes a favourite, taking the lead in getting up picnics and excursions, being indispensable to all the rustic parties, and receiving the hospitality of the parson, the doctor, and the contiguous squires. His salary is not, perhaps, more than twenty dollars (4*l.*) a month; in addition to this he receives his board and lodging. There used to be, in the New England states—and perhaps there is still in some places—a curious custom of setting the schoolmaster up *at auction*. The object of this was to provide him with accommodations as cheaply as possible. The neighbouring farmers were wont to bid with the idea of boarding him, the lowest bidder succeeding in becoming his host during the school session. The school committee would thereby get him housed and fed at the cheapest price—a part of the fund confided to them being devoted to this purpose. Sometimes the teacher was boarded at as low a price as four or five shillings a-week; and he was excellently well provided too. The best bedroom in the farmhouse would be given up to him, with its clean

floor and walls, its faultless white linen, and its fresh rustic smell ; and as for food, it was good and wholesome, and plenty of it. He mingled with the farmer's family as one of them ; would have many a romp with the buxom daughters, many a rollicking ride with their sturdy brothers. A more frequent custom—that mostly in vogue now—is for the teacher to “board around.” He goes to the houses of the children's parents in turn, spending an equal length of time in each of them ; so the burden is evenly divided amongst those who enjoy the advantages of the school. This relieves the school committee from paying his board, and is an indirect and a not unpleasant tax upon the good country folk. He is apt thoroughly to enjoy this change of residence at intervals of a fortnight, for it is a pleasant variety, and he is sure of being everywhere well treated, and of having an excellent time. He is laying by a little for his college expenses ; teaching school by day, he spends his early mornings and evenings in keeping up his college studies, so as not to lag behind his class ; and the while enjoys the pastimes and the fresh air of the country, which give him health and strength with which to resume his college tasks.

There are in the rural districts and small towns few or no “private schools” where tuitions are charged ; these are rendered impracticable by the excellence of the common schools, and their cheapness. The studies in these are the ordinary rudiments of an English primary education, beginning with the alphabet, and ex-

tending to spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history. The children commence going to school at three or four, and most of them continue to attend, three months in each season, until they are seventeen or eighteen. Those whose fathers can spare them go from the common school to the town academies, grammar schools, and high schools, which will be described hereafter; but perhaps the majority finish their education at the former, which is quite sufficient to secure them the boon of intelligence, enables them to understand what is going on in the world, to read and study, to converse well, and to exercise the duties of good citizens and worthy members of society. In these common country schools many of the most eminent American statesmen and scholars learned the first rudiments of their education. Daniel Webster often tenderly reverted to his rustic schooldays in New Hampshire; Beecher, and Greeley, and Lincoln, Longfellow and Irving—many other famous names might be cited—were graduates of the common schools, the results of which may be found everywhere in the prosperity of the Republic.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE free public schools of the cities and larger towns correspond in most respects to the rural schools I have just described. They are open to all classes and races, they are perfectly free, they are sufficiently numerous to provide instruction for every child in their district, and they are generally much superior to the schools established by private persons and carried on by the payment of high tuitions. Perhaps the best public schools in America are those of Boston, in Massachusetts, which is indeed the centre of educational enterprise and effort. Boston was founded by the Puritans, and its school system is the most ancient and complete in the Union; the Puritan care for education has been inherited by their descendants and successors; the public schools have been constantly fostered, improved, adapted to the later generations, and liberally provided for out of public and private funds. The importance of education with the New Englander almost rises to a religious faith. The Bostonians are peculiarly proud of their public schools, and justly so; it is hard to imagine how they could be made more effective than they are.

Wandering through the irregular and old-fashioned streets of the "Hub," as Boston is facetiously called,* you will here and there come upon a large neat-looking red-brick edifice, some three stories high, surrounded by iron railings, and approached through a small paved court. They are almost as large and substantial as the clubs in Pall Mall, though less ornate; they stand, more often, in a modest side street, flanked on either hand by private residences or shops, and presenting a decided contrast with the contiguous buildings. You imagine them to be public edifices of some sort—libraries, perhaps, or museums; you are far from guessing their real use. Your error will doubtless ere long become apparent; for as you gaze upon the building, wondering what its purpose is, and remarking its neat and quiet air, troops of noisy children come bustling in excited groups out of the door, their green satchels swung carelessly across their arms, their lunch baskets in their hands, perhaps swinging a strap which is tightly clasped around some books, laughing, talking, and pushing, now stopping for a game of "marbles," or to spin rival "tops," now to have a good-humoured wrestle—forgetful, already, of their school tasks, and

* The tradition is, that as a country farmer was approaching Boston in company with a city friend, he espied from afar the great dome of the State House, rising on a hill from the midst of the city. On his inquiring what it was, the city friend replied, "Why, don't you see that it is a great *hub*? That's the hub of the universe!" The resemblance of the dome to the hub of a wheel was sufficiently apparent to justify the jest; and ever since, Boston has been nicknamed the "Hub of the Universe."

merrily uproarious as they recover the freedom of the outer air.

Enter, if you choose ; the “principal,” or head teacher, is not only willing but pleased to exhibit the working of his little commonwealth, especially to the curious visitor from abroad. He is proud of it, and he is right. One of the boys, intent on his “marbles” in the court, will conduct you within ; the principal escorts you over the building, explaining the arrangements of the rooms and the methods of study with laudable minuteness. The interior, capacious, airy, clean, fulfils the expectations formed by a view of the outside. The hall is wide, and is supplied with pegs for the boys’ hats or the girls’ bonnets and capes. Broad staircases, worn by the continual patter of many youthful feet, lead to the schoolrooms above. The walls are clean and whitewashed, the windows large and clear. The building contains perhaps seven or eight spacious and comfortable schoolrooms. On entering one of them, you discover a long narrow platform extending across one of its sides, at either end of which are tables for the teachers ; each room has two teachers. The body of the apartment is provided with sixty or seventy neat little desks, brightly varnished, supplied with an inkstand and a place for pens or pencils, and an aperture—such a one as there is in a table when a drawer has been removed—for books and slates. The seats are small, round, varnished stools, with backs, both desk and stool being securely

fastened to the floor, and each scholar's desk being separate from the others. Along the sides of the room not occupied by the teachers' platform are disposed benches, where the classes sit while they recite; on the walls opposite are charts, maps, and blackboards. There are also, leading out of these main apartments, smaller rooms, provided with benches and teachers' desks, where some of the classes retire to recite, instead of in the main room. One of the favourite exercises of the scholars is to draw maps upon the blackboards, representing boundaries, mountains, rivers, or lakes, by chalk or crayons of various tints. On every side you observe how much attention is given to the comfort and health of the children. In the basement are two large furnaces, which, in winter, communicate plentiful warmth to the main rooms by means of pipes, the outlet into the rooms being by "registers." The smaller apartments have stoves. In the coldest days of the bleak New England winter—when the freezing wind seems to cut through you, and the snow beats fiercely on you, heaping itself in frequent drifts and choking up doors and windows on every hand, and the icicles hang thick and crystalline from roofs and gables—the schoolrooms are as cosy and warm as could be wished. The summer heats, which are hardly less oppressive than the winter, are guarded against by high ceilings, ample ventilation, and wide-open windows. The public schools teach, both by example and by rule, the maxims that "order is heaven's first

law," and that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Both the order and the cleanliness of the schoolrooms are marked and please the eye; the scholar finds everything in its place, and becomes habituated to neatness from a constant contact with it. Throughout the day he is reminded of these virtues: if his books are out of place, he is told to set them right; if he comes to school slovenly, he is advised to exercise greater care in his person hereafter. When, after recess, the scholars return to the schoolroom, they enter it quietly and orderly, bow to the teachers, take their seats, and without more ado resume their books. The "class in geography" is called, and here and there the scholars rise and proceed to the recitation bench in front of the teacher. He questions them in turn, perhaps calls on one to draw a map on the blackboard, and explains any subject that is not clear. Each recitation lasts from half an hour to an hour; and so the recitations follow one another until the time for closing the school arrives, several usually going on at once in different parts of the room or in the little side rooms.

The town is divided into a certain number of school districts, and within these the children of all the inhabitants, without distinction, are educated free of expense. Many a poor Irish workman, many a negro who was once a slave, sees his boy or girl learning to read and write, and at the same time acquiring neat and orderly habits. Although it is true that the children of the poor as well as the rich are admitted to the

blessings of the public schools, the well-to-do citizens almost invariably prefer them to private establishments, especially for boys. The contact with the poorer children does not seem to injure the manners or morals of the richer; while the association with the well brought up does undoubtedly benefit the former. The child of the ignorant and poor is subjected to the best influences; he is confronted everywhere with order and cleanliness, with good manners, with the emulation to learn and to advance; and he is infected by the spirit of the place. He has a half-conscious appreciation of his own condition, and, as he grows older, becomes anxious to improve it. The rewards of the school, the favour of the teachers, even the respect of his mates, are on the side of good behaviour. The schools are provided for by taxes, as are those of the rural districts; they are controlled by school committees, who are elected by popular suffrage, and they have over them a general "superintendent" chosen by the school committees. The sexes are in most cases separated; sometimes the schoolhouse is divided, so that one side of it is for girls, the other for boys. The girls' schools are presided over by a middle-aged male teacher, his assistants being young women. The latter are usually paid about 600 dollars (120*l.*) a-year, the principal having more than double that amount. The boys are taught by male preceptors, usually professional teachers, who either devote their lives to this work, or aim to become professors at the universities. The teachers

are selected from those who pass an examination held for the purpose, to which all candidates are admitted who choose to present themselves ; the selection is made according to the best examination. They are mostly university graduates, but are not necessarily so. The public schools continue from September to July, with certain periods of recess and holiday ; there is a week or more of holiday at Christmas and at Easter ; and on the fourth of July (Independence Day), the 22d of February (Washington's birthday), and the last Thursday in November (when occurs the good old Puritan festivity of "Thanksgiving"), the day is given for the scholars to have a frolic in. The months of July and August constitute the long vacation. All of the public schools in Boston are attended several days in the week by musical professors, who give them musical instruction, and the children are hence noted choral singers. There are three grades in these schools : the primary, in which are taught the simpler studies, and where the children begin their education ; the public school proper, where the scholars learn geography, grammar, arithmetic, declaiming, and composition, and, in the upper classes, Latin, astronomy, and history ; and the "Latin" or "high" school. The Latin school conducts the scholar to higher branches, and introduces him to the classical studies. In order to be admitted to it, he must have passed through all the classes in the public school. Here he is prepared, and thoroughly prepared, to enter the universities, to

“fit for college,” as the Americans say. He continues Latin grammar, and begins Greek grammar; he proceeds to the Latin and Greek readers, reaches Æsop, Cæsar, and Sallust, and is especially drilled in the syntax and grammar of the classics. He usually finishes his Latin preparation with Virgil’s *Æneid*, and his Greek with the first few books in Homer’s *Iliad*; he has been taught to scan, to translate, to trace the derivation of words, and to post himself in mythology and ancient geography; he has also exercised himself in Latin prose composition. Meanwhile, he pursues the higher English branches, finishing arithmetic, beginning algebra and geometry, chemistry, and natural philosophy. A boy will ordinarily be six or seven years in passing through the various free schools. When he has finished the Latin school course, he is well fitted either to pass the university examinations and pursue his education there, or to turn to commercial pursuits; and from one end of his education to the other he has not paid a penny for instruction. Even the text books which he studies need cost him nothing. There are funds provided for the purchase of a text book library for each school, in order to save this expense to the poorer children. An application from his parents will open this library to the scholar. When he enters the school, he is supplied with a full set of books which he is to study; as he advances from one class to another he gives up the books which he has finished, and these are passed in turn to another scholar.

who is about to pursue the same studies ; and the promoted boy receives a new set of books adapted to the studies which he has now taken up. So the books descend from one scholar to another through all the classes. The Latin school is confined to boys ; but the high schools and grammar schools in the rural towns, which nearly correspond with it, are open to the girls as well. Much more attention is paid in the United States to the education of girls than formerly. More than one college admits them to pursue its curriculum, and if they succeed in passing creditably through the four years' course, grants the "sweet girl graduates" appropriate degrees. Although the Latin school is not yet open to her, the girl's education is not usually considered as ended when she graduates from the public school. Very many are sent "to finish off" at some fashionable boarding school in the country, or to some select private school in the city. At the public school the range of studies has been confined to the simplest branches of instruction ; the girl graduates from it a good reader, well up in her arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history, is a fair writer, and has acquired some ease in composition. Before, however, she can become the "accomplished young lady," which it is the ambition of her parents to see her, she must devote her attention to French and Italian, to botany and astronomy, to geometry and general literature. Leaving the public schools at fourteen or fifteen, she emerges from the boarding or private school at seventeen or

eighteen, her education as complete as it ever will be, and her school life done with for ever.

There are in many of the states, besides the schools already mentioned, certain establishments called "Normal Schools." These are among the most valuable of educational institutions. Their main design is to educate young men and women to be *teachers*; and they are, like the other public schools, quite free. They are a great boon, especially to those young women who are unable to incur the expense of the private boarding schools, and who either wish to adopt teaching as a profession, or to continue their studies beyond the regular course of the public schools. In some of the Normal Schools both sexes are admitted; but the larger portion of them are devoted to young women. The average age of entering the Normal Schools is eighteen, and of graduation twenty-one. Although the education of teachers is the main object, they do not adopt this as a stringent rule; but others are often admitted to finish their education, even if they do not intend to teach. The girls who have proved themselves good scholars at the lower schools are, upon application, admitted to the advantages of the Normal Schools. The course occupies, according to the assiduity or cleverness of the scholar, from three to four years. The studies are naturally chosen with a view to the profession which the large majority of the scholars are to pursue. The classics, the higher branches of mathematics, mental and natural philosophy, geology, astronomy, and botany,

the modern languages, and history, are the principal topics. At graduation, the Normal School student is probably as far advanced as the university youth who has completed his second (Sophomore) year. The graduate of the Normal School is almost necessarily a well-educated woman. To her is to be confided the teaching "the young sprout how to grow;" the fate of the rising generation is in her hands. She is therefore not only called upon to submit to severe and repeated examinations in the studies she has pursued, but she is also drilled in taste, and in the art of governing children. The very fact of her entering the Normal School proves that she has both the will and the taste necessary to be a successful teacher: to such this system is a substantial blessing. The graduate of the Normal School never has to look long for a teacher's desk. In the state of Massachusetts there are four Normal Schools, one of which is presided over by a lady; and the total of scholars in all of these is between five and six hundred. Throughout the United States there are forty-three state Normal Schools, besides seven city Normal Schools. In the South more than thirty Normal Schools have been established for negro freedmen; in the West there are some county and private Normal Schools.

The discipline used in the American public schools becomes milder every year; the pedagogue is ceasing to be an avenging and wrathful deity, whose frown is terrible and his smile suspicious. It is becoming the

rule to govern the children by persuasion and gentle means. Corporeal punishment is becoming extinct, is getting to be a disagreeable tradition. The bodily punishment of girls has almost everywhere disappeared; and boys are no longer subjected to those cruel devices which have been transmitted by less humane generations. Even the comparatively gentle ferrule is losing its familiar place on the teacher's desk; and birches, for the most part, continue to grow unmolested in their native forests. Children can be and are successfully governed without Solomonic tortures. Sir Roger de Coverley—who thought Dr. Busby “a very great man; he whipped my grandfather!”—would stand aghast, could he rise from his grave and visit an American school, to see that, from one day's end to the other, no boy or girl was brought under cow-hide vengeance, or held over a bench and thumped. There is a story told of a Quaker pedagogue who read his Bible and flogged one-fourth of his scholars regularly every morning at nine o'clock. Kindness, patience, gentle firmness are the rule in American schools, and they work well. In no long time corporeal punishment of boys, as it is now of girls, will be abolished. Children may henceforth play under the birchen trees, and looking on them, no longer shape them

“into rods, and tingle at the view.”

It is unnecessary to say that no religion is taught in the American public schools; children of all sects attend indiscriminately, Catholic as well as Methodist,

Unitarian as well as Orthodox. The teacher, if he pleases, opens the school by reading a brief passage from the Bible; perhaps he repeats the Lord's Prayer. There is never an attempt to lead the scholars to this sect or that; they are essentially "secular" schools. Their daily sessions begin at eight in summer, and nine in winter; at eleven there is a short recess of ten minutes; at twelve, a long recess of two hours; and the afternoon session extends from two to four in winter, and from two to five in summer. On the Wednesday and Saturday of each week the schools are dismissed at twelve, thus giving the scholars two weekly half-holidays.

An account of the "credits" and "demerits" of each scholar is kept by the teachers; a credit mark being given for a good recitation, a demerit mark for whispering, or other transgression of the rules. These are cast up at the end of each month, and the scholars take rank according to the added sum of their credits, the demerits of each scholar being subtracted from his credits, and thus lowering his rank. Those who obtain a certain number of merits during the month have the satisfaction of carrying home to their parents a fancifully-printed card, declaring that "Master ——" has merited the approbation of his teachers during the period mentioned. With what light hearts those bits of fancifully-adorned paper, with their flourishes and allegorical pictures and teacher's autograph, are hastily carried homeward, and gleefully displayed, and carefully

preserved in albums and treasure drawers, many readers must know from their own school experiences. The writer has many such a one, he is glad to say, awarded by the public school of his early youth, stowed away among later relics, which bring to mind a host of heart leapings and hurried home runnings. Besides these lesser rewards, the annual "examination days" bring a very harvest of treasures—mostly books and silver medals—to the faithful workers of the year.

The examination day is the "commemoration" of the public schools. It is their gala day. The exercises consist of examinations by the committee, an awful body, whose very name is a terror to the scholars; then declamations, dialogues, composition reading, and the awarding of the prizes of the year. They take place in a large hall, crowded with the parents and friends of the boys and girls; for the latter, as well as the former, declaim and read compositions on the stage on the examination day.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN ACADEMIES: *Their system—The poorer scholars—Teachers' boarding houses, studies, exhibitions—Everyday life at the academy—Sports and pastimes.*

THERE is scarcely a village or small town in the northern states which does not possess either its academy or seminary, its grammar or high school. The latter, the grammar or high schools, are, like the schools already sketched, free, established by the town, superintended by the elected school committee, and supported by public taxation. It is their purpose to give the scholars who have finished with the common schools a more complete education—to instruct them in the classics, the higher rudiments of grammar, and the more difficult branches of English study. The farmer's boy is, in the grammar or high school, well "finished off;" he becomes a really good scholar, a substantially-educated man. He learns Latin and French, botany and philosophy, chemistry and composition.

The academy or seminary is a different affair. It is not free; it is not controlled by the town; it is a private corporation; it is supported from the income of munificent private bequests, and is therefore what would be called in England an "endowed school." The

object of the academies is, like that of the grammar or high schools, to continue the education begun in the common schools, and to fit boys for the college or university. The academies charge tuitions for instruction. They are generally preferred to the grammar schools by those who can afford to place their children in them. The endowments enable them to pay higher salaries to teachers, and hence to command greater ability. Some of the academies in New England have attained a national fame for their excellence, and especially for the completeness with which they fit boys for the university. Phillips Academy at Andover, and Phillips Academy at Exeter, Williston Seminary at East Hampton, Lawrence Academy at Groton, Cheshire Academy in Connecticut, and others, are noted for their admirable systems of instruction, their discipline, and the learning and practical capacity of their professors. Many of the academies are denominational; that is, they are founded by wealthy gentlemen of a particular sect, the trustees and teachers belong to that sect, and the prevailing sphere is sectarian,—the services in chapel, for instance, being conducted according to a certain sectarian form. But in none of them is sectarianism thrust upon the scholars, much less stipulated as a condition of entering. Boys of all denominations attend them, and are in every way as well cared for and treated as those of the favourite creed. At all of the academies you will find Catholic and Episcopalian, Unitarian and Baptist boys, mingling together without

distinction. The institutions which have been mentioned are mostly Congregational academies ; yet every year many boys go from them to colleges where another faith prevails. It has become a custom for particular academies to fit boys for particular universities. Exeter and Lawrence send a majority of their graduates to Harvard University ; the larger part of the East Hampton and Andover boys go to Yale University ; most of the Cheshire boys enter at Trinity College, Hartford. This is not, however, a universal rule ; for many Andover boys go to Harvard, many Exeter boys to Yale, and so on. The academies, situated as they are in the country towns, receive many scholars—perhaps most of them—from a distance ; from the cities and larger towns. Some receive both girls and boys, others only boys. It is at the academies that the boys are first separated from their homes, learn self-dependence and the first lessons of manliness with their Homer and Virgil. It is a foretaste of university life ; here they are prepared for a university career, both in their studies, and by living on equal terms with their companions, subjected only to the government of their instructors, and deprived of home indulgence and its too tender partialities. The expense of sending boys to the academies—owing to the reasonable tuition fees, and the cheapness of country living—is not great. If they are not too extravagant in dress, or too fond of spending pocket money, they may reside comfortably at the academy for 200 or 300 dollars a-year (40*l.* to 60*l.*).

The regular academy course is from three to six years. Much depends on the progress the scholar has already made, on his application and natural quickness. As fast as he is prepared, he is promoted from class to class; there is not a hard and fast line keeping the boy in a class for a certain fixed period, tying him to duller scholars, or making him "hop, skip, and jump," superficially running over his lessons, to keep up with more precocious students. While, therefore, slow-headed youths are six years trudging over the ground, quicker wits accomplish it in three. Many of the academies contain from a hundred and fifty to two hundred boys, divided into classes according to their capabilities. Some enter as early as eleven or twelve; you may also now and then find bearded men of thirty, perhaps with wives and families, mingling their deep bass with the squeak of the twelve-year-old or the broken tones of adolescent seventeen. An instance of so mature a scholar may be related.

A labouring young man, the son of a farmer, and ambitious to reach a higher sphere of life than that in which he found himself, went at twenty-three to California, and worked hard for several years in the gold mines, meantime carrying on, in the evening and early morning, a course of reading and study. Time passed on; in ten years after his arrival in the "Golden State" he found himself married, and the father of three children, the possessor of a very respectable sum saved from his wages, and a fair scholar in the ordi-

nary English branches, and in the elements of Latin grammar. At thirty-three he returned to the Atlantic coast with his family, and despite the annoyances and inconveniences to which he would be subjected, bravely went to Groton, took a small house, and informed the principal of the academy that he wished to enter the school and prepare for the university, detailing to him meanwhile his circumstances. Each of the academies are fortunately so far endowed as to enable the institution to lend material aid to poor scholars; and our heroic family man, receiving this assistance, was able to take his place in the classes, and finally to graduate, and enter the university. I learned that he afterwards graduated from the university with high honours, ranking third in his class, and is now the editor of one of the most respected and influential journals in the West.

The academies receive, besides the city boys and "boarding scholars," many boys who live in the neighbourhood,—sons of farmers, country tradesmen, parsons, village doctors, and so on,—who attend the academy daily, being called in distinction "day scholars." Many of these country youths attend the academy only in the winter term, working in the summer seasons upon the farms, planting and harvesting.

The academic year is divided into three terms. It begins towards the first of September, the first session ending about Christmas, when a vacation of two weeks ensues. Resuming early in January, the

second term closes at Easter, and then there is a three weeks' holiday. The third term closes at the beginning of July, the long vacation including July and August. While the sons of parents who are well-to-do return to their homes, or visit country uncles, or go to the seaside or mountain resorts, the poorer boys are fain to spend the weeks of recreation in the sober effort to "keep above water." There are energetic fellows who not only attend the academies, but support themselves there. The struggle for an education is, to the poorer youths, a hard and bitter one; yet there are many—so highly is education prized in northern America, so fine a start in life does it give—who work their way through with a perseverance altogether admirable. While their richer and gayer companions hasten off, the first day of vacation, to seize the delights of holiday ease and absence of care, these often remain in the academy town, and work, if anything, harder than in term time. To provide for the expenses of the ensuing year, they will hire themselves out to work on the neighbouring farms; they will teach school in the winter; they will act as clerks in the country shops; perhaps they will find some writing to do at the village lawyer's; they have been known to assist in putting a new coat of paint on the academy building, and to help in the erection of a new gymnasium for the academy use. And their labours are not confined to vacation time. The aid given by the academies to the poorer scholars is more or less substantial: sometimes they have their

tuition free ; sometimes to this are added their rooms, and even board. The task of cleaning and sweeping the academy halls and corridors, of lighting the fires, doing errands for the teachers, acting as monitors over their companions, are given to the poorer boys, for which they are charged less, or even nothing, for the academy privileges. There is no system of "fagging"—or anything similar—at the American academies. The boys who work for their education are seldom snubbed by their well-to-do mates, but associate with them freely, partake of their amusements, and are as well treated in every way by the teachers. There are sometimes tyrannical boys who seek to impose upon them ; the teachers, however, soon put a stop to such conduct, regarding the working scholars as their peculiar care, and doubtless respecting their energy and self-denial most of all. Such boys, as is not surprising, make the best and most successful men ; the most honoured graduates of the academies are not seldom found to be those who worked their way through ; who did "chores" and made fires, farmed in vacation, and gave up many a pastime, to get an education.

The boys from a distance find no difficulty in procuring board in the academy town. There are always families who are willing to take them ; and it is rarely that they do not find among the simple country folk kindness, and many of the comforts of home. It is often the case that, attached to the academy, there is a boarding house kept purposely for the scholars, in

charge of one of the under teachers ; here will be found the larger part of the school, and here there is jollity and noise enough—for they are far from being Dothe-boy Halls, and there is plenty of room and food. The experience at this teacher's boarding house is not soon forgotten ; at a distance of fifteen years, the writer remembers every detail of his experience there, though the schoolroom incidents have mostly faded away. To be sure, it was somewhat crowded, and there were here and there ugly boys who tormented ; four in a room were rather too many, and you ran some risk in the temper of your bedfellow. Sometimes you could not study well for the noise, and occasionally you found yourself tied to the bedpost when the bell for morning prayers rang. But, with all the little annoyances, it was a happy, joyous life, and friendships life-long were sealed there, and it stored up for ever pleasant memories in the mind.

Most of the academy boys, as has been said, are studying for the university ; and as the American universities require, for admission, a severe examination, the academy studies and drilling have this object in view. Minute attention is given to the *grammars* of Greek and Latin in all their parts, geography, English grammar, arithmetic mental and oral, composition, declaiming, history, astronomy, and algebra ; and in the more advanced classes, Playfair's Euclid, Sallust, Cæsar, and Virgil, Greek Reader, Homer, and Ovid, are pursued. There are also classes for those scholars who

are not going to college, but who intend to pass from the academy into mercantile or professional life. These study bookkeeping, accounts, double entry, engineering, surveying, chemistry, or geology, according to the chosen occupation of each. On certain afternoons in every week the school assembles together in one of the halls, and there ensues a sort of exhibition. Compositions are read, dialogues are enacted, declamations are given, and there is plenty of lively singing. The boys ascend the teacher's platform, from which his desk has been removed to make room for them, and "spread themselves" in stripling grandiloquence. In the habit of public speaking thus acquired may perhaps be seen the reason for that almost universal forensic facility which Americans are said to possess. Here are the embryo stump orators and members of Congress, the future concoctors of congratulatory addresses, and prolific editors. Before they reach the university, many of them have become facile speakers and writers: often their literary fame precedes them to future Alma Mater, and when they arrive there, they find themselves welcomed and already honoured sons. In the academies where there are girl scholars, these, too, join in the weekly exhibitions, read their compositions and perform their dialogues, not seldom rivalling their ruder companions in these arts. The academies are situated in fine healthy localities, surrounded by cheerful pretty scenery, and having all the advantages which the country confers, and which arise from a separation

from city temptations and distractions. Hence exercise of the body, as of the mind, is gained.

The building used by the school is ordinarily one of the most prominent in the village,—a high plain wooden edifice, painted red, yellow, or white, surmounted by a steeple and belfry. Inside it is as cosy and comfortable as are the city schools: long pipes convey warmth through hall and corridor; high windows admit plenty of air; the desks are plain and solid, and are apt to be well worn and *whittled* at the rims; the benches of a healthy hardness. To the Englishman, the academy, as well as all other buildings in America, surprises by its appearance of *newness*. It is a strange and singular contrast to hoary old Eton, with its massive ancient walls, its historic venerableness betraying itself from every niche and tracing, its painted windows and antique towers. Historic memories, with the Yankee academy, are few and recent. Its Grays, Coleridges, Addisons, have yet to reflect a scholarly renown, and leave honoured names to favourite walks, or scratched on the college panes. The building has a sloping roof of shingle, and blinds painted a vivid green; you ascend to the wide door by several stone steps. The rooms are spacious, supplied more often by a great tight stove, whence pipes extend along the ceiling. Maps, charts, blackboards, garnish the walls, and the teacher's desk is on a platform at one end. Perhaps there are several rooms of this sort,

each under the charge of a teacher, the principal presiding over that containing the older scholars.

A sketch of the daily life of the academy boy residing with the sub-teacher, from his up-rising to his down-lying, will give, perhaps, the best idea of what the academy really is.

On his arrival, he finds that the habit of late rising is treated with no leniency whatever. He is put into a dormitory with three other boys, one of them being an older scholar, having a supervision over the others. Here his trunk is duly deposited, and a small space in one of the closets or wardrobes is shown him where he may hang his Sunday clothes. Promptly at seven in the morning he hears the deep sonorous hand bell in the passage calling him to prayers. He has only time to dress, and descends with his chums to the parlour, where his preceptor and host is already seated, having before him a ponderous family Bible. The boys take their seats around the room, and the teacher reads a chapter, keeping the while half an eye on them. The reading over, a short prayer closes the exercise. From prayers the boys proceed to breakfast. There they are served with coffee or tea, bread and butter, and cold meat, or perhaps ham and eggs—a frugal meal, designed to inculcate habits of health and simple living. Breakfast is over by a quarter past eight, and then the boys have a short season for recreation, which is enjoyed in various ways, according to the disposition of each. The younger

ones are not yet beyond tops and marbles and kites ; others sit about the lawn reading favourite story books ; others go to the base-ball ground, or hasten off to the river or pond for a morning plunge into the water ; the more studious or ambitious, not quite sure of their lessons, have hastened to the schoolrooms, and are already bent, with the frown contemplative, over their desks. Often the teacher will go off for a brisk walk with five or six of his boys, and entertain them by a not too pedantic conversation. At a quarter before nine the great academy bell begins to ring, and the day scholars are flocking up in eager or studious groups ; this bell is to warn the boys that in a quarter of an hour they are expected to be at their seats in school, and ready for the day's tug of war. At two minutes before nine the bell swings again, and now begins to peal forth a long-drawn warning toll. The principal of the academy is seen to go in and take his place at his desk ; the boys are crowding hurriedly in at the door ; in a moment more the bell has stopped, and all is tranquil about the academy lawn, except that here and there a tardy boy comes desperately hurrying up, and disappears in a twinkling from the outsider's vision.

The school day opens with prayers in the principal's room, the whole school being assembled to hear them, after which each boy goes to his own room. The classes begin to be called, each class consisting of perhaps twenty scholars, who take their seats, books in hand,

on long benches immediately before the teacher's desk. The recitations last from three-quarters of an hour to an hour; each boy is called up in turn, and reads, or spells, or works a sum, or parses, or pronounces his Latin text, the teacher being careful not to examine him on that part of the lesson immediately following what has just been recited. The teacher has his book of merits and demerits, and notes each recitation, so that the boy's marks may be calculated at the end of the session. He often explains the knotty points in the lesson; and one reason of the excellence of the academies is, that the teachers act upon the principle of making the boys comprehend everything which they go over, by explanation or illustration, as well as drilling facts into their memories. Their education is not pursued in lightning-speed fashion, but slowly and thoroughly; and the result is that when the boys have passed through the curriculum, they are substantially fitted to pursue a university course. A little after eleven the boys have their ten minutes' recess,—just long enough to enable them to have one brief but hearty rollicking run. Back they come again, and dive into their books once more—now reciting in their own room, now going off to recite in another, now busy “cramming up” for the impending call. Some of the academies close school at two o'clock, giving the boys the rest of the afternoon for study, exercise, or amusement; others have a recess of an hour and a half at one.

The scholars reassemble at half-past two, and the

day's session closes at four or half-past. The usual hour of dining in the villages is one; supper ensues at half-past six, and the good country folk are in the habit of retiring, in their own parlance, "'long 'beout nine." The academy rules are hardly less simple. The boys have their dinner at one or two, and a boisterous scene it is. It is in vain that the under teacher tries to quell the voices and check the scuffling—his attempt is but half a success, for they have come in joyous that the day's work is done, anticipating a jolly afternoon, loudly making plans for excursions or games, and rejoiced, moreover, by the savoury smells which have been whiffed into their faces as they came by the kitchen. After school duties, they are permitted to do much as they like. If they wish to go boating, or swimming, or chestnutting, they must ask the teacher, and nearly always receive his permission; he often himself goes with them. The inclination seems to be to encourage them to take long jaunts, and to practise those sports which will thoroughly exercise their bodies.

While speaking of the boys' pastimes, let me mention that a favourite one is for a party to go off into the country in search of a *cider mill*. Very many of the New England farmers (most of whom are owners of at least a hundred acres) make their own cider; and you will not go far on one of the country roads without seeing a huge ungainly wooden mill, with enormous round wooden presses and cranks, open on either side. Should you pass in the early autumn you would find a

great cheese of apples between the presses, and the narrow gutters below discharging a full stream of the juice into the great tubs placed underneath them. Here the academy boys are apt to flock. The good-natured farmer lets them drink, or rather suck, the cider to their hearts' content, and so they have a little impromptu pull at a "cup which cheers but not inebriates."

The academy boys, as well as the university students, in America have no distinctive caps and gowns; and the numerous tall silk hats seen on the lawn at Eton are entirely wanting among the transatlantic boys. Indeed, few things look more oddly to an American who lands for the first time on English shores than to see boys of twelve or fourteen wearing the "stove pipes" which, in his own country, are never seen on heads younger than twenty-four or five. Of indoor family games the boarding students have plenty, especially if the teacher be of that cheerful temper which the best teachers usually possess. The good old games of "blindman's buff," "hunt the slipper," "Copenhagen," and others, serve to beguile many a long winter's evening, after the books have been put up, and the scholars have assembled in the parlour.

At the close of the year an exhibition takes place, attended largely by the people of the neighbourhood—the rustic lasses in gingham and muslin, proud father farmers in their best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, and fond parents from the distant city, making up the lenient audience. Declamations, compositions, dia-

logues, little dramatic scenes, singing, distribution of prizes (consisting of books and medals), constitute the exercises; and that day, so long looked forward to, and so memorable ever afterwards to the scholars, over, the graduating class departs from the tranquil scene of their preparation for the university, to that eagerly-desired haven, so enchanting to the distant schoolboy view.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES: *Harvard and Yale—Government of the Universities—The buildings and grounds—Division into classes—The president, professors, and tutors.*

THERE is a striking contrast, in many respects, between the universities and colleges of America and those of England; and it begins with their names. The American collegiate institutions, comprising a regular undergraduate and often also professional courses, are called either “universities” or “colleges,” according to the fancy of their founders. “College” is by far the most common title; but while college in England serves to designate either a preparatory school—such as Eton, Harrow, Winchester—or one of the many parts which, together, make a university, in America college usually means an institution having a regular curriculum, granting the degrees, and pursuing equally advanced studies to those of the English university. College is in America a title which usually implies as much as university; and there are colleges which are more important than some of the universities—which combine a regular undergraduate course with professional schools, while some of the universities only pursue the first.

In their zeal to foster education, the Puritan Pilgrims, within twenty years after their landing at Plymouth Rock, founded the first American university. Several of the settlers at Newtown, two miles from Boston, were graduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. These were the most active movers in establishing the new university. At their instance, "Newtown" was changed to "Cambridge," in honour of the English town where was situated their Alma Mater. A grant from the General Court of Massachusetts colony started the institution; and some time afterwards a wealthy Puritan minister, Rev. John Harvard, who had come over from England, bequeathed his considerable property to the infant college, in gratitude for which it was named "Harvard College." But the Puritans, though they derived the idea of the college from the English universities, had a stubborn self-reliance which forbade them to be mere copyists. Their good sense pointed out to them that in a new land much of the old university system was needless, and that in many respects it was not suitable. To the groundwork, therefore, they added the results of their inventive spirit, and many essential changes, now apparent in nearly every American college, were introduced. Harvard College was founded in 1638, the Puritans having landed at Plymouth in 1620; and in 1698, sixty years after, the cavalier colony in Virginia also founded a college at Williamsburg, which, with a zealous loyalty, they called, after the then reigning English sovereigns, "William and

Mary" College. Yale College, the third in age, was established in 1701, at New Haven, Connecticut, by the colony who seceded from the Massachusetts Puritans, and betook themselves to the picturesque and fertile valley of the Connecticut. From these parent colleges, branches have spread fast and far, until there are now, in the United States, exclusive of professional schools, no less than two hundred and eighty-five universities and colleges. It is this fact—the excessive number of collegiate establishments—which most forcibly strikes the foreign visitor to America, who is interested in education. It is certainly in some respects an evil, for it implies a dilution of the learning in the nation, and renders the degrees—both the regular ones of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and the honorary ones of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws—too common to be of great value. The evil is, however—if the explanation I have already given of the political structure of the Republic be called to mind—a necessary one. It is inseparable from a government of united states, which leaves to each of its component members an entire control over its own local affairs; and education is a local affair. Every one of the thirty-seven states has full power to grant university or college charters within its own limits. The superiority of New England in the cause of education has been envied by the other sections of the country, which have been roused to a worthy emulation; its activity has been infectious. A large portion of the West and South-

west was settled by New Englanders or the children of New Englanders. These have imported thither the New England energy. The new states, growing up rapidly, and imbued with all the freshness and vigour of young and prosperous commonwealths, have hastened to build schools in their towns and villages. They do not like to be outdone by their older sister states; hence they have profusely granted charters for universities and colleges, dignifying institutions which really adopt standards no higher than those of high schools by these imposing titles. Endowments, legislative and private, have been liberally given; the right of conferring all collegiate degrees granted; corps of professors organised; buildings erected. Each of these infant institutions has power to fix its own standard, to arrange its course of study, and to apply its tests for conferring degrees. There is, therefore, almost as much variety in these respects as there is in the number of the institutions themselves, the degrees are given profusely, and to the ambitious scholar present few attractions.

I propose, in illustrating the American university system, to dismiss the multitude of smaller colleges with the general description above given; and to describe the two most ancient, most flourishing, and most highly considered of the New England establishments—Harvard University at Cambridge, and Yale College at New Haven. They present the best features of the American university; most of the smaller colleges have been modelled after them; they are both universities

rather than colleges, for they both combine, with a regular undergraduate course, professional and scientific schools. Their age and traditions, their high grade of scholarship, the eminent learning of their professors, and the finished scholars whom they send into the world, attest their superiority, and afford ample reasons for choosing them as types. They move, indeed—like all old institutions, good and bad—slowly; they look with perhaps too much distrust upon all change, rendering the “young American” spirit at times impatient; yet they often betray symptoms that they do feel, in a degree, the influence of the rapidly progressing age. Not a few changes have been made in them for the better in recent years; the discipline has been made more practically effective; Puritan sternness has been relaxed; less attention has been paid to abstract, more to practical, subjects; the standard of scholarship has been gradually elevated; and new life and vigour have been infused into the ancient bodies by the appointment of young and reforming professors. Both Harvard and Yale were established on a religious foundation. They were intended to be the corner-stones of the Church. A great object was to educate ministers; and they are still denominational, each being controlled by a religious sect. They were made rigid in moral and religious as well as scholastic discipline. Their system was simple, republican in its nature and its neglect of ceremony. A puritanical regulation, which still exists at Yale, forbids that any one should

be installed as its president who has not been ordained a minister of the Gospel; this betrays the spirit of the founders. For many years both Harvard and Yale were the centres and pride of Puritanism. Within a century both have undergone a marked change in religious tone. Yale has departed from the "old school," rigid Congregationalists, and now represents the "new" or liberal school of that sect. Harvard has fallen into entirely new hands: this darling of the stern old Pilgrims is now the centre of Unitarianism. But both receive students of all creeds without distinction.* There is another striking difference between Harvard and Yale. The former has departed somewhat from the republican simplicity of its early years, and is, in a degree, aristocratic and ceremonious. She has donned silk gowns on "Commencement Day;" on that anniversary, the Governor of Massachusetts and his staff, the President of the University and his colleagues—the latter in square caps and silk gowns—proceed in solemn procession from the university hall to the church where the exercises are held. Yale is as simply republican and shy of ceremony as of old, eschewing

* I cannot forbear quoting here the testimony of Mr. Dickens—certainly a not too lenient critic of American institutions—regarding the tolerance and religious impartiality of the universities. He says: "Whatever the defects of the American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college-walls."

academic costumes altogether, and making little show at any time. Harvard is rich, being so frequently the recipient of heavy endowments from wealthy New Englanders, that it has been ironically said of a deceased rich Bostonian, "He really left nothing to Harvard College!" She has noble chapels and halls, ample dormitories, spacious museums. Yale, on the contrary, is far from well-to-do; her endowments are not numerous, her students are for the most part young men of moderate means or absolutely poor. Harvard is more local in its character, receiving most of her students from the New England states; Yale collects them from every section of the land. It is the aim of Harvard to send into the world finished scholars and polished men; Yale educates exact mathematicians, and aims to fit her children for the hard realities of life. It is commonly said that Harvard is best for classics, and Yale for the exact sciences.

With these differences, Yale and Harvard, in their system and general routine, are much alike, and one description will suffice for both.

Let us note this essential difference between them and the English universities—that while the latter consist of a number of separate colleges, each with its own corps of instructors and its distinct course of study, and united, as it were, by a federative tie, the general body corporate having a general control, the American universities comprise each but one scholastic body, one corps of professors and tutors, one set of classes, one

system of text books and instruction. Harvard or Yale University is like one, and one only, of the Oxford colleges: it is a single machine, not a number working independently in a great system. The President of Yale or Harvard is president both of the undergraduate department, and of the law, medical, and divinity schools.

The governing body of the universities, chartered by the state, consists at Harvard of two houses—the Overseers and House of Convocation; at Yale, of but a single body, called the Corporation, consisting of the Governor and six senior Senators of Connecticut as *ex-officio* members, and of a certain number of clergymen and eminent graduates. The Corporation makes all laws for the general government of the university, receives and administers endowments, and controls the finances, confers the honorary degrees, builds the edifices, and elects the president, professors, tutors, and instructors. The Harvard House of Convocation nominates candidates for the presidency or professorships to the Overseers, who reject or confirm them at will. The Corporation meets annually in the university town at commencement time.

The university comprises a group of buildings standing on a spacious lawn shaded by stately elms. There are five or six dormitories, which are long, plain, red-brick three-story edifices, situated at intervals about the lawn, some old and shabby, others new, and none graced with much ornament; the other buildings—the

recitation halls and museums, the chapels and libraries, the exhibition halls and laboratories—are more fanciful and ornate, some in Saxon, some in Gothic, some in the Renaissance style. The long rows of shady elms give a pleasant air to the place; there is a tranquillity and quiet well in keeping with its character; a student, or a group of them, or here and there a citizen passing over the wide paths, are the only signs of life, except when, of a sudden, a class comes tumbling pellmell out of the recitation hall, with boisterous ado and many a youthful antic. These scatter, after a momentary romp, to their dormitories, and are anon, perhaps, followed by another class, which hastily launches itself on the benches before the professor's desk.

The undergraduates are divided into four classes, each of which occupies a scholastic year; the student, on entering, becoming a freshman, thence passing to the sophomore, the junior, and finally to the senior class. The law, medical, and divinity schools are usually divided into three classes—the junior, middle, and senior. The average age of entering freshmen is perhaps seventeen; of graduation, twenty-one. Yale has about five hundred undergraduates, Harvard about four hundred. Each undergraduate class is subdivided into three or four “divisions,” according to its numbers, one division reciting to a professor or tutor at a time, and all reciting lessons at the same hour,—thus, while the first division is reciting Greek to Professor A, the second is reciting mathematics to Tutor B, and

the third Latin to Tutor C, or *vice versa*. There are three recitations daily, of an hour each.

The teachers comprise the president—who usually unites with his executive capacity the personal teaching of, or lecturing upon, certain studies—twelve or fifteen professors, six or eight tutors, and occasional instructors in the lighter topics. The president and professors are permanent, and the greater part of them continue to occupy their positions for life; they receive their salaries—which are of course various, according to the extent of the bequests by whose provisions they are paid—from the incomes of the endowments. Perhaps the average salary of the university professor may be stated at from 400*l.* to 600*l.* The tutors, or under teachers, who mainly instruct the two lower classes, are usually young men, recent graduates, and are intrusted with a supervision over the conduct and everyday life of the students, reporting misdemeanours to the “faculty”—which comprises the president, professors, and tutors meeting together as the immediately governing body of the university—and maintaining order in the dormitories and college grounds. They are chosen by the corporation, and generally serve three years: it is contrary to the university rules that they should marry. Their salaries are from 120*l.* to 200*l.* a-year; and they reside in the dormitories, one of the best rooms being appropriated to each.

One or two tutors are assigned to each entry, where they are expected to keep the students who reside there

in order. The tutor's life, unless he chances, which is not often, to render himself popular among the "men," as collegians call themselves, is not an easy or an enviable one. The office is generally sought by those graduates who intend to adopt teaching as their profession, or who desire to rise to a professorship either in their *alma mater* or some other college. Numberless are the tricks and annoyances to which an unpopular tutor is subjected. His windows are "smashed" at night, he is hooted at by invisible students as he goes across the university green, he is lampooned in the student periodicals, locked into his room just as prayers are about to begin, and made the victim of mysterious sounds and noises in the recitation room.

The requisites of admission to the universities are an ability to pass the required examinations, and proof of "good moral character." Students of all creeds mingle together, and are permitted to attend their own churches, on the application of their parents, instead of the Sunday services in the university chapel; the only condition being that they shall hand in, on Monday morning, a written declaration to the effect that "they attended church on Sunday, both morning and afternoon, arriving before the commencement of service, and not leaving until its close."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNIVERSITIES CONTINUED : *Examinations for admission—System of recitations—The daily life of the student—Terms and vacations—Term examinations—The studies pursued—Lectures—Expenses.*

THE examinations for admission take place at the close and at the beginning of the scholastic year, which lasts from the early part of September till July ; and they may well be a bugbear to the candidates, for they are long and severe. The catalogue of the university announces in what text books and topics the applicants are to be examined. They are as follows : English grammar, reading, geography, arithmetic, algebra to quadratic equations, the first part of Playfair's Euclid, Latin grammar and prose composition, Latin Reader, Sallust (or Cæsar), Virgil's *Æneid*, *Bucolics*, and *Georgics* ; the Greek Reader, Greek grammar, and the first six books of Homer's *Iliad*. At Yale, the examinations take place in a large hall, all the candidates being examined at the same time, and in the same room ; and the examination continues for two days. The candidates assemble at the hall at nine o'clock in the morning, and are each provided with a table and chair, pens, ink, and paper, the examination being

conducted in writing. When the would-be freshmen are seated—the professors and tutors occupying raised seats at intervals along the walls to watch that there may be no foul play—printed papers are handed to them, containing questions on the studies required. A certain time is given them to finish their written answers to these questions, at the expiration of which both questions and answers are gathered by the tutors, and a new series of questions supplied. The questions are minute, and are a very perfect test of the candidate's proficiency. The examination on the Latin and Greek authors comprises not only translations, but construction, scanning, derivation, ancient geography and history, and etymology. For two long days the candidates have to work hard at their little desks; on the third day they are informed of the result. Usually about two-thirds of the applicants are admitted, one-third rejected; and of the admitted two-thirds, a certain number are allowed to enter "on condition"—that is, their examination has been on most points satisfactory, but is deficient in one or two studies—and the "condition" of their entering is, that they shall "make up," or pass another examination on the deficient studies, at the end of the first term. At Harvard, the examination is partly written and partly oral.

Those who prefer to remain out of the university for the first year or two can do so. In this case they may enter one of the advanced classes on passing the examination undergone by the candidates for

the freshman class, and, in addition, on all the studies which have been pursued in the university by the class which the candidates propose to enter. There is a regulation at Yale, and I think at Harvard, requiring that no one shall be admitted to the freshman class who is under fourteen years old, nor to any advanced class without a proportionate increase of age. When a student enters the university he is required to deposit a bond, executed by a parent or near relative, to pay all charges for which he may become liable to the institution during his college course.

The undergraduate, having passed the ordeal of examination with success, is at once placed in one of the divisions into which his class is arranged, finding his place in the first, second, or third, according to the initial letter of his surname. At Yale, however, the system of dividing the classes has recently been changed: they are now divided, not according to the alphabet, but according to scholarly merit.

A marked difference between the English and the American university exists in the method of instruction. In the former, the teaching is, I think, wholly by lectures, and examinations at rare intervals; in the latter, during the first two years at least, it is almost entirely confined to daily recitations and examinations. The classes do not begin to attend lectures until late in the second or at the beginning of the third year. At first the lectures are few—once or twice a-week—then the class attends one lecture and two recitations a

day. During "senior" (the last) year the lectures take up the greater part of the time, and there are but few recitations; but notes have to be taken of the lectures, and an examination passed upon them at the end of the term and of the year.

The student, finally settled down in his cosy little college room, rises usually at about half-past seven in winter, and seven in summer. Morning services in chapel being now abolished, his first step is to go to breakfast. He either boards in company with half a dozen of his classmates, at the house of some "poor but respectable" family or widow; or else joins an eating club managed by some poorer student, who finds a fitting place, sees to the marketing, hires and looks after the cook and table boy, and keeps the club accounts, receiving his board free for these services. These clubs are got up with two very different objects—for economy's sake or for luxury's sake. Students who cannot afford a good boarding house, get their meals by clubbing together at a little above cost price, and, by living plainly, manage to live economically. Students, on the other hand, who wish to "live high," and can afford it, do not find any boarding house good enough for them, and so organise a club, that they may have all the luxuries when and how they please. The system of having meals in "commons," in the university itself, was long practised at both Harvard and Yale, but was years ago given up; so that now all the students board or club in the town. His breakfast over, the student

takes a walk, or repairs to his college room "to get up" the first lesson of the day. At nine he is called to recitation, and with the rest of his division proceeds to one of the recitation halls—a plain room, with wooden benches raised one above another, and a little round box of a desk for the tutor or professor.

The division consists of about thirty students: of these, perhaps half are called on to recite during the hour's sitting. The tutor is supplied with a little box, containing cards with the names of the division, which he draws out by lot. He also has a book, in which he marks, in hieroglyphics known only to himself, the absences and the quality of each recitation. If the recitation be in classics, he draws the name of a student, who rises, book in hand, in his place. He is called on first to read or scan the text, then to translate some six or eight lines, which done, the tutor proceeds to ask certain questions. Where was such and such a town or river, mentioned in the text? Who was such and such a deity or personage? What the period at which he lived? Tell all you can about him. What is the derivation of the word ——? What does Homer refer to in saying ——? On such points he is expected fully to prepare himself. At ten the student is free again, and studies or does what he likes till twelve, when he goes into the second recitation. From that he proceeds to dinner, and has the afternoon to himself till four, when, for the last time in the day, he appears before the tutor or professor.

Immediately after the last recitation the chapel bell rings, and all the undergraduates assemble in the edifice devoted to college worship. The freshmen occupy one side of the house, the sophomores the opposite side, while the two upper classes sit respectively in the upper and the lower part of the middle pews. As soon as the bell stops, and the students are in their places, the "monitors" (poorer students who receive certain privileges for acting as such) rise in their seats with little books, scan carefully the section of students over which they are placed, and mark the absentees. Meanwhile the president of the university has begun to read a Bible chapter from his high pulpit, the faculty sitting on either side, in pews upon a raised platform. Prayers occupy fifteen or twenty minutes, after which the students separate for supper. Their evenings are devoted to a great variety of occupations, of study or amusement—singing on the lawn, boating in summer, attending the numerous literary and secret societies, and other employments, according to taste and character.

Harvard has two terms a-year; the first beginning in September, and ending the middle of January—then a vacation of six weeks; the second lasting from March till July, when there is a second and equally long recess. The Yale year is divided into three terms, from September to Christmas, then a fortnight's vacation; from January to April, then a three weeks' vacation; and from the last of April till July, when a summer recess of seven weeks ensues. Besides the daily recita-

tions, examinations are held at the end of every term of three months on all the studies pursued during the term, and also annually on the year's text books.

These examinations are like those for admission, thorough and severe, and the same system of "conditioning" the undergraduates who are not proficient in them is used on each occasion; and if the result of the examination is quite unsatisfactory, the student is not seldom constrained to leave his class and descend to the class below, or leave the university altogether. The quarterly and annual examinations, as well as the daily ones, are marked, according to their proficiency, by the professors and tutors. A certain number is adopted (at Yale it is four), which stands for a perfect recitation; two is then the average; the student who for any length of time falls below the latter number is liable to lose his place in the class. The scholastic honours—the student's rank among his mates, and his position at the end of the academic course—are determined by the aggregate of all the marks he has thus received through the four years, the one who obtains the largest aggregate receiving the highest "appointment" or honour given by the faculty. At Harvard, marks for attendance and good conduct are added to those given for recitations in deciding the student's rank; at Yale, the two are kept separate, there being a system of marks for scholarship, and another for delinquencies of absence and misconduct.

The studies pursued at the larger American univer-

sities do not materially vary. The following are those in vogue at Yale, as announced by its annual catalogue. In Freshman year, the Greek studies are—Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, Herodotus, Lucian, and Greek prose composition; the Latin studies are—Livy, Quintilian, the Odes of Horace, and Latin prose composition; the mathematical—algebra, Euclid, and spherics; the History of Rome and rhetoric are also pursued.

In Sophomore year, the Electra of Sophocles, Demosthenes' Orations, Prometheus, Theocritus, and Xenophon; Horace's Satires and Epistles, Cicero de Officiis, and Juvenal; trigonometry, analytical geometry, and conic sections; elocution, composition, and rhetoric are pursued.

In Junior year, Thucydides, Demosthenes de Corona, Tacitus, mechanics, disputations, modern languages, logic, chemistry, natural philosophy, and higher mathematics, are studied.

Finally, in Senior year, metaphysics, moral philosophy, political economy, geology, astronomy, chemistry, Stewart's Active and Moral Powers, Butler's Analogy, moral science, natural theology, philosophical history, and international law, are taught.

In the Junior year, the undergraduate begins to attend lectures; at first there are one lecture and two recitations a-day, then the lectures become more frequent and the recitations fewer. Notes of the lectures must be taken, and examinations take place on their

subjects at the end of the quarter and the year. The lectures are mostly confined to the higher English topics, and are delivered by the senior professors. History, metaphysics, mental science, anatomy and physiology, literature and chemistry comprise the main subjects. Often the lecturer is a prominent professor, noted in his department; then his essays attract the general public as well as the students. Professors Woolsey, Silliman, Porter, and Dana, at Yale—all men of noted ability—deliver lectures which are often published, and are valuable for their literary as well as for their scientific value. At Harvard, Professor Agassiz's lectures on geology and physiology create a profound interest; but at this university, perhaps Professor James Russell Lowell—as well known in England as in America for his "Biglow Papers" and charming lyrics—who occupies the chair of Belles Lettres, as the successor of Longfellow, is the most attractive. During the winter, he is in the habit of delivering a series of lectures to the senior class on modern literature, full of forcible and elegant English, refined humour, and polite learning, which draw audiences of ladies and gentlemen, who find it a rare treat to hear them.

The practice of declamation, composition, and forensic disputation begins, in the universities, in Sophomore year, and continues once or twice a-week till graduation. Much attention is given to these exercises, and the students, who have many of them had a

previous drilling in public speaking at the academies or high schools, become self-confident on the stage, and correct writers of English.

A brief glance at the necessary expenses in pursuing a collegiate education in America may be interesting. The incidental cost, of course, depends upon the habits or pecuniary ability of the student. The charges at Yale may be taken as a medium, the expenses at Harvard being somewhat greater, and those at the smaller colleges in the rural towns somewhat less. The university bills are sent in to the students by the treasurer every quarter. At Yale, the annual charge for tuition is 12*l.*; for rent and care of a room in the dormitories, 8*l.*, if there are two students in a room, each pays 4*l.*; for expenses of public rooms, "ordinary repairs and incidentals," 2*l.*; for use of gymnasium, 16*s.*; tax of the literary societies, 1*l.* 4*s.* The regular university charges amount thus to between 20*l.* and 24*l.* On graduation, the student pays a fee for his diploma of bachelor of arts and the "commencement" expenses, of 2*l.* 10*s.*; and whatever students elect to study French or German in Junior year pay an extra tax of 1*l.* 4*s.* Those students who enter an advanced class—any beyond the freshman—pay 1*l.* extra for each session the class has completed beyond the first freshman term. Thus the whole of the university expenses range from 26*l.* to 30*l.* a-year. The expenses of living vary widely. The average price of good board, however, may be stated at 1*l.* 10*s.* per week; the student's

eating clubs cost less, perhaps for each student 1*l.* per week. Fuel and lights may be estimated at 5*l.* a-year; books and stationery, 4*l.*; use of furniture (for those lodging in the dormitories), 4*l.* A total of annual necessary expenses, to those residing in the university buildings, will not therefore vary far from 70*l.* A majority of the students, during the first two years, live in private boarding houses, having their meals where they lodge, generally taking up their residence in the dormitories in the Junior year. There is not room in the dormitories for all the students; and as the best rooms are given to the upper classes, those in the lower have to put up with inferior accommodations, and, unless poor, prefer to live outside. Many of the wealthier students live outside the university—which they are permitted to do—throughout the course.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNIVERSITIES CONTINUED : *Punishments—Honours and scholarships—The literary societies—Physical exercise—The college magazines—Libraries—Honorary degrees.*

THE undergraduate has a great deal of liberty of action. He is treated rather as a man than as a boy; he is made, to a large degree, the judge of his own conduct. Having received notice of the penalties inflicted for this or that course, he is left to himself, knowing what the consequences of his actions will be, and appreciating that he has the free choice of breaking or conforming to the rules. Regularity of attendance on his college duties, and orderly habits, are enjoined upon him: if he does not perform them, certain punishments are inflicted. At Yale, every unexplained absence from recitation or chapel, or misdemeanour, is noted by a delinquency "mark." If these marks reach a certain figure—I believe it is fifteen or sixteen—the penalty of a "letter home" is used. This is simply a letter, written by one of the tutors to the student's parent or guardian, informing him that the young man is put "upon the first course of discipline." It is a great bugbear to the verdant freshman, who sees in it parental wrath mingled with college disgrace. The maturer

student, however, is apt to make it a matter of ridicule; he secures the tutorial epistle, has it neatly framed, and hangs it among his pipes and boxing gloves over his college mantel, for the diversion of his cronies. A larger number of marks produces more of these letters; but, a certain limit reached, the punishment does not rest there: the student is "warned." If this does no good, the penalty of "suspension" ensues. Suspension is the sending a student away from the university for a certain period, varying, according to the nature of his offence, from a fortnight to two or three months. The faculty indicates the place where he is to remain during his suspension; not seldom some village at a distance both from the university town and the student's home is chosen, where he is placed under the care of a rustic parson, living in his family and under his surveillance. Here, in the solitude of rural scenes, the suspended—or, as he is expressively called in student parlance, "rusticated"—undergraduate will, if he is wise, study diligently to keep apace with his class; for when he returns to the university he will be examined severely in all the books they have gone over; and if he fails, he is again suspended, or perhaps even expelled. If a student at Yale receives forty-eight demerit marks, he is lost beyond recall, and expulsion is his stern and inevitable fate.

College "men" are the same the wide world over; their temptations and passions are little changed by difference of climate or country. Every one who knows

about student life may guess the variety of offences which Yale and Harvard boys commit. Some are "rusted" for breaking tutor's windows; some for reviving the Inquisition for the terror of timid freshmen; some for practical jokes on college dignities; some for town and gown battles, which take place as well at Yale as at Oxford; some for "rushing" at chapel; some for the persistent length of their morning naps, or the rash tumults of their midnight revels. Expulsion is an extreme penalty; student prudence is fain to avoid this Charybdis; only the inveterately festive or slothful are apt to incur it: but a student rebellion—which does sometimes occur—affords a plentiful harvest to the university guillotine.

A more genial topic is that of the honours and rewards which await the diligent student and the governable youth. They are not, it is true, so numerous or so substantial as those which venerable mother Oxford showers upon her well-doing children, nor do they have so significant an effect upon the after life and prosperity of the graduate. There are no fellowships, whereby one may bridge over the uncertain period which lies between graduation and a settled life occupation. There are no scholarships or foundations at the preparatory academies, as at Eton or Winchester, whereby the incoming freshman receives an aid toward his support at the university. There are two kinds of honours—university and literary society honours. The university rewards are again divided into two kinds. The first

consists of the student's rank in his class, bringing no pecuniary benefit, but making public his comparative position, and, if the aggregate of his marks is high enough, giving him the envied privilege to "orate" on commencement day. Commencement is the Commemoration of the American university. The student who stands highest in his class at the end of the course is named "valedictorian;" he closes the commencement exercises by a farewell address; it is the highest regular scholastic honour. The second honour is that of "salutatorian;" he opens the exercises by a salutatory address in Latin. Then come several honorary grades, each comprising those students who have reached a certain aggregate of marks, and called respectively, "philosophical orations," "high orations," "orations," "dissertations," and "disputes." About two-thirds of a class thus receive a distinct rank; about half receive a rank high enough to secure the privilege of speaking at commencement.

The other class of university honours is that of scholarships and prizes, which are, as their names imply, pecuniary in their character. The scholarships are founded upon endowments made by munificent and public-spirited patrons. Special examinations, which are quite voluntary, and which all members of the class to which the scholarship is offered who choose may enter, are held for some of the scholarships; for others, only those may enter who have won a previous scholarship or prize. The scholarships vary materially

in value, those of Harvard being the most liberal, the incomes of some of which enable a student of moderate habits to support himself throughout the course. The prizes are for composition, declamation, and mathematical or astronomical problems, and vary from 1*l.* to 20*l.* each. The highest prize at Yale is called the "Deforest Prize Medal;" this is connected with another prize called the "Townsend Premiums." During the last session of the senior year three subjects for essays are given out to the class, every member of which may, if he likes, compete: the six best compositions on the subjects receive the six Townsend Premiums of 2*l.* each. The six "Townsend" men then, on a certain day, deliver the successful essays as orations in the college chapel, in the presence of the undergraduates and the faculty. The Townsend essay best written and spoken secures the "Deforest Prize," which is 20*l.* Although the sum is not large, this highest of the forensic honours is eagerly sought by the ambitious for a university fame. Students are ardent hero-worshippers; and the prizemen, if they add to their talents pleasing personal qualities, take the lead in their classes in all matters without dispute.

Notwithstanding the really severe scholastic discipline to which the student is subjected, he finds much time for reading, recreation, and literary exercises. At Yale there are two rival literary societies, between which the whole body of undergraduates is divided. Each society, on the advent of a new class, strives to get

the greatest number of freshmen to join its ranks ; and a regular campaign ensues, often exciting and always amusing in its incidents. The officers of the rival societies will go to the towns where the preparatory academies are situated, and will canvass thoroughly all those who are about to come up to the university ; committees of enthusiastic society men infest the railway stations, to have the first word with the verdant youths about to enter college, who are much amazed, and not seldom frightened, to find themselves the objects of bitter and long-continued scuffling on entering the university town. Every device is employed to persuade them, and if necessary to smuggle them, into the society halls, where, before they know it, they find themselves taking the oath, and anon enrolled members of the fraternity. The society halls are very richly fitted up with frescoed walls and velvet-lined benches, and an ornate president's desk. Meetings are held one evening in each week ; a question, before decided upon, is debated by any member who wishes to participate in the exercise ; an occasional composition is read ; and several times in the year humorous entertainments take place, a stage being fitted up, and an elaborate programme produced. These societies have their field nights, when the halls are crowded, and the " great men " of the university hold forth to the intense admiration of all the lower classmen ; but more often they are thinly attended, amid the hundred other amusements which university students have to distract them.

Besides the university prizes, these literary societies—"Linonia" and the "Brothers in Unity"—set apart a fund for prize debates, participated in by their own members of the freshmen, sophomore, and senior classes. The umpires are chosen from among the graduate members of the society, often professors in the university, who award the prizes to the three best speakers. A certain question is chosen by the society, and each disputant argues in the affirmative or negative of the question elected, having a month in which to prepare his argument. The rewards received by the successful competitors are fame, and small sums varying from 1*l.* to 5*l.*

The universities display a commendable regard for the physical well-being of the students. Spacious gymnasiums are provided with every appliance for vigorous exercise—bowling alleys, swings, bars, dumb bells, and all the sturdy paraphernalia which swell the muscle and give vigour to the limbs; and are made yet more useful by the lessons of professors of the "manly arts." A trifling charge, as has been said, is made for the use of the gymnasiums; they are open all day, and the students may go and come when they please. Those robust out-of-door games, which are sung by Eton-bred poets, and which display brilliant results on the day when Oxford and Cambridge meet for the annual tug of aquatic war on the waters of the Thames, are perhaps scarcely less passionately loved by the Yankee gownsmen than by their British cousins. Cricket

and base-ball, foot-ball and quoits, boating, swimming, and skating—the latter a winter-long luxury in New England, but seldom experienced in the mild old England climate—are kept up with infinite zest beyond the Atlantic. Harvard and Yale have their annual boat-race, as well as Oxford and Cambridge; the rival champions undergo the same long previous drill and discipline, the same culinary discomforts, the same self-denial of cigar and punch; and they row their race before interested thousands, who cover the shores of the pretty lake Quinsigamond, where the great contest takes place. There was, not so very long ago, another exercise which rose suddenly into college popularity in the northern states. Early in 1861, when the civil war was just becoming formidable, and the news from Fort Sumter and Baltimore had sent through the popular heart an indignant thrill, some one proposed that the students should prepare for a now probable emergency. So forthwith was witnessed in the universities the formation of battalions, companies, “awkward squads;” certain hours in the afternoon were devoted to drilling, guns were loaned by neighbouring armouries, officers were elected, and sometimes tutors and professors became lieutenants, captains, and colonels. Passing across the university lawn at almost any hour after noon, you would not have failed to see little platoons deploying hither and thither, wheeling to the right-about, forming double file, trotting on the “double quick,” the abrupt word of command echoing among

the ancient dormitories, and sounding oddly in that usually silent and studious place. It was not mere boys' pastime, it was something serious and provident. Many of those who first learned the ABC of the manual, going out from their lexicons to practise it, in the latter weeks of their cloistral university life, within two years afterward were being nominated to the national Senate as major and brigadier-generals, and were doing famous work in the unscholastic scenes of the southern marshes and valleys. The libraries of the American universities and colleges are not large when compared with the wonders of wit and wisdom which one gazes on amazed in the vast alcoves of the Bodleian and the Radcliffe. Those of Harvard, including the professional libraries, contain about 120,000 volumes; those of Yale, 80,000 volumes; those of Dartmouth College, 38,000; those of Virginia University, 35,000.

The students of many of the universities publish a monthly magazine, devoted to students' essays, poetry, and the current college events. The magazine is conducted by editors chosen from among their own number by the junior class, and hold their places for a year. It is supported by subscriptions from the students and the alumni, and presents a very fair specimen of the literary ability of the students. Now and then, too, a paper is published anonymously, having humorous cuts illustrative of events in the university, and containing satirical articles, mainly directed against obnoxious professors. There are also published

plenty of books of college and society songs, and the Yale students in particular are fond of singing together on the lawn after their day of recitation and study is over.

The custom of awarding honorary degrees has reached in America an injurious extent. The universities and colleges are much too generous in distributing these bounties, which have therefore greatly deteriorated in value. The degree of Doctor of Laws is, perhaps, that most abused; it is conferred quite as often upon successful politicians, famous but unlettered generals, expert navigators, and hardy admirals, as upon the profound interpreters of Aristotle and the learned commentators on the Justinian Code. General Jackson, a stout fighter and an energetic President, but whose erudition was dubious, was dubbed LL.D. by Harvard; and the same university added those magic initials to the name of Abraham Lincoln, who had many shining qualities, but not those ripened by the classics, and whose name was much nobler without them. Thus have the honorary degrees depreciated, like an inflated currency; and whereas they should be the Garters of learning, are only now a glut of Legion of Honour ribbons.*

* See Note A, Appendix.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNIVERSITY CUSTOMS AND PASTIMES.

THE time-honoured customs of universities—the various and original pranks of college students—are always interesting. The authors of *Tom Brown* and *Verdant Green* have rendered familiar to every English and every American household the pastimes and amusements of venerable Oxford.

Although the American universities are much younger than their British sisters, they are quite old enough to have acquired many traditional customs, hallowed by the lapse of time, and handed down as precious heirlooms in the student world. The age at which youths enter the universities is an age when the romantic, the ludicrous, and the love of fun are especially vivid.

I will narrate a few college customs, some of which, indeed, no longer survive, but most of which still exist at Yale. They will serve to illustrate American college life as it really is, beneath the formalities of the curriculum, and outside the recitation room.

At Yale, as in Oxford, the freshman is to the rest of the undergraduates the fittest and choicest of game.

He was born, and fate manifestly sent him to college, to be victimised. The "town" may be a fair target for an open, toe-to-toe fight; the "town" is worthy of a marshalled array of "gown," of a pitched battle with the favoured sons of the gentry; the freshman has not even this respect paid him, but is waylaid in the dark, is victimised amidst a hundred mysteries, receives no notice of the attack, and is disarmed and helpless—even had he the courage to resist—before the attack begins.

When our freshman leaves his native village for college, he is a somewhat puny, very innocent youth in short jackets. He has, perhaps, prepared himself for the much-dreaded examination under the tender care of the village parson, who has taught him, in a fatherly, fostering way, in the seclusion of the parsonage study. With what patience does mamma work away on his wardrobe—completing with her own motherly hand his stock of under-shirts and stockings, his innumerable scarves and jackets, not forgetting the while to stow away in snug corners of his box sundry jars of home-made jams and pies! How sister Grace, too, declines to attend the choir rehearsals, not having time to devote to the ordinary duties of society, for fear that the beaded watch-fob, the embroidered slippers, the ornate pincushions, and the fancy cravats with which Bobbie must be supplied, will not be finished in time! Paterfamilias bustles about the farm, proud and happy; he is going to escort Bobbie to the uni-

versity town, and "see him through all right." Bobbie himself—now the hero, soon, alas, to become the martyr—is in a strange confusion of bliss and sorrow; joy, that he is at last really to be a collegian; and regret, not seldom tearful, at leaving these kind, tender hearts that are so fond of him. At last the day comes, and all is ready promptly in time.

The coach having brought them safely to the railway station, Bobbie and father ensconce themselves in one of the long carriages, and anticipate a quiet and rapid journey to the university town. But mark well a dashing-looking young gentleman, who enters the carriage at one of the little stations about midway to their destination. He is dressed at the top of the fashion — wears bulging trousers with perpendicular pockets, a short bobby coat, a little flat hat slightly askew on his head, and a cane. We, who have seen something of the university, know him to be—though Bobbie and papa are far from guessing it—a student of students. As he stands in the doorway of the railway carriage, he glances keenly down it, sharply scanning the passengers on either side; his eye lights and rests long on Bobbie and papa. He seems satisfied with them, for he no longer takes the trouble to look at anybody else. Presently, with the jauntiest air in the world, he glides up the carriage, and, with the politest of student-like bows, seats himself directly opposite our rustic pair. With an overpowering politeness, he opens a conversation with Bobbie's papa;

descants on the pretty autumn landscape ; talks of the prospects of the harvest and the comparative value of the farms on the road ; ingratiates himself firmly with Bobbie's papa by his politeness and deference to papa's opinions, papa declaring to himself what a capital young fellow this is ! By and by our young gentleman leads, by gradual steps, to the subject of going to college. He presumes that Bobbie is on his way to the university, —perhaps he is going to stand the freshman examination ? “ Yes, sir, he is.” (What a clever fellow to guess that ! thinks Pater.) “ Delighted to hear it, sir. I am from the university—perhaps I can be of some use to your son—will be *very* happy to do anything I can for him.” The conversation becomes familiar, our jaunty student exerting himself to his utmost to be agreeable, as they approach the university town. Shortly before arriving, he proposes that father and son should permit him to call a cab, and that they should all three ride up to the hotel—near the university buildings—together. He will be happy to take supper with them, and after that, perhaps they would like to visit one of the literary societies ? “ Very glad indeed,” answers Bobbie's father. But the project so prettily arranged in the railway carriage is not destined to be carried out.

At last the train stops, the guard shouts out “ New Haven ! ” and there is a great hubbub of passengers getting in and out. It is dark, and even were it not, they would not know it, for the New Haven station

is underground, and one of the dampest and blackest of possible holes. It is astonishing—there is a great crowd on the platform, and a very unusual noise of screaming and scuffling. But Bobbie and papa have hardly time to ascertain the cause of this unwonted hubbub; their new friend seems to have become infected by it, for he grows very excited, and urges them to keep close to him, and hurry to the cabs as fast as they can through the crowd. They have scarcely found themselves on the platform, however, when two parties of students—for the makers of all this noise are students—rush frantically towards them. “Here’s Bugby with a freshman!” is the cry from one side, and “Bugby, stick to ’em tight!” reëchoes from the other. Bobbie and papa, wholly mystified, are frightened out of their wits when they become the centres of a hot scuffle. Bobbie finds himself of a sudden seized by the arm, and tugged stoutly one way, then seized by the collar and tugged with equal pertinacity the other way. Fists fly about his head, aimed, not at it, but on both sides of it, with alarming rapidity; he is pulled this way and that, and falls about, almost out of his wits with fright. Meanwhile papa has been fairly jostled off to the other end of the platform, and is making a hopeless yet desperate attempt to push his way back to his dearly-beloved son. In vain—for before he succeeds in getting half way to him, he sees a remarkable thing. A great burly student, full six feet high, is mounting the staircase of the station,

surrounded by a choice bodyguard of fellow-students, who are acting as coverers of his retreat, by keeping off the skirmishers of the hostile party who are hanging about their rear; and the big fellow's arms are wound tightly around poor Bobbie, who is shivering with fright, but finds resistance wholly unavailing, as he is carried along. Fond papa's feelings, on seeing this heartrending sight, may be better imagined than described. The next thing that Bobbie knows, he is thrust by his titanic bearer into the darkest corner of a cab, and, accompanied by three students, is driven rapidly through the dark strange streets. His companions give him sundry instructions, and assure him that if he will only keep quiet, and do what they tell him, not a hair of his head shall be harmed. This is very consolatory, and he becomes as obedient as a slave. The cab stops; one of the students whips out a long handkerchief, with which he proceeds to hoodwink Bobbie's eyes. He is taken out of the cab, and hurried up a long flight of stairs. At the top, his gaolers take off the bandage, knock at a door, and lead him into a large and brilliantly-lighted hall. Bobbie is dazzled with the flare, and abashed by the multitude of faces which are all staring at him, from the semicircular benches which are ranged about the room. He has, however, little time for reflection: his conductors pull him to a seat; then one of them whispers to him, "What's your name?" Bobbie answers mechanically, "Robert Barnley, sir." "All right," whispers the other. "When

I pull your sleeve, stand up; and when that fellow in the chair asks you a question, just say, 'I do.'"

It is all over before Bobbie can understand what they are about. One of the students who had captured him stands up, and "begs to propose Mr. Robert Barnley, of the freshman class, as a member of this society." The question being put and agreed to amid great uproar, Bobbie feels a twitch at his elbow and a push from behind, and tremblingly "gets upon his feet." He is asked something about promising to obey the laws of this society, and mechanically answering, in a faint voice, "I do," is pronounced a member of the "Brothers in Unity." He is then very coolly told that he is free to go and meet his papa at the hotel. Of course Barnley senior has learned all about the matter by this time, and is complacently awaiting his hopeful in the reading-room.

The reader need hardly be told that Bobbie has been thus summarily made a member of one of the literary societies already described.

Before he has been in the university many weeks—just as he is getting settled down, and acquainted with his classmates, and the home sickness is wearing off somewhat—he becomes a martyr to a certain custom called "Freshman Initiation." At Yale there flourish in each of the classes several *secret societies*, invested with a great deal of mystery, to gain entrance to which is, of course, an object of ambition with all new-comers. The freshmen enter the "freshman" secret societies;

when they become "Sophs," they leave the freshman societies and join the "Sophomore" societies; and so on through the course. These secret societies hire rooms in an unfrequented part of the town, and there hold weekly meetings; some of them are jovial, others literary, in their objects. Each society has for its badge a little gold breast-pin bearing mysterious symbols. To the young student's mind these secret societies have a great attraction. They are much more select than the large literary societies before described; each candidate must receive a nearly unanimous vote before being admitted; and each society tries to obtain the greatest number of good fellows, scholars, writers, and speakers. When a new freshman class enters the university, the outgoing members of the freshman secret societies set to work to "pledge" the new comers; and in a short time perhaps two-thirds of the freshmen promise to join one or other of the mysterious fraternities. When the society lists are completed, preparations are made for the great orgie called "Freshman Initiation." All the freshman societies combine for the purpose of initiating their new members in common, and in public; of course this initiation does not involve the divulging any of the supposed terrible secrets of any of the fraternities.

Freshman Initiation takes place in the basement of the Connecticut State House, which stands on a spacious green fronting the university edifices. The students hire the entire basement-floor for the object

of freshman initiation. On the day preceding, the freshmen are notified that at ten o'clock that evening they will be conducted to the ordeal. The tremors of the victims during the day may be imagined; awful stories have already reached their ears of the doings of the night; and as the time approaches their fears increase, and the suspense of uncertainty adds to the discomfort of their situation. Promptly at ten, as our freshman sits quaking, three ominous raps sound upon his door; and two mysterious forms, cloaked and black-masked, enter his room. They proceed to hoodwink him, first commanding him to *carry his purse with him*. Before proceeding to the grand rendezvous, he has to pass through various trials, according to the inventive powers of his conductors. Some will lead him up to the door of a private mansion, ring the bell, and leaving him there, dodge around the corner, and watch the scene. When Biddy answers the bell, she finds herself face to face with this hoodwinked figure, and the ensuing colloquy may be imagined. Others will make their victim walk a ladder blindfold, or march unconsciously off a hillock. After "trying" him thus, the masked inquisitors usually stop at one of the public restaurants, and they are especially apt to find their way hither if their "fresh" is known to have plenty of money. The scene at the restaurant on initiation night is a most lively and curious one. Parties are constantly leading in pale and forlorn hoodwinked freshmen, and, removing their bandages, compel them

to "stand treat." A scene of festive gaiety follows, the mulcted freshman sitting submissively by, staring at his masked companions, and deriving some consolation from the sight of his classmates here and there undergoing a similar tax. He is glad enough to buy a moment's peace and eyesight on any terms; so he makes no objection even to the proposal for a supper of champagne and partridges. The restaurant revel over, "fresh" is once more bandaged, and now the inquisitors, hilarious with wine, hasten with him to the principal ceremony of the night. Two titanic collegians, their features concealed by grotesque masks, their figures covered by a gaudy dress, oppose the entrance of the unentitled by naked swords crossed before the door of the State House. It is a large, dimly-lighted, dampish subterranean hall, where there is a very pandemonium of shouting and yelling, loud laughter, and frantic rushing hither and thither. There are numerous apartments right and left, prepared in a variety of ways for the business of the night. The whole space is swarming with hundreds of disguised and fantastically-dressed students. The disguises are of great variety; some amusing, others designed to inspire terror in the already-frightened freshman, others wholly unique—the student's mind being very inventive in this direction. In one of the longer rooms the "initiation" has already begun. A party of masked students have got behind a poor hoodwinked "fresh," and are rushing him backward and forward with tre-

mendous speed. In another corner of the room some of the maskers have a huge blanket, and, holding it horizontally by its ends and sides, are tossing two blindfolded freshmen, so that with every lurch they touch the wall. But these tortures seem but trifling when we turn to some of the other rooms.

Here, in a low, dark, passage way, several maskers, dressed in the deepest and deadest black, are grouped around an upright skeleton, whose sockets glisten with a dull phosphorescent light. A freshman is brought up face to face with this ghastly figure, and his bandage removed. A student ventriloquist, stationed behind the skeleton, addresses the victim as if through the skeleton's mouth. The figure seems to command him, in a hollow and cavernous voice, to shake it by the hand. The freshman, after some resistance, obeys. Instantly a quiver shoots over his frame, and he becomes as ghastly pale as the skeleton itself. Master freshman will learn the secret of all this hereafter in the recitation hall—he has to thank *electricity* for this ill turn. Next he is brought to a room where stands a masked figure dressed as a headsman. Beside him is seen a guillotine, and the victim—again permitted to see for what he is destined—is laid upon the floor, and his head inserted beneath the fatal and glittering axe. As he stoops for this purpose he turns white to see, lying beside the guillotine, a blood-stained cloth. The executioner sets the deadly machine in motion, and it descends with a whiz upon the neck of the freshman—

stopping short, however, within an inch or two of it. We, as spectators, know that the axe is of harmless pine, painted a shining steel colour; and we have time to perceive that there are firm stops above where his head is placed. He is next led to a cold, damp, cellar-like apartment, with only the damp ground for footing, where he is enveloped in a particularly damp and uncomfortable shroud. There is a long narrow hole in the ground, in the middle of the room; beside it, a coffin. The neophyte receives a solemn lecture from a grim-looking fellow, who stands with folded arms above the grave, and then is compelled to step into the coffin and lie flat on his back. The ropes which pass under it are grasped, the coffin is swung, and then with a slow swaying motion it descends into the grave. All of a sudden there is total darkness, a board is placed over the top of the hole, and our poor freshman, for the first and last time in his life, experiences what it is to be buried alive. If he has in his childhood been the victim of nurse's ghost stories, his situation is really terrible. It lasts, however, but a moment; he is drawn up again, and passes on to other trials of his courage. The next thing is to take him into a room brightly illuminated by torches, where a kind of high court has been organised. On a raised platform, disguised, sits the judge who is to "put him to the question."

All sorts of ridiculous queries are put to him, some of which he would rather not answer, but is awed into submission. Then a cloth is raised just below the

judge's chair, a coffin is discovered, and in it a corpse, with a gash across its forehead—a corpse, however, of *wax* only. The forehead of this ghastly object the freshman is forced to kiss; and that ends his initiation.

“Smoking out” used to be one of the commonest punishments to which freshmen who “put on airs” were subjected. A party of students proceed to the “swelly” freshman’s room late at night, and rouse him out of bed, shut down all his windows, proceed to light pipes all round. They smoke and smoke and smoke, until the room is filled with smoke, and they do not usually reckon without their host in thinking that they will make their victim thoroughly ill. Sometimes, however, the “smokers out” catch a Tartar. On one of these occasions the tables were completely turned on the would-be persecutors. As soon as they had got to smoking, their involuntary host took a pipe and began smoking too. They smoked fast and heavy; he puffed away, and easily kept pace with them. The result was, that after an hour or two of cloud-compelling, in which the attacked party stood his ground heroically, three of the besieging party themselves capitulated, and were forced to hasten abruptly from the room to avoid a most ignominious exposure. It is a common trick to rouse the freshman from his slumbers, make him get upon a table, and dance and sing for the amusement of his unwelcome guests. Sometimes a freshman, who has become obnoxious by reason of some attempt at foppishness, is forced to sign a paper, so-

lemnly declaring that he will not use gold eye-glasses, or wax his moustache, or wear baggy trousers or diamond studs, for a year to come—that is, until he has bloomed out into the freedom and glory of Sophomoric dignity.

At Yale there used to be—and may be still, for aught I know—a society of wild fellows belonging to the Sophomore class, which assumed the classical name of “the Court of the Areopagus.” Its objects were at once festive and inquisitorial. The name of the Areopagus became a terror to all freshmen. The court met in secret, and all its doings therefore were invested in the freshmanic mind with the dread which is inspired by deeds done in the dark. Some morning it would be rumoured that the Areopagus had taken Snagsby, of the freshman class, into training: every freshman would thrill with the fear that his turn would come next. Snagsby’s class-mates would gather about him, and overwhelm him with questions; but likely as not, Snagsby would maintain an impenetrable silence, having taken the most awful oaths not to reveal what he had seen and suffered. It seemed to be the peculiar object of the court to try and punish the new comers to the university. It was said that they went through the forms of a criminal trial; that they judged and condemned their prisoners with great mock solemnity, and that thereupon the judges became the executioners of their own sentences. Tremendous stories were told of the unique costumes, the terror-inspiring disguises of the “Areopagi;” and it was

nearly always found that, somehow or other, they managed to cower their victims into perpetual dumbness as to their doings. Once, however, the awful court of the Areopagus got hold of an exceptionally fearless freshman. He did all that they commanded, took the oaths, submitted with charming meekness to the ordeals. The next morning he went straight to the president of the university, and coolly exposed the whole affair. A number of the redoubtable Areopagi were forthwith expelled, and the court ceased its operations; to revive again, however, the next year, with all its ancient terrors.

Another custom is that of "rushing" the freshmen. The sophomores, at the close of the chapel exercises, gather *en masse* in front of the chapel door where the freshmen come out, and make a "perfect blockade;" the freshmen form in a body and endeavour to rush the sophomores away; and the struggling and scuffling which ensues is very apt to bring the college tutors down upon the offenders. I doubt whether there is ever a prouder day to the undergraduate than that on which he celebrates his accession to the rank of a sophomore, and leaves freshmanhood behind, a troublous memory and an uneasy dream. On a certain day in June, the senior class gives up the benches which it has occupied in the university chapel; the junior class succeeds to them; the sophomores assume the seats of the outgoing juniors, and the happy freshmen march proudly into the places which their ene-

mies, the sophomores, have just vacated. It is customary on this occasion, however, for the embryo Sophs to mark their appreciation of their newly-gotten honour in a somewhat demonstrative manner. The class assembles, adorned in imitation of what are supposed to be outward symbols of manly dignity; in short, they appear in ludicrously tall hats, and are supplied with ludicrously high and stiff paper collars. Thus attired they march in procession to chapel. At the door of the chapel they are usually confronted by the tutors, who devote themselves zealously to the task of preventing all who wear these obnoxious adornments from entering, and in forcibly depriving the wearers of their undevout ornaments. Some, however, manage to elude the tutors, and appear in the chapel aisle, to the amusement of the upper-class men and wrath of the faculty, in all their tall-hatted and high-collared effrontery. But this is only the prologue to the jubilee in honour of the occasion. The evening of the day is devoted to a grand orgie, which is significantly yclept the "Freshman Pow-wow." A pow-wow it usually is, of the most striking kind. Torches, masquerade dresses, and hifalutin speeches are the order of the night. The class, attired in every imaginable disguise and monstrosity of dress, assemble on the portico of the State House, which stands in a large open space, so that the whole scene may be witnessed from the college buildings. Here they dance, sing, and shout, listen to elaborately prepared harangues, teeming with highly-classical jokes

mingled with barbarous college puns, and indulge in songs written for the occasion by the rhymers of the class. Then they march about the town in torchlight procession, making night hideous, incurring the wrath of the matrons of young ladies' boarding schools by serenading the damsels under their windows, and doubtless calling down upon them the unheard maledictions of the order-loving people of the staid Connecticut town.

Early in Sophomore year there occurs another celebration, far more imposing and wild than the Powwow. Euclid has long been a terror and a bore to our undergraduate; he has drudged slowly through the dry old book, and finds himself, with great relief, at the last page during his first Sophomore term. This happy time arrived, it behoves him to celebrate it with all proper pomp, and at the same time to visit his tormentor with that ignominy which he deserves. On a certain October afternoon a rumour is spread that on that night the "Burial of Euclid" will take place. The arrangements for this ceremony are perfected with the most careful secrecy: no one, except the members of the committee, knows when or where it is to occur until within a few hours of the appointed time. At evening prayers in chapel small slips of paper are slyly passed from hand to hand, announcing that the Burial of Euclid will take place at such an hour and such a place, the password which is to be the open sesame to the ceremony being added. All the

undergraduates are admitted. The disguises of the participating class vary according to the wealth and fancy of each. While some are content with plain black dominoes and pasteboard masks, others become the cynosures of all eyes in the gorgeous robes of kings, the armour of mediæval knights, and the tunics and plumes of gallant cavaliers; others imitate skeletons, monks, magicians, and other characters of history, tradition, and superstition. There is, in an obscure street, a musty, gloomy-looking edifice, used indifferently by itinerant theatrical companies, popular lecturers, and political meetings, which bears the dignified name of the "Temple." This used to be in our college days—and may be still—the favourite scene of the Burial of Euclid. The hall in which the ceremony took place was narrow and dingy enough. It was approached by a steep flight of stairs. Armed with the word which was to be your talisman, you found at the portal two tall muffled and masked figures, who crossed swords athwart the entrance. As you entered, you gave the password to these in a whisper; and all the way up the stairs were similar figures with crossed swords, so that the password was demanded of you a dozen times before you found yourself in the hall itself. These passwords were usually classical quotations. This is to prevent the "town" from intruding. One was the first line of the *Æneid*, which must not only be said, but scanned:

"Arma virumque cano, qui primus Trojis ab oris;"

and it probably very effectually barred the entrance of the "unlettered."

On the small stage with which the Temple was supplied, you saw the various performers, in their unique costumes; in the centre stood a bier, upon which rested a coffin; and in the coffin was discernible a venerable face (of wax), with long snow-white hair and beard, eyes closed, and wrinkled features in calm repose. This was the counterfeit presentment of the once terrible Euclid himself. Programmes, adorned with appropriate devices of a funereal nature—death's heads and crossbones, funeral pyres and torches—were passed around; there were puns in the announcements—some good, mostly bad—such, for instance, as "Fisher's hornpipe, try-angle accompaniment;" or, "Hebrew melody—on a Jew's harp." Then the performance commenced. Some college songs were sung, among which was, of course, the inevitable "Gaudeamus;" then followed humorous dialogues, jokes, and mock-solemn poems; finally came the funeral oration over the venerable dead, by the chief wit of the class, in which as many jokes on triangles and parallelograms, squares and pentagons, were crowded as the genius of the funereal orator could invent. Toward midnight the marshals formed a torchlight procession; and they proceeded noisily through the streets, the coffin being borne with great pomp at their head. The effect of such a procession passing along the quiet streets at the dead of night may be imagined. The flaring

and flickering torches; the grotesque, imposing, and ghastly dresses; the coffin with its black cloth carried on before; the shouting, singing, and confusion,—form a spectacle curious, and even weird. The good citizens, awakened from their sleep, are fain to lean out of the windows and watch “the college boys” as they pass. The young ladies’ schools particularly are wont to be agitated, the procession cheering the “girls” as they pass under the windows; and here and there a white handkerchief flutters through the blinds as a signal of maidenly sympathy. The procession winds on its way beyond the town, out along a country road, where the effect is, if anything, stranger than ever. At last they arrive on a wooded knoll; they enter the copse, and reach an open space encircled with the trees yellowing and reddening in their autumn leaf-shedding. The wood is lit up bright and fitful by the hundred smoky torches; the disguised figures pass to and fro, and look, doubtless, much as the savages did whom Robinson Crusoe saw making night hideous on his lonely island. The coffin is placed upon a funeral pile in the centre of the space; the students group around it in a grotesque circle; the master of the ceremonies, dressed in priestly garb, holds a book in his hand; a red-hot iron is handed to him; he proceeds with this to pierce a hole quite through the volume; then he raises the book aloft, so that all the class may for once *see through Euclid*. This witticism performed, a second funeral oration follows; and finally is sung a

solemn and lugubrious dirge over the remains of the departed tormentor. The last act in this quaint drama has now come; the torches are set to the tar barrels upon which the coffin rests; and amid the hooting and capering of the students the flames ascend high and wild, the coffin cracks and crackles and bursts, the waxen face melts, the liquid sputters and frizzles in the fire; and the maskers depart, leaving the blackened remains of the ceremony behind them.

Among the most famous of Yale customs, still kept up with all its ancient prestige, is the "Wooden Spoon Exhibition." It probably took its rise as a burlesque of Junior Exhibition. Junior Exhibition occurs in the early spring, and consists of orations and dissertations from those members of the junior class who have won the highest scholastic rank. The exercises take place in one of the larger churches of the town, and are listened to by the *élite* of New Haven society. Wooden Spoon Exhibition was probably designed to compensate the students whose scholarship was not sufficiently high to entitle them to a junior appointment, and to give them an opportunity to "make a spread" in public. The object of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition is to present a testimonial of esteem to the favourite of the class; and this takes the shape of an enormous spoon, carved from expensive wood, elaborately mounted in silver, and bearing a silver plate with an appropriate inscription. The giving of a wooden spoon originated in the days when the students lived

in commons in the university itself; and it is said that it was formerly given to him who, by a vote of the class, should be designated as its greatest glutton. From this custom tradition tells us that it became the rule to give the wooden spoon to the *ugliest* man in the class; but in our own day the most popular class-mate is chosen for this formerly doubtful, but now substantial, honour. The Wooden Spoon Exhibition takes place in the largest public hall in the town. A committee of nine is chosen by the class; these are yelected the "Cochlaureati," a name suggestive, and regarded by the students as a highly honourable title. The Cochlaureati assume as their badge a small gold or silver spoon. These choose from among their own number, by election, him who shall be the Wooden Spoon man,—who is to receive the testimonial; but his election is kept profoundly secret even from the class itself, until the moment of the public presentation comes. Each member of the class is supplied with a certain number of tickets, giving admittance to seats in the hall; and the emulation to procure these, especially among the fair damsels of the town—who, like damsels everywhere, are intensely interested in everything the students do—is very exciting as the time approaches. At last the long-expected night arrives; the undergraduates crowd early in front of the hall; a famous brass band from New York has arrived, and has been stationed in the high gallery; the privileged fair ones of New Haven have begun to flock

hither, and are pouring in at the door through the file of policemen, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. Finally, up goes the curtain, rolling majestically toward the top. Programmes, adorned by a heraldic shield with the bearings and crest of the Wooden Spoon, have been freely distributed; and the first performance is an "opening joke," or in college dialect, the "Opening Load." Perhaps the programme tells us that the Opening Load is to be a "torchlight procession," which turns out to be simply a procession of all the red-headed fellows of the class; or it may be that the Opening Load consists of the bringing on to the stage by some of the "Cochs" a huge chest, which being opened, out pops the chosen but hitherto unknown Wooden Spoon man. The university glee club come out and stand in a semicircle, in the most faultless of black dress suits, and sing "Lauriger Horatius," "Gaudeamus," "Integer vitæ," or "The Song of the Spoon." In imitation of the Junior Exhibition, one of the performers indulges in what is called the Latin Salutatory; consisting of a speech in which English and Latin are ludicrously mingled—English words with Latin terminations—and in which the Juniors and the ladies are extravagantly flattered, and the Freshmen unmercifully ridiculed. Then come humorous farces illustrative of college life, and acted with real mimic talent. The principal joke of these scenes consists in caricaturing the professors, especially those who have some peculiarity by which they are well

known. Very likely there are some of the university officers in the vast audience; but the exhibition is permitted as on the whole harmless, and a substitute for pranks which would be far from harmless. The most serious part of Wooden Spoon Exhibition is the presentation of the wooden spoon to the elected recipient. The Cochlaureati are discovered sitting in a semi-circle, and on a table in the centre lays the famous wooden spoon, some two feet long. "The Conquering Hero comes" having been discoursed by the famous brass band in the gallery, one of the Cochlaureati rises, takes the spoon, and turns to the fortunate recipient; and he, rising, for the first time betrays himself as the Wooden Spoon man to the university world. Then follow the address of the presenting "Coch," and the response of the Wooden Spoon man; and after this, a song from the glee club gives a finale to the performances, and the signal to the ladies to gather their shawls and opera cloaks about them and retire.

"Presentation Day" is the last on which the senior or outgoing class attends university exercises; with it virtually ceases their connection with Alma Mater. They have passed all their examinations, and have won the right to a bachelor's degree. This day occurs about the middle of June; a month later comes what is called Commencement Day. The interval between Presentation and Commencement—that is, between the virtual and the formal cessation of the connection with the university—is employed by those of

the Seniors who have orations to deliver in preparing their addresses. The rest of the class "loaf about," with nothing to do but enjoy themselves as best they may. But to return to Presentation Day. It is so called because the senior class is "presented" to the president as having passed all the examinations, and as entitled to receive the baccalaureate degree; and it is made the occasion of a ceremonious leave-taking of the outgoing class from the friends and associations of a happy four years' student life. The morning is reserved for the university exercises in chapel, and the afternoon to the more enjoyable social pastimes of the class on the college lawn. At ten o'clock the president and officers of the university, and the undergraduates and spectators, assemble at the chapel. The president is in his high desk, simply attired in a black silk gown; the professors and tutors occupy pews on the platform, on either side of him; the outgoing class occupy the pews of the centre aisle, the other classes the side pews, and the spectators (among whom are many ladies) the gallery. The ceremony of presentation over, the class orator and poet, elected by the class, mount the platform in turn, and deliver their compositions. Their effusions refer to the day, to the memories of the past, and forward-lookings into the future. The class is then invited to a lunch with the faculty in the great hall of the university—a cold but very palatable lunch, only puritanic in the absence of all potables stronger than lemonade. And now, for

the first time, the reverend president and his colleagues condescend to be facetious, and let the astonished about-to-be alumni into a new phase of their characters.

The Class Committee has meanwhile been busy making preparations for the performances of the afternoon. Under the noble and wide-spreading elms benches have been arranged in a large circle. Here, after the presidential lunch, the outgoing class assemble for their last jolly time. Long pipes and tobacco, and refreshments of a more substantial character, are provided; the class take their places on the benches, or throw themselves without order on the lawn, and prepare to listen to the Class Histories. The windows of the dormitories, which overlook the scene, are filled with the mothers, sisters, cousins, and sweethearts of the students, especially of the outgoing class; and outside the ring is collected a dense circle of the other undergraduates, some of whom stand on benches and chairs, the better to view the performances. The Class Historians, whose duty it is to infuse as much humour as possible into their pieces, and to describe their classmates as funnily and ludicrously as possible, proceed to give histories of the class, amid much applause and laughter at the well-known incidents and allusions they introduce. Then comes the sad parting of the members of the class with each other, each going round the ring and embracing and weeping over beloved friends from whom he is to part, and in company with whom he has spent four

long happy years. The last ceremony is that of marching in procession from one college building to another, and heartily cheering each in turn ; and then a song is sung, and a sprig of ivy set in the ground by the side of the library, on one of whose stones is an appropriate inscription. This last emblem and memorial deposited, the class breaks up, never to meet again as undergraduates.

In a month after Presentation the Commencement exercises follow, consisting mainly of orations and music in a neighbouring church, the conferring of degrees, a dinner of the faculty, alumni, and new graduates in the university hall ; the meetings of societies and old classes, and private entertainments in the dormitories and professors' houses.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS : *Government grants for education — Agricultural and commercial colleges — The West Point Military Academy — The Naval Academy.*

THERE are in the United States eighty-two theological seminaries, many of them attached to the universities and colleges ; of which fifteen are Baptist, fifteen Roman Catholic, thirteen Presbyterian, twelve Episcopalian, ten Lutheran, six Congregationalist, three Unitarian, and one Universalist. There are also fifty-one medical colleges and schools, twenty-two law schools, and perhaps ten or twelve scientific schools. Where these professional establishments are connected with a university or college, they have a separate faculty of three or four professors, whose exclusive task it is to instruct them ; but they are under the general university government, its president being the head of the professional as well as the undergraduate faculty. The students of the divinity school alone occupy rooms in a university dormitory set apart for their use ; the law, medical, and scientific students lodge in the town. These departments differ from the undergraduate in the method of instruction,

the larger liberty given to the students, and the division of the course. Instruction is given almost entirely by lectures. No examination is required of those entering the professional schools; the attendance on lectures and other exercises is usually voluntary. At Harvard the law student is entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, without examination, after attending lectures two years; or, if he is a Bachelor of Arts, eighteen months: at Yale the same residence is required, and also an examination. The divinity school of each university or college naturally inclines to the dominant sect: thus the Harvard divinity students are mostly Unitarians; those at Yale, Congregationalists; those at Providence, Baptists; those at Middletown, Episcopalians. The divinity course usually occupies three years, when, after examination, the degree of Bachelor of Divinity is conferred; that of Doctor of Divinity does not follow in course, but is awarded as a purely honorary title to eminent clergymen. It is interesting to note that, at the divinity schools, no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination is required, either from the professors or the students. The annual charge to the Harvard divinity student is seventy-five dollars—which includes the rent of his room, the use of furniture, and tuition. In nearly all the divinity schools ample provision is made to educate free those poor young men who wish to enter the ministry. Besides the lectures on the literature of theology, ethical and moral philosophy, doctrine, and church history,

there are recitations in Hebrew and Greek, exercises in declamation and composition, and weekly conferences.

Passing the law schools, which have been described in another place, the medical schools occupy two years of study, are supplied with chemical laboratories, libraries, dissecting rooms, and anatomical museums, and combine with lectures the practical illustrations of the profession, and recitations from text books. The medical student performs experiments in dissecting, makes prescriptions, attends his professor to the hospitals, and toward the end of the course is intrusted with the charge of occasional cases. The annual tuition fees at the Harvard medical school are 40*l.*, with 1*l.* for matriculation, and 6*l.* for graduation.

The professional students lead a life quite separate from that of the undergraduates. They associate little with other branches of the university, choosing their companions in their own department and class. Neither do the different classes of the undergraduates associate much together.

The United States Government has, by the grant of vast tracts of its public lands for the support of colleges and public schools, lent a powerful aid to the cause of education. As early as 1785—before the Federal Union was established, or the Constitution framed—the provisional Congress decided that in all the territory north-west of the Ohio there should be established in every six miles square a free school; and

to this end a grant of 640 acres of public land in each western township was made. So early in American history one thirty-sixth of all the public land was thus devoted to that "learning, which promotes civilisation and the pleasure of society." Later, the grant to each township was increased to 1280 acres. As the national growth has gone on, still further provisions have been made; as each territory or state was organised, public lands for the colleges, seminaries, and schools have been reserved. In all, no less than 71,803,272 acres have been given up to the promotion of education; the greater portion of this has, with advancing civilisation and the peopling of the West, rapidly increased in value, so as to keep apace with the ever-augmenting demands for common school and collegiate instruction. Now, every state in the Union—the older ones by early provisions and self-taxation, the newer by the possession of these school lands—has free schools and colleges enough for every child born or resident within its limits.

A new idea has, within a few years, been put into operation. The government has, besides the enormous grants just described, devoted no less than nine and a half millions of acres to the establishment, throughout the Union, of free agricultural colleges. Every state is supplied with one of these, without any expense to itself.

The agricultural colleges are provided with professors and tutors, with commodious edifices, including dormitories and lecture-rooms, and with *model farms*—

on which the students may put into practice the principles which are inculcated from the professor's desk. Farming is thus made a science, broad but practical; and the farmers educated by these colleges will doubtless use, and not abuse—as the unintelligent husbandman does—the precious gift of land.

There are, in many of the states, commercial colleges, where mercantile science and practice are taught; these are, however, mostly private institutions.

I come now to a subject which cannot fail to interest the English reader; for the English reader belongs to a nation whose military history has tended to give its subjects military pride and interest, and whose exploits on the sea make all naval subjects attractive to its people. It is that of military and naval education in the United States. There are two national schools devoted to the education of military and naval officers—the United States Military Academy on the Hudson, in New York; and the United States Naval Academy at the quaint old town of Annapolis, on Chesapeake Bay.

West Point has long been celebrated by novelist, poet, and traveller, for the exceeding beauty of its situation. The spot where ambitious youths are trained to lead the battalions of the Republic in wars and sieges—where Scott, Taylor, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, Lee, Johnston, and Longstreet, learned first to “shoulder arms,” and rattle ramrods, and storm parapets—is well worthy of its fame. It stands just

above the noble Hudson—the American Rhine—where the Hudson is broadest and grandest, where its lofty banks are highest and most lovely, whence you may not look on either side, but that your eye rests upon an enchanting landscape. Out of the world of bustle and dust, yet in the world of fashionable resort and plentiful companionship,—where the boys on one side may look far down upon the glistening waters of the proud river, or may wander on the other side through vast umbrageous forests,—it is hard to imagine a place better fitted to refresh and to inspire one. The military academy stands on a broad level plateau interposed between the high hills; and here, if you pass in the summer months, you will see the platoons and companies marching hither and thither; the white tents at regular intervals, and the stacks of arms disposed in cone-like groups. Near the spacious buildings are the neat residences of the instructors; in the vicinity are many country seats of New York nabobs—some castellated in imitation of the Rhine chateaux, others French cottages of luxurious dimensions, others large substantial edifices with verandahs and cupolas; and in the little town are commodious hotels, which are always full in summer of jaunty tourists, military celebrities, and the friends of the cadets.

The academy is controlled by the President and Congress; it is confided to the presidency of a brigadier-general of the army, who is called the Superintendent; and to the supervision of the inspector-

general of the forces. There is a military staff, comprising an adjutant, a quartermaster, a treasurer, and surgeons. The academic staff consists of the numerous instructors of the cadets—the subjects of instruction being artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics, military and civil engineering, natural and experimental philosophy, mathematics, drawing, French, ethics and law, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, ordnance and gunnery, engineering, signals and telegraphy.

The rules of the academy partake of a military strictness. The cadet who enters at West Point is committed to no tender mercies. In gaining admission, in discipline, in examination, in personal as well as scholastic conduct, he is subjected to an absolute military despotism. The cadets—as the students are called—are appointed by the President. One is appointed for each congressional and territorial district, one for the district of Columbia, and ten “at large.” Each member of Congress has the right to nominate the cadet to be appointed from his constituency; the President invariably appoints the boys so nominated. The ten cadets at large are appointed directly by the President on application. The academy therefore contains about two hundred and sixty cadets. The candidates for the cadetships must be over seventeen and under twenty-two years of age, at least five feet high, and free from every deformity and disease unfitting them for military service. They must read and write well, perform accurately the opera-

tion of certain rules in arithmetic, reduction, simple and compound proportion, and vulgar and decimal fractions. They must also be posted in English grammar, geography, and American history. They are very stringently examined in these topics, and must understand them thoroughly; and they are inspected by a medical board, to try their physical qualifications. They are appointed a full year before their examination and entrance, that they may prepare themselves for the necessary tests; and they must be actual residents of the congressional district from which they are appointed. At first their position in the academy is conditional; in the middle of the year a semi-annual examination of searching severity takes place, on the studies then finished; and if the new comer passes it, he is admitted to the full rank of cadet. The academic year begins in September, and closes the latter part of June. In the latter month there is an annual examination, as stringent as the others; if the cadet fails in any of these, he is peremptorily dismissed from West Point; and failure means inability to come up to a very high and fixed standard of proficiency. During July and August the cadets engage in military practice and exercise, living in camp on the broad plateau throughout those months. The instruction is not only free, but the cadet receives pay to the amount of 8*l.* 6*s.* per month, and rations, to which he must confine himself. On graduation, the cadet is at once placed in one of the branches of the regular army, as a commissioned officer,

where he is obliged to remain for a certain period, and in which he may, if he chooses, continue for life.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis is governed by many regulations similar to those of West Point. The midshipmen are, as are the cadets, chosen from the congressional districts; they must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age when entering; no one manifestly undersized for his age is admitted; the candidates must pass an examination in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar; the successful candidates must bind themselves to serve in the navy eight years; and they are advanced from class to class as fast as their proficiency warrants it. The academy is under the presidency of the Vice-Admiral, or second officer, of the navy, and is supplied with a large staff of naval, scientific, and civil instructors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMERICAN SOCIETY: *Domestic life and customs—Commencing housekeeping—Irish servants—An American breakfast and dinner—Peculiar dishes—Home comforts—Home amusements and pastimes.*

It is in the domestic circle that the traits of a people most truthfully betray themselves; the hearthstone is the most faithful mirror of society: the family is mother to the nation. But you cannot reach the true home-life by morning calls. Society masks men and women everywhere; and madame is no more herself in her receiving toilet, than is the father of the family when, stiff and starch, he "pays his respects" to the social Juggernaut. To reach the inner and honest life, you must surprise madame in her morning gown; you must dare to invade the sacred precincts of the kitchen; you must see how she governs the children and servants; what she has for dinner, and how she prepares it; and what her habits are when, in the evening, she is surrounded by the home circle. You must be familiar with the house and everything in it; you must live long enough under its roof to win the confidence, not only of father and mother and boys and girls, but of every nook, corner, and appendage of the

household; the butcher and milkman, the cook and chambermaid, the ovens and table-service, the books in the library, the linen on the beds, the mysteries of the cellar. The tourist who does not succeed in this, may as well light his cigars with his note-book, and make toothpicks of his quills.

Little is really known of American domestic life in England, or of English domestic life in America; hence errors innumerable on both sides. Few of either country see the real homes in the other.

Within the houses which the foreign visitor, on landing in America, finds so very new and bright and frail-looking as compared with the solid, time-worn mansions of his own land, are homes as cheerful and wellbeloved, as cosy and attractive, as those of "merry England." There is an error abroad in Europe, that Americans are not domestic. No people are more so. Americans have inherited from England their love of home. To have a home of their own is the ambition of every youthful couple; obtained, it is a precious and happy boon. It is not at all true that people prefer hotels and boarding-houses. Of these there are doubtless plenty in America; but they are not attractive to families who can afford to have a home to themselves. The American—pushing and driving and restless as he often is—likes a settled habitation, and enjoys going hither and thither, knowing that when he is weary, there is a spot where he may rest: he can echo, as warmly as the Briton,

“ Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.”

American boarding-houses are mostly asylums for bachelors and maiden ladies, for widowers and widows with marriageable daughters, and for young couples who use them as a sort of purgatory, through which they pass to the traditional delights of “love in a cottage.” There are highly-respectable, solemn boarding-houses, where you will find snappish and gossiping, but wealthy demoiselles of an unmentionable age; at whose table you will hear loud-talking retired volunteer colonels, and see reckless flirts verging on the marriageable limit; the inevitable talker of politics and the stocks; the broker’s clerk, who prates “business” and will not be silenced; the sentimental middle-aged bachelor, who has written “sonnets and madrigals” in his younger days; the pompous old lady in perennial silk, who “goes into the country” in the spring; and, hardly ever wanting, the shabby-genteel family, which lives in the top story and is obsequious, and the members of which glide humbly along the corridors and over the soft-carpeted staircase. But there are not to be found in America any “lodging-houses,” as lodging-houses are in England. Mrs. Bardell has no Yankee counterpart. If you inhabit a boarding-house, you must take your meals at the landlady’s table with the rest, having no choice of the dining-hour or the dishes, and pay a lump sum for food and apartments. You are not worried lest, when you spend a day in the suburbs,

your room is made the scene of tea-drinking and gossip on the part of "a few friends" of your landlady; you have no need to watch your sugar, or to examine, with painful misgiving, your cold joint, lest a part of it has been abstracted to grace the basement table. The American landlady, like the English, has "seen better days;" she is quick to confide her griefs; she is sometimes not too lavish with her fowl and her pudding; but at all events you are rid of the trouble of "providing yourself."

At the hotels you will rarely find a well-to-do family settled down *en permanence*. To live in a hotel is hardly thought respectable—and in love of respectability the Americans are quite the match of the English. The hotels do very well for the temporary sojourner; but it is not agreeable to reside constantly in proximity to bustling travellers, or to find oneself the near neighbour of opera-singers and negro minstrels, of adventurous bachelors, loungers, and retired *roués*.

The newly-married pair are restless enough until a snug little habitation has been found, and the upholsterers, the carpenters, and the carpet-fitters are fairly at work. Perhaps the house chosen is in one of the side streets of the town—a bright-red brick building, shaded by pretty trees, with blinds which seem to English eyes so painfully green, with either a bell or a knocker, but *not* both, and brass door-knobs burnished dazzlingly bright each day by the maid; you may see dozens of maids, if you pass along the streets of a morn-

ing, rubbing away on the little round balls. The house rented, or, if the bridegroom's papa is well-to-do, bought as his bridal gift, the husband has long consultations with furniture men, is seen anxiously looking over the heads of the excited crowd in the auction room, now and then frantically waving his arm and breaking out into an abrupt bid; supervises the painters, and carpet men, and locksmiths, as they brush and cut and hammer, and is in a general confused state of fever and importance, anxious to get settled, and feeling mightily proud of at last possessing his own establishment. Meanwhile, behold the bride and mistress of the little house, her pretty head bound up in a linen bandage, a long apron covering her morning gown, gloves on her delicate hands—behold her in command of the cleaning women, discovering with keen eye the spots which they have omitted; bustling now into the kitchen to see how cook progresses with the *first dinner*, which is to be served up in the midst of confused heaps of chairs, tables, and mats—the couple being fain to sit on the edges of boxes, and to dispense, for once at least, with napkins and tablecloths. You may see at a glance that this sprightly, bright-looking Yankee bride is already an adept in the domestic arts. American girls are taught to perform household duties in their early teens. In some of the larger cities,—for instance, in fashion-worshipping “Gotham,” as New York is called,—the bachelors may complain with justice that the young ladies are too

exclusively ornamental ; that they are too much enamoured of the frivolities and dissipations of society ; that they are too useless to be good wives, too greedy of wealth to be loving partners. There are no more extravagant folk living than the fashionable ladies of New York. But they are striking exceptions to the mass of American girls. These go into the kitchen, and observe the arts which are practised there ; they make up dishes, concoct puddings, prepare sauces. They are left in charge of the household, supervise the daily routine, and overlook the labours of the servants. It is not at all disgraceful for the most wealthy and finely educated young lady to learn and to practice the art of making home an inestimable comfort. The most aristocratic ladies—and there is a social aristocracy in the republic, though not a titled or hereditary one—do not think it beneath them to be good housekeepers. Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Lincoln, wives of Presidents, used to go daily into the White-House kitchen, to see that nothing was awry, and to make this or that suggestion about the dishes to be set before the presidential guests.

The young wife is therefore already a domestic artist ; at first she takes upon herself the duties of maid-of-all-work. The house being set in order, her next and difficult task is to seek a servant. She advertises, or applies at a situation office. Forthwith the house is besieged by innumerable “ Biddies ;” every one of whom you recognise in an instant as natives of “ ould Erin.” More than nine-tenths of the

domestic servants in the Northern States are Irish. In the hotels and boarding-houses, in town mansions and country retreats, you will everywhere hear the round rolling brogue ascending from the kitchens and echoing through the upper chambers. It is only in the remote villages of New England and the far West that you will find native American girls doing service. German servants are few and far between; and despite her verdancy, the American mother of a family finds in the freshly-arrived Irish lass excellent material for household work. She is robust, has marvellous health, which betrays itself on round rosy cheeks, is very quick to learn and easily taught—if you will only bear, meanwhile, with her Hibernian errors—and seems never to find her work too much for her. Every emigrant-ship from Cork carries its quota of embryo cooks, chambermaids, and nurses. Many American ladies prefer the green girl who has just come off ship, and is ludicrously raw and blundering, to the Biddy who has long been used to life in America. You have to begin, it is true, at the beginning with her; her cooking abilities are, at first, usually confined to the baking and peeling of “praties.” But then she is honest, she may be moulded; her mistress may inculcate her own peculiar culinary style—and every matron has her special system—she has not yet attracted innumerable Irish beaux and “cousins;” is not yet infected by the mania of dress. She is apt, however, soon to become uncomfortably social in her

tastes, picks up cronies, male and female, with alarming facility, and is prone to hold high carnival below stairs with the family supplies. Yet, with all her faults, she is invaluable.

Sometimes, not often, the housewife has troubles various and discouraging with her servants. One is manifestly dishonest; for the bridal spoons do most certainly disappear, and the sugar and bacon fairly melt away. Another is insufferably impudent, and asserts an overbearing authority in the kitchen. A third is too fond of company, and insists on having holidays twice a week. A fourth is slovenly and careless, and but half makes up the beds. Still a fifth is corrupted by contiguous maids, and becomes extravagant in dress, and too much above her work. Despite these discomforts, the wife is happy, for she has a home. She keeps, perhaps, a chambermaid and a cook, and finds them, for the while, plenty on her hands; by and by, a nurse is naturally added to the little household. Few couples in the cities keep a horse and carriage; but suburban residents, if they can afford it, usually do.

If you look in on our happy couple some six months after marriage, when the gossamer veil of the honeymoon is lifted, and the substantial humdrum quality of married life has discovered itself, you will find them, between seven and eight in the morning, seated at breakfast. You are welcome to a place at the table; and you are not long in discovering that the American morning meal is quite different from the English.

First, the mistress passes you an excellent cup of coffee; there is also, if you prefer it, tea or cocoa. You have better tea in England, but as for coffee—? This American concoction of Java will possibly strike you as a favourable contrast. With the beverage you are invited to take a steaming hot roll, home-made that morning; revolting, possibly, to your sterling English idea of health, but which, if you can overcome your sanitary repugnance, is enjoyable. The Americans, almost without exception, eat hot rolls for breakfast, raised with yeast overnight, and baked just before coming to table. Perhaps you will be asked if you will have “a biscuit”? Meanwhile, you see no biscuit. “Biscuit” in *Americaneese* (to coin a word) means what “roll” does in England—a little round bread loaf; and the English biscuit is called in America a “cracker.” An American gentleman who entered a London shop and asked for some crackers, was struck dumb with amazement, when the clerk, after rummaging in the top shelves a long time, offered him materials for a fire-works display. He wished for something to eat, and they gave him pyrotechnics! One more culinary difference, and we will proceed with breakfast. What the English call a “tart,” the Americans call a “pie;” what the Americans call a tart, the English call a tartlet, or little tart. An American, fresh from the steamer, spent his first night in Britain at a little hotel on the borders of Loch Lomond. Half-famished by his long ride from Liverpool, he asked

what he could have? The waiting-maid replied that there were some excellent *tarts* in the house.

He was very hungry.

“ Well, bring me half-a-dozen of the nicest.”

The maid stood and stared.

“ Half-a-dozen tarts, sir ?”

“ Certainly ; I could eat a score.”

The maid mastered her emotions and departed ; and presently, behold a procession of domestics, bringing in, each, two large-sized English tarts, any one of which would satisfy the most capacious of stomachs. The Yankee was thinking of his native tarts—and thus learned his first English lesson.

You not only have coffee and rolls, but with them steak, or chops, or ham and eggs, or, possibly, some fried tripe or liver. Fried potatoes, roasted tomatoes, and melons (the last eaten at the beginning), not seldom appear on the American breakfast table ; the morning meal, you observe, is much more substantial and various than in England, where one is content with eggs, or cold meat, toast, and coffee. There is yet another luxury peculiar, in summer, to the American table. The climate is far colder in winter, far hotter in summer, than that of the British Isles. In winter the snow covers the ground, often during three months at a time ; it lies sometimes two, three, four feet deep ; it drifts in great mounds against the doors and over the fences ; the icicles hang thick and long from the roofs ; the wind cuts through you like a

sharp blade ; and one day, as you are walking along, some one will rush up to you, clap their hands without ceremony over your nose, and apologetically give you the pleasing information that that organ is freezing. You meet men and women with their heads bound up like Egyptian mummies ; the breath freezes on the beard, and the man of thirty looks a very Santa Claus. In summer the heat beats down thick and oppressive ; you long for a shade, though it be but that of a gable end ; you pant, are languid, thirsty, blind.

In these summer heats, the Americans have the great boon of unlimited *ice*. The winter produces it in ample quantity, the summer makes it a universal need. There is ice everywhere ; ice in the great metallic “pitcher” on the breakfast and dinner table, ice on the butter, ice on the radishes, ice for the meat and fish in the cellar, ice for the beverages—the water and claret and punch, the “sherry cobbler” and “Tom and Jerrys.” It is dirt cheap ; for twopence you get a large lump of it, beautifully green and chrystalline, weighing five or six pounds. The trade in ice is a large and prosperous one ; there are companies who cut it from the lakes and rivers, store it in vast ice-houses in straw, and in summer send it through the cities in large wagons built for the purpose. If, any summer morning, you pass early along the streets, you will observe at every basement door one of these huge, refreshing, tempting lumps, left there by the ice-man, awaiting the maid. Perhaps you will meet the ice-

cart, and see the man deftly cutting and weighing the blocks, while little streams of water drip from his cart and spatter on the pavement, and street urchins stand about watching for a little piece to suck. The Americans have a large square box, fitted inside with metal, which they call a "refrigerator;" in this the provisions, which need to be kept cool, are stored, with ice upon them; and the refrigerator is so constructed as to keep the ice from melting. You will not fail to find, in summer, a pitcher of ice-water on every American side-board, and at every meal.

Melons and radishes are favourite breakfast relishes. The melons are eaten, either with pepper and salt, or with sugar. Tomatoes, which grow in great plenty, and are very cheap, are almost universally eaten. They may be roasted in bread crumbs, or stewed, or eaten raw; and in the season they are often eaten at every meal.

When you think you have finished your breakfast, a dish peculiarly American, if it is winter, makes its appearance. It is hard for the American to rise from his winter breakfast without his *buckwheat cakes*. They are eaten everywhere, and nothing could be nicer. They are made of the best buckwheat ground very finely; they are mixed and raised overnight, fried and brought smoking hot to the table; they are light and spongy, and are eaten with butter and treacle, or sugar-cane molasses.

Among the table customs which prevail, is an ancient one, which is dear to the New England heart.

This is the habit of having a "baked pork and bean and brown bread" breakfast on Sunday morning. The beans are large and dry, baked with small pieces of pork fat; the "brown bread" is peculiar to New England, moist and rich, of a light reddish brown colour, baked in the shape of a rimless silk hat, and made of Indian corn and rye meal mixed in milk.

You rarely see at the American dinner-table any other beverage than water. The English fashion of having ale or stout at dinner does not exist. Wine is very expensive, and it is only once in a while that it appears on the tables even of the rich—so seldom that it cannot be called a custom. Sherry, port, claret, madeira, and champagne are rare luxuries, and only appear on festive occasions, or in the houses of epicures and wealthy foreigners. An American dinner is usually wanting in soup—you plunge *in medias res* at once. There are, perhaps, two dishes of meat, or one of meat and one of fish; and the whole dinner, excepting the sweets and dessert, is set on at once. The Americans eat less meat, and many more vegetables, than the English; but they are quite like their British ancestors and cousins in their love of roast beef and mutton, which are the usual meat dishes at the American table. Besides the joint and boiled dish which occupy either end of the table, you find placed before you some half-dozen kinds of vegetables: there are Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes (what are called in England "yams:" when in the season they are universally eaten in America);

stewed, or roast, or raw tomatoes; vegetable marrows (called there "squash"); turnips, and "green corn" (Anglicè "maize"), eaten from the cob, with butter and pepper. After being helped from the joint, you proceed to take a little of each vegetable, which you put on your plate with the meat, eating them without a course for each dish. After finishing this more substantial part of the dinner, you are invited to partake of pudding or pie (the latter term being used both for sweet tarts and for meat pies)—and famous are the Yankee mince, pumpkin, and apple pies; after which fruit in its season, nuts, and raisins, are set before you, and end the meal.

The evening meal—tea or supper—is much simpler. Sliced and buttered bread, cold meat, preserves or jams, and tea, compose the dishes; sometimes coffee or cocoa is used. The practice which obtains in many English families of having late suppers is very rare in America. You seldom find families taking a meal after tea at seven, and even that meal is not often a heavy one.

Almost every family makes its own bread, a large oven being built near the range; there are therefore but few bakers, who thrive mostly on occasional custom, or that of the poorer classes. The home-loving American invariably prefers the home-made bread, and even the hotels usually have a baking establishment of their own. On great occasions—at a dinner party or large supper—the Americans follow the French or Russian rules, and the meal is much like that which you would

see at Paris or St. Petersburg. There are seasons of festivity when particular dishes are a matter of course—as is the case in every country.

Large, and luscious, and juicy—scarcely to be appreciated by the English epicure, who is forced to be content with a bivalve far inferior—is the American oyster. The oyster may perhaps be called the national dish—it is at least the great dish of the Atlantic states. They are within the reach of every man, for they are cheap and plenteous. How many thousands—scattered through great city and little village—earn their living by selling and preparing oysters, it would be hard to estimate. There is scarcely a square without several oyster-saloons; they are aboveground and underground, in shanties and palaces. They are served in every imaginable style—escalloped, steamed, stewed, roasted “on the half shell,” eaten raw with pepper and salt, devilled, baked in crumbs, cooked in *pâtés*, put in delicious sauces on fish and boiled mutton. The English oyster is but a poor shrivelled pigmy of a fish in comparison; these are large and round, sweet and tender, and often so portly that you must divide before swallowing them. The oyster is the *sine qua non* of all dinner parties and picnics, of all night revels and festive banquets. For tenpence you may have a large dish of them, done in any style you will, and as many as you can consume. The restaurants—ostentatious and humble—are in the season crowded with oyster lovers: ladies and gentlemen, workmen and seam-

stresses, resort to them in multitudes, and for a trifle may have a right royal feast.

Most Americans breakfast between seven and eight; dine between one and two; have tea between seven and eight. The more fashionable circles dine later—at five or six; and those merchants or professional men who, doing business in town, live in the suburbs—as very many do—take dinner later in the afternoon, when they return home after their day's work is finished. These have a restaurant lunch in town in the middle of the day.

The houses, although they appear to the English visitor so slight and frail,—many of them being built of wood, but mostly, in the towns, of red brick, and comparatively few of stone—are most comfortable, both in summer and in winter. In the latter season they are warmed by great furnaces, which are located in the basement or cellar, and from which pipes carry the heat to the entries and through all the rooms; the warmth issuing from small iron “registers” in the floor. In the towns and villages the houses are supplied with gas, and all the latest water conveniences. You will seldom find a house without a comfortable bath-room, where you may indulge in a foot-bath, or a shower-bath, or a full-length bath. Nearly every one bathes at home; and in many American towns it would be difficult to find public bath-houses. Most cities are supplied with water in plentiful quantities from lakes at some distance, whence the water is brought in aqueducts to the great

reservoirs. Boston is supplied from Lake Cochituate, and New York from Croton—both distant from the cities a number of miles. The water is thus fresh and quite untainted, which the water of rivers can hardly ever be—and is equally good for drinking and for washing purposes. Nearly every family has its washing done at home; in many cases the flat roofs are used for putting up lines on which to dry the clothes. The streets are kept clean in the same manner as in London—by watering-carts, kept at the expense of the city.

One thing which very forcibly strikes an American walking on his first morning in an English city, is the number and quaintness of the *street cries* which assail his ears. He discovers them to proceed from the costermongers, the milkmen, and so on, who supply the daily needs of the kitchen and table. There are few or no street criers, or itinerant sellers of meat and vegetables, in the American towns. The lady of the house, attended by her maid, or one of the servants, goes to the butcher's in the morning and orders her joint or fowls; thence to the small shop-market, and selects the vegetables; thence to the grocer's, for the little articles needed there. The butcher, after receiving his orders, goes about delivering them, and so with the rest. The people of the smaller towns are supplied with milk by the suburban farmers themselves, who come into town with their wagons loaded with huge tin cans, from which they mete out to each house its desired quantity. The American housekeeper usually buys her butter in

casks for the winter, enough to last till the following spring.

The evenings are mostly spent in the home circle, or in friendly calls among the neighbours. Paterfamilias, who drives himself desperately enough in business hours—who loves his counting-room, and is fond of watching the stocks, and rejoices in his daily bargains, and has hardly time to snatch a morsel at noon—likes, in the evening, to sit quietly by his own fireside, or indulge in a chat with neighbour Johnson on the state of business or of the nation. He is cosy and happy in his own drawing-room, and is a thorough devotee of his evening paper. His after-dinner cigar and *Daily Herald* keep him employed early in the evening; later, he perhaps reads aloud, or has a game of chess or backgammon with his eldest daughter. His good wife meanwhile sits by, sewing or reading, or mingling in the pastimes of her children. The young people are seldom without some home amusement with which to while the evening away. The daughters have invariably been taught to play upon the piano, however limited the paternal purse; music is always in fashion; and you may hear everywhere the Scotch and English ballads familiar to English damsels, as well as opera airs, “classical” music, negro or martial melodies, and on Sunday evening psalms and hymns. It is quite true, as has been remarked by many tourists, that Americans have, as a nation, a sombre side to their character; but the trait comes with the fever of a sharp

active life, and is not seen in the young. The boys and girls, the youths and maidens, are as boisterous and full of fun, as fond of games and indefatigable in sport, as in England. Innumerable are the home pastimes which you may see going on in American drawing-rooms. Americans are little ceremonious; they easily make acquaintances; intimacies grow up quickly; everybody is on sociable terms with his neighbours. The young people of a neighbourhood, or who belong to a particular church, are fond of getting together on all occasions — of having little informal parties at one house or another, and devising games to pass the time. Often the young people of a church have cosy weekly gatherings at each other's houses in turn through the winter, which they aptly call "sociables." Now there will be a rage for private theatricals; some hitherto "mute inglorious" Hamlet will urge on the project with a view to his own histrionic fame; then rehearsals, more jolly than the grand occasion itself, take place, flirtations go on, and there are all sorts of jokes perpetrated and tricks played. A little stage is fitted up in one drawing-room, and a curtain hung at the folding-doors; in the other, sofas and fauteuils are wheeled up in a row, where the audience of select friends and happy parents are seated, and all goes off merrily; the more mistakes there are, the greater the sport. Impromptu charades and farces are popular; and the traditional games of "blind man's buff," "hunt the slipper," "Copenhagen," "puss in

the corner," "proverbs," and so on ; not to speak of "old maid," "everlasting," "grab," and other games of cards ; dominoes, drafts, and bagatelle, are kept up with all their ancient vigour.

"Surprise parties" are a very frequent and often amusing custom in America. The friends of a lady or gentleman resolve to give him or her a "surprise ;" they assemble at an appointed rendezvous on a certain evening, provided with ample hampers containing the materials for a substantial supper. Some member of the family or household of the person to be "surprised" is let into the secret, that the latter may be sure to be found at home. The party then proceed to the house to carry out the surprise. The table is set in the dining-room without the knowledge of the recipient, who, when it is ready, is led in to a feast prepared as if by magic in his or her own house. Such scenes give rise to much joking and bantering, are often productive, as may be conceived, of ludicrous situations, but also are occasions of pleasant social gatherings, the more enjoyable because they are informal and carried out on the spur of the moment.

The customs of visiting and returning visits are not very different from those prevalent in England ; but perhaps there is less ceremony among the Americans. Society, or Fashion, is doubtless as absolute a goddess in New York as in Paris ; but in the greater portion of America it fails to impose its more rigid rules upon the people. The freedom of association is

possibly carried, in some cases, to an opposite extreme ; still, society, viewed from the broadest standpoint, is a faithful reflection of that democratic idea which lies at the base, alike of the history and the institutions of the Republic. Wealth is too much worshipped ; men work too feverishly hard ; there is too little time given to recreation and health ; and men of riches are too apt to be sought after and honoured without possessing the merit which should alone make honour envied. Yet this is a social phase most prominently seen in the great commercial cities ; among the quiet country population, which you hear little of, and which counts as nothing to the ordinary tourist, there is less of this feverish business rush, more of hearty enjoyment of the pleasures of life.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMERICAN TOWN LIFE : *The public parks—A walk down Broadway—The business quarter—The wharves—Ice-cream saloons and bar-rooms—Street sights—"Five Points"—The West-end—Self-made men—New York society—A fashionable party—Lionising—Society in Boston, Philadelphia, the West, the South—American deference to ladies—Clubs—Markets—Barber "saloons"—Liveries and heraldry—Firemen.*

THERE are few American cities which do not possess extensive and beautiful parks, free to all the world. You never see anywhere those closed parks and grounds only to be entered by the neighbouring householders who have keys, which are found in London. The American parks are constructed and kept in order with lavish expense. Central Park, in New York, is perhaps the finest triumph of art in imitating and decorating nature to be found in the Union. It is full of fine carriage drives, of pretty winding artificial lakes, of rustic arbours and quaint grottoes, and lovely copses. It is adorned with statues and fountains, is supplied with restaurants and skating-rinks, racecourses and velocipede-paths. Boston Common is celebrated for its his-

torical memories, and for the natural beauty of its situation. It has broad avenues shaded by stately and umbrageous trees, wide expanses of lawn, pretty hillocks, the famous "frog-pond," and ground set apart for military reviews and cricket or base-ball games. Fairmount, in Philadelphia, and the Capitol and President's parks in Washington, are equally noted for their beauty, and the refreshing resort they afford both to rich and poor. These parks are mightily enjoyed by the people. There take place military reviews and out-door games; there you may see in the morning—much as you do in Hyde Park or St. James's—hundreds of maids tending "missus's" children, at the same time listening to the gallant speeches of their wooers; there are to be witnessed the endless and noisy torchlight processions which inevitably attend the political contests; there distinguished guests of the town are received and fêted; there are set off the balloons and fireworks on Independence Day; there, in winter, you will see the boys whizzing on their sleds over the icy walks, and the sleighs, with their jingling bells and dapper ponies, shooting along the now white-cruised drives.

The prevailing impression upon the English visitor, in walking through the streets of an American city, would doubtless be the general appearance of brightness, newness, and feverish bustle. Broadway, the principal New York thoroughfare, is a typical American street. Omnibuses, mixed up with carriages and

wagons of every shape, size, and finish, bounce hither and thither, and you think every moment that the drivers on top must inevitably shoot off among the vehicles below. The shops are new, bright, clean, brilliant with their various wares; you observe that the Americans call them "stores"—a "shop" being the place where carpenters, tailors, and so on, do their work. The buildings are all sorts of heights: there stands a huge marble palace—which you find to be a great dry-goods establishment; and next to it a little two-story building; then a brick edifice three storeys high; next a broad square hotel; the roofs, as you glance far up the street, rise and fall in an undulatory wave. Streams of people—mostly with anxious, careworn, hurried faces—float by you, to or from the business quarter; everybody seems to be in a hurry, from the delicate poorly-clad girl who flits by on her way to her dressmaking or type-setting, to the wrinkled, well-dressed man of wealth, hastening to throw his thousands upon the fortune-wheel of speculation. There is, you observe, an "up town" and a "down town." If caprice takes you down town, you soon find yourself in the very whirl and maelstrom of commerce and trade. What the City is to London, down town is to New York and Boston. Here you will wander out of Broadway into long and somewhat irregular streets—the buildings are older and mustier than in the main thoroughfare. At intervals you observe large square edifices which seem very hives of feverish industry, and

by reading the glaring signs,—the business houses are fairly hidden by signs—you learn that these are the great newspaper offices, the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*. Very different affairs from the modest quarters with which the London press are mostly fain to be content—for these are palaces reared by the generosity of “public opinion.” Then here is a long, rather musty street—the Paternoster-Row of New York—where are exposed for sale all sorts of books, new and old; just beyond is the cramped looking Post-office; a little further you come upon a thoroughfare, which, if it is mid-day, seems to have gone fairly mad. Turn the corner and you are “on ‘Change.” These frantic fellows are stock-brokers and stock-gamblers—the “bulls” and “bears” of New York. Here is the thirst for gold concentrated and at its bitterest. What a caldron of human passion! They shout, and rush hither and thither, and write little notes with which clerks hurry up the street. Some gnash their teeth and wipe their feverish temples; others pass radiant and triumphant. Deeper still into the down town quarter, you reach great granite warehouses, long blocks of stores; strange labyrinths of streets choked with commerce, where want and beggary appear gaunt amid the money-makers. Everywhere you note how much more hurried and hot is the business fever than in London city. Enter one of the lunch-rooms, you find the merchants seated in rows before the long counters, hastily swallowing their food, and meanwhile chattering loud and fast about the money-

market and the last gold quotation. Further still, you reach the wharves: here lie the ships of all nations; here you may buy and eat oysters at the little stands on every side—many of them presided over by grinning negresses with red and yellow handkerchiefs wound high around their woolly heads; here too are anchored the palatial steamboats, with their high palisaded decks and gilt and fancy figure-heads, ready to take you either southward to Philadelphia or Baltimore, or northward to Connecticut and Boston viâ Long-Island sound. There is a great confused mass of hogsheads and cotton bales, of boxes and rope-piles; and here too, as among the men of trade, are hurry and bustle and fever-heat. Finally you come to a curious round building, a sort of circular fort, standing at the water's edge upon a jutting point of land—Castle Garden. Here, likely enough, you see a little tug steaming up; it has just left that portly steamer which rests stolid in the distance; these poorly-clad, eager folk who flock off it on the landing are emigrants just from the Faderland and the Emerald Isle. How anxiously they gaze on the new land where lies the secret of fortune, weal or woe! How nervously they look about to see if Hans or Pat, who have been over a year or two, and promised to meet them here, have kept their word. Meanwhile the Customs officers have begun to rummage in the miscellaneous pile of luggage; that Frenchman is *sacrrre-bleu*-ing and chattering his native lingo because they are spoiling his shirts and have confiscated his cigars; this lady is waxing

eloquent on the subject of Italian trinkets; hackmen are hanging about to secure their steamer fares.

Regaining the main thoroughfare, we wend our way up the brilliant street, where the shops vie with Regent Street and Rue de Rivoli in the richness and variety of their wares, and enter one of the numerous ice-cream saloons. They have, in summer, ice cream of every flavour, and almost invariably good, on every square. You enter a long gaudily adorned saloon, where are sofas and fauteuils, little square tables marble-topped, and waiters, male or female, hurrying with dishes to and fro. Here the ladies—plenty of them—who are shopping down town, have tarried for refreshment; loafers and young dandies are sipping the deliciously cool concoction. You order your ice-cream, of whatever flavour you prefer; it is brought to you in a little pyramid; sponge cake or pound cake accompanies it. Or, possibly, you prefer soda water. It is very different from English soda water. At the counter is a square marble “fountain,” with numerous silvered taps and little cranks, over each the name of a syrup. Naming your flavour, the attendant turns one of the cranks, and out spurts a thick syrup into the long goblet he holds to it; he adds ice; then he turns another crank, and the soda water fizzes and sputters and foams into the syrup. Drink it quickly, and you will pronounce it delicious. But if in place of these refreshments you prefer a cooling drink of wine or liquor, you have but to patronise one of the thousand

bar-rooms which greet your eyes as you pass up the street. Some of them are underground, some on a level with the street. There is a long counter opposite the door; behind it are shelves, on which are described bottles of every shape and kind fancifully arranged, containing all the nectars and poisons for which man yearns. On the walls are fancy woodcuts, plain or daubed, representing prize fighters or dancing girls, racing matches or festive parties. There are loungers standing about, quaffing a variety of beverages, and talking in an easy familiar way. At little tables sit those who would be more at ease. Will you have "Tom and Jerry," or "sherry cobbler," or "claret punch," or "brandy cocktail," or "eggnog," or "mint julep," or "milk punch," or "gin sling"—the variety is endless. The barman is skilled in his art; he mixes the drinks with an artistic ease which surprises you. He is a man with painfully crisp and shiny hair, with a murderously black moustache, and a dazzling constellation of diamonds in his shirt bosom. He receives your order with a prompt "Yessir," and proceeds to his task. He has two long pewter goblets; having put in the ingredients, he dashes the concocted liquor from one goblet to the other, holding them at arm's length from each other, and making a finely calculated liquid rainbow of the beverage from one to the other. You are fain to confess, on sipping the liquid through the straw he supplies, that his labour has not been vain. At the sides of the bar-room are stalls, sepa-

rated from each other by high partitions; where you may have "oysters served in every style;" and you observe, at one end of the bar, a pile of bivalves in the shell, from which, when he has received an order for oysters, the barman takes a supply, deftly opens the oysters with a curious knife which he has by him, and laying them neatly on a plate, serves them up.

Along the thoroughfare you observe numerous stands—much as in London—where petty street trades of every sort are flourishing. There are "hot corn" stands, "roast chestnut" stands, "hot potato" stands, quack medicine stands, fruit stands, pea-nut stands, newspaper stands, and toy stands. You are amazed at the energy of the news-boys—most of them diminutive, ragged, merry, impudent little Paddies—as they rush hither and thither with their arms full of wisdom, at a penny an instalment. You wonder at the curious devices which greet you on the signs, which fairly hide the walls. You see, on the streets branching off on either hand, long iron tracks, whereon glide smoothly the "horse cars," crowded with passengers, on whose rear people are desperately hanging, dropping off here and there as they reach their destination. You hear all sorts of languages, and the familiar brogue of Erin often strikes upon your ears; for here the Irish are to be counted by the thousand, digging gutters and building houses and cleaning sewers, and taking on themselves the greater part of the drudgery to be done in town and country.

There is little or no beggary and want discoverable in these larger streets; to see that you must repair to the slums of the "Five Points." This is the ruffian quarter of New York—its Seven Dials and Billingsgate. Five streets meet in a little filthy square; hence the name. Five wretched, narrow, crowded, dirty, noisy streets; families by the dozen in each house; children by the score in all the gutters; oaths and obscenity echoing everywhere; fighting, drunkenness, crime, in perpetual carnival. But mark this of the Five Points and similar quarters in all the American cities, that nine-tenths of their population is foreign. You will not find one native American in ten among them. They are the tristful present which Europe sends to America; mostly the lowest Irish, French, and Germans—criminals and beggars, deserted from the old countries, banded together by want and natural love of lawlessness in the new. A large majority of the crimes committed in the United States are the work of foreigners; figures prove it. Five Points, and its likes elsewhere, are mostly foreign colonies, dominated by native roughs, who lead them in gangs, rouse them to riot, and use them to corrupt and control the ballot box. Yet even Five Points is hardly so sadly fallen as the worst quarters of London and Paris, for this reason: that while in overcrowded Europe there is not work enough for the people, thousands of whom are therefore driven, as it were, by misery to crime; there is in America room enough for all; crime is not forced

upon men ; if they will, they can find work ; and thus the criminal population is reduced to the naturally vicious or the exceptionally unfortunate.

We are glad to get away from Five Points, with its reeking filth, its wretched humankind, its noisome smells, and hasten to the newest and brightest phase of the American city. As you proceed up town, quiet and insouciant ease takes the place of the bustle and hurry of the down town quarters. Solemn, lofty mansions, some "swell-front," many built of beautiful brown stone, and even marble, growing more and more luxurious and stately as you progress, relieved by pretty parks full of trees, flowers, and lawns, and supplied with broad shady pavements, apprise you that you are among the upper ten thousand. Spacious squares and wide avenues are met at every turn : the luxuriance of wealth here apparently outstrips Grosvenor-square and Park-lane, and vies with the Champs Elysées. This is the region where dwells in ostentatious splendour the moneyed aristocracy of Gotham. The equipages in the streets have become uniformly showy and ornate. There is something in the tranquillity which prevails that induces the wealth worshipper to walk softly, and to regard the high portals and the lofty windows with a sort of awe. You stop to gaze at the ladies as they pass in and out, so like butterflies are they, with their brilliant and vari-coloured dresses, their glittering jewels, their air of sprightly and reckless extravagance. Gayest of the gay, the most dressy

of women, are the fashionable ladies of the American cities. You remark that in the midst of so much lavish ostentation decided taste in dress is displayed, rivalling the *grandes dames* of Paris itself; indeed, Paris is the fountain-head alike of New York dresses and of New York table fashions. Every New York lady of wealth has her French book of fashions, which is to her what the Peerage is to the British tuft-hunter, and the Imperial Code to the Parisian barrister; she boasts her French milliner, her French *dame de la mode*, her French cook, her French dancing-master for the children. French fashions seem to reach New York by ocean telegraph, so quickly do they appear there after they bloom in Paris.

The spacious squares and palatial mansions which you see up town have been mostly built by the successful merchants; they represent every trade and prosperous occupation. Comparatively few are inherited, for fortunes take wings and fly away in America almost as fast as they are built. You will find the owners to be lucky bankers and stock-brokers; large stuff-merchants and sugar-manufacturers; fortunate lawyers and fashionable doctors; enterprising editors and popular literati; traders in jewels and teas and Indian products; speculators in city lots and western lands; men who made sudden fortunes during the civil war by government contracts; purchasers of gold and silver mines and petroleum wells, which they have bought, then

sold again at the nick of time. Many, too, are the just reward of long years of patient and honest toil; an approach to wealth by slow and gradual steps; a constant resistance of the temptation to hazard hard-earned gains on the accidents of speculation. Every year these rich ostentatious streets and squares multiply and advance upon the sparsely settled quarters; for New York grows ever wealthier, and new enterprises, pushed by new men, spring up every day.

Many of the wealthy merchants and professional men in the American cities are "self-made." They owe their fortunes and positions to their own spirit and persevering toil. Not the less self-made are those who have worked their way through college amid the obstacles of poverty, and have begun the world strife as educated men; but most of the self-made men have not had even this advantage. Many a nabob with his thousands began at the lowest round of the social ladder; many a man eminent in letters and politics rose from the humblest occupations. A. T. Stewart, the richest New York citizen, whose annual income is upwards of three millions of dollars, commenced life as a poor pedagogue; John Jacob Astor, the father of the second wealthiest citizen, had an equally humble beginning; James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley, editors and proprietors of the two leading American newspapers, and now very rich men, began, the one as a schoolmaster in the south, the other as a press-roller and bill-sticker for a Vermont country newspaper;

Stephen A. Douglas and "Old Ben" Wade, both senators and prominent candidates for President, worked their way to the west from New England with but a few shillings in their pockets, laboured at hard drudgery for many years, and finally succeeded in becoming leaders of parties and legislators for the nation. Buchanan and Jackson were sons of Irish emigrants; Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter; Andrew Johnson a country tailor, whose wife taught him how to read; and Ulysses Grant a western tanner. In no country are there so many opportunities for the humble to rise. Family eminence is generally little considered. The pushing self-made man is perhaps most of all honoured, respected, and aided; and few there are who do not refer with pride to their early days of hardship and indomitable perseverance. There is no governing caste which frowns upon individual effort, and shuts out the descendant of emigrants and farmers from their pale. Let a man once succeed, and his past, however humble, is either forgotten, or recalled to render him the greater honour. Doubtless in some cases this makes men proud of their ignorance and coarseness—renders them arrogant; gives the unintelligent a too great influence. Yet the best American society, refined and even critical as it is, is far from encouraging the ignorant and arrogant man of wealth, who is apt to find himself set down in the catalogue of irredeemable snobs.

Probably society in the various American cities differs more widely than in those of any other country. Each

city and town has its peculiar social type. New York society—where commerce is the prevailing occupation, and all are wrapt up in the pursuit and the display of wealth—the social type is that of a brilliant, ostentatious, sprightly, pleasure-seeking kind. The New Yorkers are hospitable, lavish, emulous of the fashionable European world. To out-do one's neighbours, to have the most brilliant equipages, drawing-rooms, opera box, dinners, is the ambition of the wealthy matrons of Gotham. Nowhere in America will you find so unceasing a round of glittering gaiety and dissipation. The society is very accessible, yet very exacting. You may easily procure an entrance to its most gorgeous saloons—only you must be rich enough to keep pace with their frequenters. You are not asked who your ancestors were; it is hardly a recommendation that you are university-bred; but the more a man or woman of the world you are, the more *recherché* your manners, the more chatty and piquant your conversation, the purer the breed of the horses you drive in Central Park, the more faultless your toilet, the more fashionable your taste and criticism of pictures and operas, the more familiar you are with the social events and gossip of the hour, the more you will be welcome. Go into the down-town streets and counting-rooms, you might think yourself in the City of London on a specially busy day; enter the up-town drawing-rooms in the evening, and you may persuade yourself that you are in Paris. This double character of New York, its London-like passion

for business, its Parisian frenzy of gaiety and fashion, is very marked.

If you receive an invitation from one of the leaders of fashion, on the creamiest of paper, with the daintiest of monograms, and in the most fashionably chaste of handwritings, you will do ill not to go, for once at least, and witness the New York version of a Parisian *rout*. The invitation is for ten, but a kind friend whispers you that it means half-past. You array yourself much as you are wont to do in London, in broadcloth without a crease, white necktie without a wrinkle, gloves fresh from the shop, boots of the glossiest, hair emulative of "Hyperion's curls." You are wise to hire an elegant carriage from a fashionable stable, rather than an ordinary cab; and as you drive through the brilliantly lighted streets, you find yourself surrounded by many clattering vehicles, through whose windows you discern puffy masses of silk and satin, and fair heads graced with flowers and glistening with tiaras. You run up the broad steps, enter the dazzling hall—with its chandelier, its sculptures, its gilded cornicing. A spruce servant directs you up-stairs—two, three flights, where you at last, breathless, find a room where gentlemen are giving a final touch to their locks, and carefully disposing their cloaks and hats. You descend toward the drawing-rooms, jostled on the stairs by balloon-like dresses, now penned in by a midway conference of two or three dear female friends. Then seeing your chance and making headway through sudden

openings, your name is announced at the drawing-room door, and you are in the midst of the gay and bewildering scene. Madame receives you warmly, so does her husband and daughters; a little chat on the weather or the opera, and you "circulate." Here is New York society in epitome. If I am not mistaken, you will say to yourself that the ladies are remarkably pretty and sprightly, coquettish, graceful, possessing delicate figures, and many stately and handsome; but, accustomed as you are to the round physique and ruddy health of the English women, you will doubtless remark that the American ladies are somewhat frail and slight, with apparently little power of endurance—hardly fit for much physical exertion. Their conversation is quick and piquant; they are, perhaps, more like the French than the English. The dresses are extravagant, showy, various in material and colour; jewels flash everywhere; the hair is disposed in the latest fashionable extreme. As for the gentlemen, they are for the most part dressed in plain black; uniforms are rare. There are glossy-headed old nabobs with rubicund noses, bald foreheads, heavy white side whiskers, portly bodies, and great watch seals, types of prosperous sons of commerce; there are dapper little dandies, and ponderous big dandies, with the sprucest of hair and the most painfully proper of evening costumes; there are military men—these in uniform—whether regulars or militia, whether heroes of the Southern battle-fields or the neighbouring parade-

ground, we cannot easily tell ; some modest and prone to the corners, others fierce in Napoleonic moustache or Grant close-cut beard, with glossy blue coats and brass buttons, heavy epaulets and ornate swords—irresistible to the ladies ; there are a few foreign consuls and European lions, arrayed in all the pomp of gold-laced chapeaux, embroidered coats, and striped trousers—objects of curiosity to the republican aristocracy, which, though eschewing monarchical pomp, does not object to gaze upon it ; there are congressmen in an alcove, talking politics ; there are finally, sleek and languid men of the world, discussing the last race, or retailing one of those masculine scandals which are neither so senseless nor so harmless as those of the gentler sex. An orchestra in an alcove strikes up one of Strauss's waltzes or the lancers ; each guest is provided with a gilt-printed *carte des dances* ; and now the young men hasten from one lady to another, having brief but earnest conferences, and jotting down names upon their lists. American dancing is not so very different from the English—perhaps more sprightly, but less so than the French. There is a succession of waltzes, polkas, cotillons, lancers, mazurkas, galops ; a “German” is started, and continues long enough to weary the patience of the non-participants. In the intervals between the dances, refreshments are passed about on dainty Sevres or Dresden services ; lemonade, punch, wines, cakes. But the supper to which you are invited, towards one o'clock, is sumptuous. Every

viand and fruit, native and exotic, seasonable and out of season, American devices and European importations, are set before you ; champagne is universally sought, and found to be plenteous ; ice creams, and oysters in every variety are favourites ; the older folk prefer the turtle soup, the boned turkey, or the salmon salad ; the table is adorned with all the art of French professorship ; there are rich bouquets for every guest ; mayhap there are silver fountains gushing wine or shooting sprays of cool and refreshing perfumes. Then dancing is resumed—the Americans are passionately fond of it, especially the New York fashionables—and the older people retire to whist or euchre in the contiguous cabinets, while those young fellows who prefer it go upstairs to billiards. You do not get away before four or five in the morning ; and although you find the excitement of one such *rout* quite enough for the week, you learn that the young ladies dissipate in a similar way almost nightly the winter long. As much as elsewhere, society in America is the opportunity of anxious mamas with disposable daughters. It is for them the great marriage mart. There are not wanting old “campaigners” of the sort made famous by Thackeray, who lay ambushes for unsuspecting youths ; who have Gorgon frowns for ineligible, bland matronly smiles for prospective heirs. For them the season is a time of ambitious rivalry, a continuous siege. Money is lavished on the daughters ; they are kept in a fever of dissipation ; intrigues are set on foot to bring the

young people together; flirtations are not looked on with an unkindly eye. Riches are the main object at which the maternal matchmaker aims. True, she will gladly secure, if possible, a foreign Count or a susceptible Senator, partly in lieu of fortune; but she craves for her child the same golden luxury to which she herself is used. Wealth is the great social power in Gotham; and many (though happily by no means all) fashionable ladies will ignore a famous name or ripe scholarship for the loaves and fishes.

Partly from a genuine love of hospitality, and partly from a craving for a new excitement, American society is fond of "lionizing" notabilities. Ovations to people in every department of eminence are frequent and popular. To fête a victorious general, an orator who has electrified the land by his eloquence, an embassy from China or Japan, the officers of a Russian squadron, a foreign prince or a man of letters—even a great railroad director or a merchant millionaire—is a favourite pleasure alike with the large cities and the smaller towns. To this end money is lavishly spent, preparations are elaborately made, and days given up to gala holidays. Such events were the visits, several years ago, of the Japanese embassy, and of the Prince of Wales while yet in his teens; of the Russian fleet more recently; the occasional journeys of the Presidents to various parts of the country; the visits of Grant, Farragut, and other Union generals, to the north and west, after the war. These were invited to

balls and receptions ; were taken on steamboat excursions ; were serenaded, illuminated, and escorted in procession, to their hearts' content. Cyrus Field, on the completion of the Atlantic telegraph ; Kossuth, when he came fresh from the Hungarian strife for freedom ; Charles Dickens, on his second visit to America ; George Peabody, on returning to his native country after a long residence abroad ; Henry Clay, on retiring from the Senate ; the heroes of the Pacific railroad were " ovated " and treated, and became each in his turn the subject of popular enthusiasm.

As much as New York society is noted for its extravagance, brilliancy, worship of wealth and fashion, is that of Boston known for its refined, intellectual, literary sphere ; that of Philadelphia for its critical taste, and its liking for long pedigrees ; that of Washington for its political and transient character ; that of the western cities for its freedom, its unstinted sociability, and its unceremonious and hearty hospitality. Boston prides herself upon her poets, her professors, her literary women, her historians, her university-bred merchants, lawyers, and doctors, her intellectual clergy. Near by is Harvard University, the proudest and most aristocratic of American colleges ; and Harvard has no small influence upon the tone of Boston society. Its professors are among the most eminent scholars and literati in the land, and are leaders in society as well as lecturers at the desk. Among them are Oliver Wendell Holmes, the " Autocrat of the Breakfast Table ; " James

Russell Lowell ; Professors Agassiz, Wyman, and Child ; and Longfellow, formerly himself a professor, is still resident at Cambridge, and one of the honoured university coterie. These, with such alumni of Harvard as Ralph Waldo Emerson, George S. Hillard, Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, John Lothrop Motley, and George Ticknor, all of whom reside in or near Boston, are the social as well as the intellectual heads of the society of the New England capital. A literary man, a university graduate, is more cordially received in Boston society than the young man of "expectations," or the wealthy man of the world. The young ladies are well educated, excellent talkers, often accomplished linguists and students of abstruse sciences. "Blue ladies" are in their most congenial sphere at Boston ; here they may deliver Sunday lectures, discuss the Alabama claims or woman suffrage in the reviews and papers, and read poems at anniversaries, without running so much danger as elsewhere of ridicule. The merchants of Boston, amid commercial cares, are prone to post themselves on religious, political, and moral questions ; the learned professions are, perhaps, more highly regarded than in any other American town. Side by side, in Boston, with this literary refinement and sphere, you observe that peculiar trait strikingly developed, which is sometimes called "Yankee smartness"—a keen, sharp taste for making bargains ; a shrewd farseeing business cunning ; a dry crisp humour accompanying this propensity. It is especially the *Yankee* capital. "Yankee" is a

term used by the rest of the nation to define New Englanders, and particularly those New Englanders who are keen and "'cute." I have heard it pronounced in England, "Yan-kee;" the Americans say, short, "Yanky." The Confederate soldiers used to delight to call their Union opponents, "the Yanks." Boston is fond of literary reunions and "sociables;" of lectures and intellectual tea-parties; of conventions and political meetings; of religious and philosophical discussion; of learned societies and libraries.

The society of Philadelphia—city of Penn and the Quakers, of Franklin and the revolutionary patriots, of the first Congress and the "republican court" of Washington—is staid, orderly, aristocratic. The town is built in painfully rectangular streets and squares, which, however, are clean, well shaded, and homelike. There are many Quakers; and to be a descendent of the older Quaker families is to command a high position in the social circles. The Philadelphians are fond of the arts—patronise the painters and prima donnas, the sculptors and histrionic artists. They are refined, less formal perhaps than the New Englanders, more so than the free-hearted people of the West. A large number of the citizens are of Dutch or German parentage or descent, and many of the most frequently mentioned names betray a Teutonic origin.

In the West, the European who has been used to the ceremonies and formalities of the old-world society, is, very likely, shocked at the familiarity, the

help-yourself and make-yourself-at-home air of the people. Total strangers talk to you on the railways, and are as intimate with you in an hour as if they had long been your most confidential friends. At the hotel tables your right hand neighbour vies with him on your left in a race to gain your confidence. You receive an unwonted number of invitations to tea or into the country, from persons whom you never saw before, and of whose names and social standing you haven't the least conception. You have only to travel in a sleeping-car with many a free-going Westerner, to to be accosted next morning by your Christian name, which he discovers before you know it. For all his familiarity, however, unless you are a confirmed cynic and inveterately distrustful of humanity, you will soon find out that he is an open-hearted, generous, hospitable fellow, not seldom concealing beneath his brusque *bonhomie* a clear head, bright sense and humour, and well-read intelligence. His failings, if failings they are, are kindly. This free familiar trait of the Westerner is readily accounted for. In the days when the West was but sparsely settled—when there were but a few log huts scattered here and there, and, at rare intervals, a little log village—it was a social necessity to the settlers to seize every possible occasion to talk to whomsoever they met. They lived the free careless life of the back woods; the rare traveller was always welcome to the solitary hewer of wood and cultivator of virgin fields. From this yearning to see and commune with their

kind, there grew up the habit of unceremonious familiarity with all the world; everybody talked to everybody else, as if they were old friends, whether they had ever seen each other before or not. Thus, what was originally a necessity—an incident of back woods life, became the genial custom of the country. The free-and-easy way of the Westerner may be sometimes annoying, but if you will only enter into the spirit of the people there, put aside your formal notions of etiquette, you will not fail to make many warm and worthy friends, whose generosity, free hospitality, cordiality, will have a not trifling value, and be a pleasant reminiscence.

The Southerner—like the dwellers in hot and luxuriant climes everywhere—is indolent, generous, fiery tempered, proud, sentimental, careless. In the Southern cities, before the war—all Southern society is now changing and putting on new phases—pleasures in which too much physical exertion was not demanded, were most in vogue. Unenterprising, not so fond of hoarding money as the Northerner, often an extensive landed proprietor, the best type of the Southern gentleman loved to fill his house with guests, whom he entertained by balls, music, water excursions, negro performances, and a plentiful table. Southern society was exclusive; the slave aristocracy was the haughtiest of all American classes. The owner of vast cotton and sugar plantations was the social leader as well as the political autocrat. Life in the South was romantic and indolent and drowsy; it was like the luxurious lazy

life depicted in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Prolific nature showered upon the Southerner unstinted bounties of fruit and vegetable products; he lived in lordly ease in his great house with its verandahs and hammocks and wide-open windows, while his troops of slaves toiled with little vigour under the hot broiling sun, in the wide expanse of his plantation. Passing through the streets of a Southern city on a summer's evening, you would see all the inhabitants, rich and poor, white and black, seated on their doorsteps or on the pavements before their houses, catching the soft cool breeze which came up from the sea after the oppressive heats of the long Southern day.

It is impossible for an American, even when writing an account of the social features of his own country for readers of another nation, not to note one very creditable custom which prevails everywhere in the United States, and which is perhaps more conspicuous there than in most European countries. This is the universal deference and respect in which women are held. Every American admits, by his bearing towards the gentler sex, that she is socially the superior of man. Wherever you go, you will see the foremost place given up to the ladies. If a lady enters a horse-car, the seats of which are full, two or three gentlemen will at once rise and offer her their places, and stand during the rest of their journey. In the railway trains she is provided with the best carriages, is under the peculiar care of the conductor, and has every attention paid her by

strangers as by friends. On all public occasions—when a procession passes through the streets, at the dedication of statues or edifices, in the galleries of Congress, at concerts, even in political meetings, she has the front seat on the balcony or at the window, the best and nearest galleries, the most convenient part of the platforms. The politeness to women is less demonstrative, more practically earnest, than that of the French. On the side-walk, the inside is invariably yielded to the ladies; even in the little trifle of beginning the popular games—the first move in chess, or throw in backgammon, or stroke at croquet, is conceded to the ladies as a matter of course. No one will commence dinner until the ladies of the house are seated; at the public tables every one waits until the ladies have swept down in the elaborate toilets which often keep hungry masculine souls waiting. Women, old and young, rich and poor, walk the streets by day or night in safety, with champions to protect them from rudeness or insult, on every hand. They travel alone thousands of miles—pretty young damsels as well as shrivelled matrons in spectacles—perfectly at ease, everybody around them anxious to make their journey comfortable, to assist in looking after luggage and calling cabs, to keep watch for the right station, and ever at their nod. The laws and judges are especially severe upon those who ill-treat women. The social dignity of the sex is one of the essential features of American civilisation. This real and earnest deference is found as well in the

brusque Westerner living on the confines of the vast plains and forests, and in the staid puritanic New Englander, as in the chivalrous Southerner or the lady-loving New York man of society. Wherever women go, they are protected and watched over: a cruel or unfaithful husband is a marked man. The best places are always found "reserved for the ladies." Whether they attend a trial at court, or are curious to hear political harangues, or to listen to Congressional debates, they are never, never can be anywhere in America, intruders. There is a delicacy toward the sex which will, in kindly eyes, atone for many of the social shortcomings which the old-world man of society thinks he discovers in the American character.

Clubs—those indispensable resorts to the London man of the world—are in America few and far between. It is only in the larger cities and towns that you will find them. Perhaps the custom of having clubs is growing, for there are many more now than there were before the war.

During that struggle, an association, devoted to keeping up the enthusiasm of the war-spirit in the north, called the Union League, was formed throughout the country; and the leaders of this league had the idea to establish clubs in the principal cities, which should be its head-quarters, where its members might meet and consult, and the league meetings and festivals be held. The result was that noble edifices were erected to this end; the Union League clubs multiplied

and became very popular; they were the centres of the active and practical patriotic spirit; and President Grant, on his accession to the White House, testified his appreciation of the value of the services with which the Union League clubs aided at home his military success in the field, by choosing the President of the Philadelphia club as his Secretary of the Navy, and the President of the New York club as envoy to the court of Vienna. The Union League club houses in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, were, and are, sumptuous affairs, fitted up with rare luxury and magnificence; supplied with all the comforts of spacious reading-rooms and news-bulletins, billiard and card saloons, smoking-rooms, and restaurants, replete with capital wines, choice viands, and artistic cookery. The example thus set has been to some extent followed; but the experiment seems to have proved that clubs are not entirely congenial to American tastes. The extraordinary activity which has been infused of late into the "woman's rights" movement in America, by the exertions of a few radical statesmen and men of letters, and a coterie of remarkably able and energetic ladies, has resulted in the formation of a female club, which has been christened by the curious name of "the Sorosis." It is apparently flourishing; frequent meetings are held, at which precocious young women with short hair and bright eyes, elderly matrons in spectacles and severe costumes, eloquent ladies of fashion, and authoresses, indulge in spicy debates on

the great subject which forms their bond of sympathy and union. Occasionally we hear of "Sorosis" dinners at Delmonico's (the fashionable New York restaurant), where "man" is toasted with a tinge of irony, coloured orators declaim against the brutalities of the sterner sex, and there are piquant running dialogues between the more bellicose of the fair members of the Sorosis. There are, of course, in the cities, literary and political clubs, but these seldom unite with their immediate purpose the sensual comforts of dining-rooms and restaurants, or the more frivolous accompaniments of billiards and card tables. Associations of all sorts are perhaps more numerous than in England; but purely social clubs are few, and seemingly not destined to be popular.

Covent Garden itself is not more interesting than some of the American markets. They betray the garden and agricultural resources of a country; and the variety of American products affords a showy exhibition to the markets. Fulton Market in New York, Quincy Market in Boston, and the long curious markets of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—some of which are low wooden buildings running some distance through the middle of wide streets—will afford to English eyes a good idea of the fruits, flowers, vegetables, meats, and comestibles which American farms yield to the delectation of the city populations. The stalls are not unlike those of Covent Garden; but the market people are decidedly more anxious to sell, and announce their wares and their prices in loud voices as *Paterfamilias*

wanders through the aisles laden with his huge provision basket. You will observe that much taste is used in disposing attractively the various products. The fruit is deftly piled in pyramids, the grapes are festooned in fantastic clusters. Early in the morning the farmers' wagons may be seen wending their way from every direction to the market; these are backed up to the pavement, and their contents unloaded carefully and rapidly. America is rich in vegetables and fruits; in the season you see potatoes, Irish and sweet, tomatoes in great abundance, melons of half-a-dozen kinds, grapes—green, red, white, and purple—peaches, with their deep pink bloom, cherries, berries of every kind, rich yellow pears of every size, apples of every hue and taste, marrows and pumpkins, Indian corn and the “oyster plant,” pineapples, bananas, and oranges. Fulton Market, in New York, is a great oyster mart, to which thousands of bushels are brought every day, and where you may partake of them on the spot, or order your supply for the family dinner, as you please. There are fishes of all sorts, shell-fish, lobsters, crabs; but no shrimps nor white bait. The markets are full of life and busy trade; a much more bustling scene than Covent Garden at its busiest.

The Englishman whose mirror warns him that the razor has become a necessity, and yet who is not skilled in wielding it himself, finds the barber's shop a resort of but indifferent comfort. He is forced to sit bolt upright in a stiff-backed chair, with no rest for the

head ; and during the operation his neck is strained, his face becomes parallel with the horizon, from which position, at the end, he recovers himself with a painful "stitch." He has next to hurry to the basin, and cleanse his face, the barber standing idly by. In America he would find the process of shaving a far more comfortable one. The American barber's "saloon" is a luxurious apartment, handsomely furnished, adorned with fancy prints, supplied with the newspapers, and having all the necessary appliances for the toilet ; a glass-case in one corner exhibiting bottles of every perfume, hair-restorer, and whisker-compeller, known to fame, or concocted by the proprietor himself. He is invited to recline in a spacious, soft-cushioned chair, which swings back until it reaches exactly the comfortable angle ; there he rests with perfect comfort until the operation is achieved. The barber performs the ablutions after the shaving is over ; powders the chin ; and one rises from the chair to find himself as spruce and neat as possible.

The use of liveries and heraldic devices is rare in America, and when a family adopts them, they are looked upon as snobbish, and as imitators of a foreign aristocracy. The custom seems, however, to be increasing ; for many families, suddenly enriched by the civil war and by speculation, and desirous of seeming thoroughly "aristocratic," foolishly think that mere external symbols will stamp them as such, and forthwith

bedeck John the coachman and Timothy the footman in gorgeous scarlet or yellow, and emblazon family arms on the panels of their carriages. This custom is advancing to such an extent, that it has been proposed to lay a tax upon these symbols. It is regarded by substantial people, and what may be called the true American aristocracy (that of intelligence), as an indication of snobbery and coarseness; for the people who adopt it have usually no real grounds, excepting wealth, for setting themselves up as the leaders of society.

The European model is sometimes varied by American imitators, by substituting for the scented and powdered footman with bulging calves, a fine "darkey" specimen imported from the South, or a "live" little Chinaman, wandered hither from the Orient, and clothed in all the glory of a wash-bowl hat, gaudy loose-hanging garments of many colours, turned up shoes, and long braided tails of hair hanging down his back.

The American fire-companies and firemen are well organised, and do effective service. The companies are made up of volunteers; the houses and engines are supplied by the cities; and the members feel a keen interest and pride in their humane task. There is a spirited emulation to see which company will reach the fire first; and this is not only in the hope of getting the reward offered to the first comers, but arises from a sincere *esprit de corps*. Electric fire alarms extend

everywhere through the cities : and latterly the engines have been driven by steam, which is found to be a substantial gain. When there is a fire, you may see the engines clattering along the streets, their pipes puffing steam, and the men, in red shirts, wearing peculiar hats with wide leather rims bent down behind and up before, their trousers stuffed in their boots, hastening excitedly and noisily after. Fires are more frequent in American than in English towns—partly, doubtless, because many of the buildings are wood ; but a large majority are extinguished by the zeal of the firemen, who are bold in braving the dangers of the element, and often perform acts of veritable heroism in saving people from the burning houses. The boys of the more humble classes have an ambition to help “run the machine ;” and are proud of the day when they have grown large enough to take their places at the ropes, to work the engines up and down with their quick creak and thud, and to rush up the long, slight ladders to the windows, whence the smoke is puffing in great fitful clouds. The firemen are in many towns supplied, either by the city or by private subscriptions, with libraries, reading-rooms, and lectures ; and it is a *sine quâ non* with the fire companies to have at least one merry ball every winter ; while in summer picnics and steamboat excursions are frequently given by the members. The firemen parade with the military on every public occasion, accompanied by their engines and other

paraphernalia,—and with their unique uniforms, and highly ornamented and brightly burnished machines, make a really fine display ; they have, too, gala days of their own, on which all the companies meet, and go in procession, escorted by brass bands, through the streets.

CHAPTER XX.

HOTELS. *American love of travelling—The hotels—Drawing-rooms, kitchens—The table—Servants—Negro waiters and cooks—Country hotels—Station hotels—Wines—Restaurants—Boarding-houses—The cost of living in America.*

THE Americans are essentially a travelling, circulating people. Everybody travels, and likes to travel. In what eager multitudes do they brave the dangers and, fully as formidable, the throes of seasickness of the Atlantic voyage, that they may see with their own eyes the wonders of the old world—of which they have read with such intense interest, and which to them seem as romantic and dreamlike as the visions of the Thousand and One Nights! It is quite impossible for the European to comprehend the feeling with which the American first visits the scenes hallowed by tradition, the monuments which speak of the remoter ages. America has little history; there are men yet living who can recall the days when the Republic was born. Everything is new—the country, the houses, the temples, the laws. Accustomed only to that which is recent, yet imaginative, and having his mind stored with legends of European history, with the descriptions of the novel-

ist, the poet, and the historian, the American longs to find himself wandering through the suggestive thoroughfares of London — telling us of King John and his Barons, of Henry VIII. and his wives, of Smithfield and its fires, of Prince Hal and his boisterous cronies, of Cromwell and his “Ironsides,” of Rochester and his sad pranks, of Addison and “Brooks’s,” of dear old America-hating Johnson and the Mitre, of the Prince Regent and the Carlton House. He is impatient to see Paris with its rare old memories and its modern splendour; to steam up the castle-capped Rhine; to sit among the broken columns of the Forum; to wander through the silent, speaking streets of sad Pompeii. These are new, strange, awe-inspiring to him beyond European imagining. Americans come, then, by the thousand, yearly; they are now as ubiquitous as the traditional British shopkeeper himself! Paterfamilias, deep in his ledger, is possibly somewhat loth; but mother and the girls are frantic, and will not be appeased.

The Americans not only come abroad in troupes; they are indefatigable travellers at home. Curiosity is a great national trait. To “see things,” and what they look like and how they work, is a passion. Your Yankee is anxious to see every nook and corner of “our great country, sir.” To stand under the deafening cataract of Niagara, to grope, torch-bearing, through the vast damp Mammoth cave, to look down and be dizzy from the Natural Bridge, to rollic over the prairies, to slip through the mountain snows, to steam down the

Mississippi, to swing into the dark deep mines, to hasten from one busy city to another, is often his delight. Business, too, calls on him, inexorably, to circulate. Tompkins must sell off his goods to the country customers; his clerks are sent out with samples, and scatter to the four points of the compass. Jobson is a railway superintendent; he wanders ceaselessly up and down the lines. The Honourable Nehemiah Spouter is seeking a reëlection; he hastens hither and thither, stopping ever and anon to make eloquent appeals to his "noble constituents." Farmers are carrying their products to distant markets; men are off for the West and South in the cause of trade, or to settle there; people are flocking to summer resorts or winter centres of fashion; reporters are running a race to reach some celebration, and to send news of it back first; office-seekers, stuffed with "recommendations," are crowded thick into the train for Washington, and scowl at each other from a too close proximity.

For such an amount of travel there must be plenty of hotels, and those good ones. American enterprise is perhaps in nothing more strikingly exhibited than in the establishing of hotels, and the competition which exists among mine hosts. The very slang of the street hints this to us. It is said of a man whose cleverness in any respect is doubted, "he can't keep a hotel." Indeed, to keep a hotel successfully in America—so exacting are the guests—requires no common talents of a certain sort. American hotels are in many

respects different from those found in Europe. They are peculiarly adapted to the people, but perhaps they are not so to him who has been accustomed to the hotels of Paris and London. In some respects, indeed, he would find them an improvement. It is a perpetual annoyance to the American abroad, that at every step he is called on to fee the servants. He sees in his bill a charge for "service," varying from a shilling to two shillings a day: this is foreign to his home experience, but he has heard of it, and pays it without murmuring, yielding to the custom of the country, and glad to be rid of it. He descends to depart; when, lo, on the staircase chambermaid confronts him, and hints that "a little something" would be agreeable; bootblack appears further on; then waiter, spruce and stiff, with itching palm; next, porter, bowing about and tipping his hat. There is none of this in America. You pay so much a day—say four or five dollars—and you are quit of room, board, service, everything. The servants do not throw themselves in your way as you leave; they rarely expect a *pour boire*; the landlord counts on including in the fixed price every possible charge.

Every American city boasts its spacious, luxurious, liberally-managed hotels. Those of New York are naturally the largest and best. At frequent intervals, in Broadway, and in the up-town squares and avenues, you will come upon vast square edifices, many richly adorned; some of brick, others of sandstone, others of

white marble, rising seven or eight stories from the street, oftener on corners, and not seldom taking up an entire square. Before the door are bustling groups of gentlemen, smoking and chatting, or hastening in and out. The "Fifth Avenue," the "Metropolitan," the "St. Nicholas," the "International," the "Brevoort," and the "Astor House," are perhaps the best in the metropolis. The Fifth Avenue is an immense square edifice of glistening white marble, situated in the midst of the most fashionable quarter, overlooking the tranquilly aristocratic Madison Square; it strikes the stranger as one of the most imposing edifices of the town. Entering, you will find yourself in a vast, high vestibule, adorned with pillars, and from which wide staircases ascend to the upper stories. The greater portion of this hall is an open space, where groups of people are talking, welcoming each other, or bidding adieus. Doors on either side lead into rooms devoted to various purposes: one conducts you to the hotel barber's saloon, fitted with every elegance and luxury; another leads to the bar-room, where you may have any wine or liquor or American concoction—soda-water or lemonade if you are temperately inclined—and choice Havana cigars at startling prices; a third door introduces you to the reading room, a long apartment, where there are many rows of slanting boards, or stands, level with your face, where are fastened all the principal newspapers of Europe and America; where you may read the leaders in the last London *Times*

received by steamer, or the *Shipping Gazette*, as well as the *Berlin Zeitung*, the *Paris Journal des Debats*, the *Illinois Gazette*, or the *Texas Democrat*. Here are tables supplied with paper, envelopes, blotter, pen and ink, where you may write at leisure; here too, along the walls, are advertisements of steamers, hatters, clothing stores, and what not, fancifully framed, with, perhaps, portraits of General Washington or Grant above. A spacious closet leading from the vestibule discloses luxurious appliances for the toilet: a long row of marble washbasins, with taps; large mirrors; numerous brushes, combs, and towels; hooks for hats and cloaks. At the further end of the vestibule itself are long marble or elegantly carved desks, behind which are clerks in broadcloth, with an elaborate toilet and an excess of jewelry, mostly polite, sometimes rather pompous and short; the desk is supplied with extensive post-office boxes, which you may obtain at goodly prices for the depositing of your mails; and before you is a huge register, where, as soon as you arrive, you are requested to enter your name and residence, opposite to which the number of your room is set. Behind the desks are unique contrivances for summoning the servants, and there is a board with hooks for the keys. You will find in the larger daily papers lists of the arrivals at the hotels: if you are a notability, you are honoured by a special paragraph among the "personals."

Ascending to your room behind the porter, who is

with difficulty struggling up under the burden of your luggage, you are apt to find yourself near the roof; for the hotel is always full, and, as the clerk tells you, only those who engage their rooms beforehand are likely to get a place within a reasonable distance from the street. There are, you are told, some five or six hundred rooms, many of them luxurious suites, composed of parlour, chamber, and dressing room. Domestic comforts you discover in the bath, hot water and cold, and closet conveniences. Water supplies on every floor, with pipe and hose attached, apprise you that provision is made to protect the guests from fire; "any room in the building can be flooded in five minutes," says waiter officiously. The spacious corridors through which you pass are beautifully frescoed and painted; the carpets yield soft as a lawn beneath your feet. At one side of the vestibule you observe the ponderous "elevator," which conveys the guests in a sort of balloon-like fashion from the first story to the very roof—a marvellous and costly piece of mechanism, without which no modern hotel proprietor would dare to build. The hotels are all alight with gas at night. In a new hotel in Boston, they tell us, there are some two miles of gas pipes running zigzag through the house, and sixteen miles of bell wire, thousandfold plague of the servants. Your room is neatly, simply furnished. The bedstead stands square on the floor; is not stilted and high, like those of Britain, neither does it have canopies or curtains supported by lofty posts; the linen is, however, of the

finest, the feathers of the softest, and therein lies its comfort. A pretty carpet, plain window curtains, *very* green blinds, a marble top washstand, a closet for clothes, an elegant mirror,—these are the garnishments.

There are hardly less than a thousand guests under the same roof with you ; these are every one well cared for, promptly served. A feature to which you are not used in the old countries, is the *drawing-rooms* of the American hotels. On the second floor you discover a long, spacious suite of apartments, furnished as lavishly as Devonshire House, with great luxurious sofas and fauteuils, high and numerous mirrors, paintings, gilded cornicings, rich carpets—these are the public hotel parlours. There are parlours for the gentlemen and for the ladies, where the guests of the house are free to sit the day long, receive their visitors, and assemble *en grande toilette* in the evening. No extra charge is made for the use of these elegant saloons. Often they are used for balls and parties, concerts and private theatricals. The scene which they afford in the evening—dazzlingly lighted by large glass chandeliers—is very brilliant. The ladies are there, arrayed in all their glory ; a “parlour grand” is yielding a brisk galop or a Beethoven sonata in the corner ; old gentlemen are struggling through the evening papers at the polished mahogany tables ; here a little group are laughing and joking ; there a young couple are whispering tender asides, watchful of the rest lest they should be noticed.

Should you venture to wander through those mysterious labyrinths which lead from the upper world to the hot regions where the French master cook wins his triumphs, the kitchen of Christ Church, at Oxford, will no longer seem wonderful. Imagine a newly invented cooking range which is fifty feet long, entirely covers one side of the kitchen, and not only supplies the vast establishment with plenteous hot water, but at the same time cooks the dinners of a thousand hungry guests! Here are cooks by the dozen; the daily supply of meat rises in lordly piles on the broad kitchen tables; there are heaped baskets of vegetables, cooked by the bushel; there are luscious pyramids of fruits, and a row of fellows in white paper caps beating up sauces and moulding pastry into a score of forms.

In the dining and breakfast rooms the Englishman finds some of the most striking differences from the establishments of his own land. Here, besides numberless small tables, capable of seating from two to half-a-dozen, are long tables extending in parallel rows completely across the spacious hall. Each will accommodate a hundred guests or more; and the people all sit democratically at table together. From a neat card which you find tacked to the door of your bedroom you learn that you may have breakfast at any time from six A.M. till noon; dinner from noon till six P.M.; tea or supper from six P.M. till midnight. Descending between any of these hours, you find the guests

scattered along the common table, leisurely eating, drinking, talking, or reading the papers. The hotel charges you so much a day, as has been remarked, which includes everything; at the fashionable first-class hotels the charge is four and a half or five dollars (18s. 6d. to 1l.)—this entitles you to room, lights, service, and your meals. When you are seated at the breakfast-table, a waiter promptly brings you a bewilderingly long and miscellaneous bill of fare, from which you choose, as the French say, *à discretion*. You may have what you like, and as much as you like; there is no limit. The beverages are tea, coffee, cocoa, or milk; you may have a beefsteak, a mutton-chop, a plate of “fish-balls,” ham and eggs, sausages, fowl, oysters raw or cooked in all fashions, eggs, veal cutlets, pig’s feet, and many more meat dishes, and may have them all in succession if you choose to order them; hot rolls, cakes of a dozen sorts—buckwheat, or rice, or griddle, or corn—fried potatoes or “chips”—compose the other dishes from which you may choose. At dinner the same abundance is offered for your orders. The favourite dinner hours in the hotels are at two for men of business and departing travellers, and at six for the fashionables and stationary guests. I doubt if the English visitor will find at any house of public entertainment in Europe a more sumptuous feast than is daily offered to the guests of the Fifth Avenue in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or the St. James in Boston. Many of the hotel pro-

prietors themselves own extensive farms, gardens, conservatories, and dairies in the neighbourhood of the cities; and with the abundance of fruit and vegetables which America yields, and which may be brought to the cities from all parts in a few hours, it is not strange that such repasts should be enjoyed in the large hotels. In the summer season, especially, the guests may regale themselves according to the widest variety of taste. Of vegetables there is a perplexing variety; game—especially venison, partridges, quails, “canvass-back” and other species of ducks, prairie hens, and grouse, are plenty, cheap, and well prepared for the table. Cookery is very various in American as in English or French hotels; most of the larger American hotels have French head-cooks. The American landlords are very enterprising, are especially careful in their *cuisine*, and easily adopt foreign customs and inventions in the art of cookery.

The chambermaids of the hotels are, as I have said, almost invariably buxom Irish girls. The waiters at table also are mostly Irish. As you go southward, you will find it fashionable to have *negro* waiters. The “darkey,” with his ludicrous pomposity, his quick instinct, his ostentatious cleanliness, is the best of possible waiters. He divines your wants in a moment; he is painfully neat in his apparel; he never upsets a plate, or blunders in fulfilling your order. He is fond of being praised, and, if you do not treat him too contemptuously, he will take great pains to please you.

It is an amusing sight to see, in one of the large Philadelphia or Baltimore hotels, the rows of these sleek and stiff-backed negroes, arrayed in black broadcloth, with white neckties standing out starch, their woolly hair rolled in a unique pyramid on the top of the head, and projecting triangular over each ear, with solemnly staid countenances, from whose sable surface shine out two dazzling white spots, their eyes and their much-prized pearly teeth. With what military precision does your darkey waiter deposit the dishes, with what a stately bend of the form does he stoop to hear your commands! In the southern hotels, too, negro cooks have no rivals; they are, beyond comparison, the best cooks in America, especially of the "Johnny cakes," "hoe cakes," "hominy," "corn pones," which are peculiar to the south, and are favourite dishes. The typical negro cook is a tall, rotund, matronly, neatly dressed woman, some fifty or sixty years of age; her woolly head wrapt in a gaudily-coloured handkerchief disposed like a turban, whom everybody calls "mammy" or "aunty;" who is a perfect despot on her culinary domain, and is as independent and "set" as it is possible for mortal to be; who talks to her mistress with a familiarity all motherly, and is a famous friend—loved, and not the less dreaded—of the children.

While the hotels in the cities are built of brick or stone, those of the smaller towns and in the rural districts are mostly substantial wooden buildings, often with porticos and verandahs, two or three stories high.

The prices in these are of course not so dear. In some country towns one may have excellent accommodation for a dollar and a half a day. It is a custom in many of the rural hotels for the landlord and his family to occupy seats at the common table, and mingle in the conversation with the guests. The village landlord is, indeed, one of the rustic aristocracy. He is not unlikely one of the foremost of the village politicians: he makes verbose speeches, is elected on the town committee, is perhaps sent to represent the village in the State legislature. The hotel is the emporium of news; there the village oracles flock to read their papers, discuss the affairs of the nation, and compare notes on the prospect of the crops. The landlord is often also the postmaster; a little box at one corner of his office serves for the slender mail which arrives by the stage coach once a-day from the nearest town. The farmers, driving in from their domains with their loads of hay or potatoes, "hitch up" under the long sheds which stand by the tavern, go into the primitive bar-room with its carpetless well-sanded floor and modest bar, indulge in a glass of grog and a clay pipe before proceeding to their business. The landlord's wife is not seldom the oracle of the village gossip. She confirms or rejects the rumour of the hour. She knows whether Tom Brown is going to marry Susan Smith; she tells you all about the fancy gentleman who has mysteriously arrived at the hotel; she knows exactly the price which Farmer Johnson got for his last load of hay. Better

still, she puts before you a good, honest country meal, well though plainly cooked, and plenty of it.

In many of the rustic taverns there are bright-eyed, brisk, native damsels waiting at table, the daughters of contiguous farmers, who think it no disgrace to "hire out," are on a perfect equality with guest and host, and can sing songs in the parlour in the evening, as well as help you to your roast beef and potatoes at dinner-time. Near all the railway stations where the trains stop for "twenty minutes' refreshment," there are hotels, where it is made a point to have dinner or supper in readiness for the travellers when they arrive. The passengers rush in, an eager multitude, precipitate themselves upon the chairs, and, amid amusing confusion, hasten to finish their repast. They are in constant expectation of hearing the monitory clang of the engine-bell, and are nervously mistrustful of the waiter's assurance that "There's lots of time, sir." The soup goes scalding down the hungry throats; there are loud and persistent calls for "Wai—ter!" on every side. Imprecations fall on the heads of the servants, and "Where's that beef?" "When is that pudding coming?" await them every time they rush plate-laden up and down the table.

Many of the American hotels in the cities are carried on by what is called the "European" system; that is, they let rooms, and have restaurants apart; so that you pay so much for your room, and then take your meals *à la carte*, paying only for what you have. They

charge, perhaps, a dollar and a half a day for a bedroom, and this price includes service, baths, use of drawing-rooms, and other conveniences. You may take your meals in the hotel restaurant or not, at discretion; if you do, a bill of fare, with the price of each dish marked, is presented to you, and you can make up a meal according to your purse or inclination.

In some of the hotels, where a lump price is paid for both board and room, there are also restaurants, so that you can choose for yourself whether to live on the American or the European plan. The latter is the most popular with the foreigners who visit the United States; Europeans are seldom fond of dining in crowds, they prefer to have a table to themselves.

Wines are, of course, not included in the bills of fare at the hotels; and the Englishman who is accustomed to his daily bottle of fine old crusted port, or the Frenchman who cannot exist without his Chambertin or Château Margaux, finds it difficult to procure his favourite beverage; for good wine is rare, and even poor wine is, compared with European prices, exceedingly dear. The native "Catawba" and wild grape wines are perhaps the cheapest and best; and if one can only persuade himself that the California "hock" and "sparkling Catawba" are pure and genuine beverages, he will surely enjoy them. If, indeed, you prefer the grosser whisky, you may get it very nice at the principal hotels; but the beer is mostly poor, unless you procure some veritable lager, brewed by a Ger-

man enthusiast who has transferred his art to the new world.

Restaurants there are of all sorts and degrees. New York is hardly less cosmopolitan than Paris in providing eating-saloons for people of all nations. There you will find German restaurants where you may obtain *sauer kraut* and pretzels, lager beer, and vegetable messes; French restaurants, with frogs and *champignons*, *rol au vent financière*, and *fricandeau à la sauce tomate*; English restaurants, with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, beer, and ancient cheese; even Russian, Spanish, Italian restaurants. There are restaurants like Simpson's, where you must pay high prices, but are served in style; restaurants like those of Cheapside, which are noted for the excellence of special dishes, and where you will find the business men; and cheap restaurants, where may be obtained indifferent meals at small charges, and whither the poorly-off are fain to flock. But you never fee the waiters anywhere; and you hardly ever see people eating cheese and bread after the substantial part of the meal is over—that is a purely European custom.

I have already said that there are no lodging-houses, as understood in England; and that boarding-houses are mainly the resort of single folk, or of married folk who are temporarily harboured in them while casting about for a domestic haven. The American boarding-house is, however, a characteristic institution. It is a little world in itself. Not more

Indiculously illustrative of certain phases of British character is the famous boarding-house described by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, than is the American boarding-house of certain native traits. There are boarding-houses everywhere—in cities and villages, in quarters aristocratic and quarters squalid. There is every degree of price, from fifty dollars a week to three. There are “highly respectable” boarding-houses, kept by widows of clergymen and lawyers in distress, where the lady of the house refers you for the —hem, the terms, to the head chambermaid, and where the “guests” must make their complaints through the same subordinate medium. Madame appears at table in a fashionable toilet, comes in late, and is never outwardly seen to take any steps in the management of her house. Patrick, the waiter, does the carving, and madame helps to the roast beef as if she were Juno dispensing ambrosia to the lesser gods. All is quiet and highly respectable—not to say gloomy and cheerless—in the house. It is a temple of gossip, but the gossipers murmur low, and talk scandal with dignity and solemn faces. Then there are boarding-houses for bank and shop clerks, boarding-houses where none but staid old bachelors are “taken in,” boarding-houses which afford a home for shabby-genteel families, boarding-houses—descending to the lower social strata—for mechanics and labourers, for emigrants and the desperately poor.

They are, after all, more sociable and enjoyable

than the English lodging-houses. In the latter, the lodgers live by themselves, and may never even see each other from one year's end to the other. In the boarding-house, unless you are irredeemably shy and reserved, you must make acquaintances, and get to know everybody. You meet the people at the table, you pass them on the stairs, you sit with them in the parlour—for the boarding-houses usually have a common parlour—you are invited to their rooms for a smoke or a rubber at whist.

In the country towns and villages, many of the good folk—even those in the best society—take boarders during the summer months, and provide really comfortable and home-like sojourning places. Boarding in the country is very cheap; one may live well, by the side of pretty lakes or picturesque rivers, in many parts of the country, for three or four dollars a week. Families who desire to enjoy the green fields and rural landscapes in the summer, and are not wealthy enough to have their own country seats, frequently shut up their city houses, and take board in the way I have described. They find a place where they may associate on equal terms with their hosts and their neighbours; where the daughters play the piano and sing, and the boys are at the academy or college; where they may do a little amateur dabbling in garden work, play croquet the day long on the little lawn before the house, and use the horse and carriage of the host as much and often as they like.

The cost of living in America before the civil war was less than in England ; since that event prices have risen at least one-third. The heavy taxes, the depreciation of the paper money, the general exhaustion of the country, have naturally produced this result. The expense is now probably not far from that in England, if the difference between gold and "greenbacks" is reckoned ; while, for the labouring classes, wages have risen more than in proportion to the increased cost of living. A carpenter or mason gets three or four dollars a day for his work ; it hardly costs him more than a dollar to live in respectability and comfort. The demand for labour—and labour, notwithstanding the emigration of hundreds a week, is still scarce in America—enables the workman to keep pace with the augmenting prices. The cost of living in a fashionable style in a good quarter of New York, is from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year ; but one may live in a good street, and with all the domestic comforts—not *luxuries*—on from four to six thousand. In the smaller towns, a family may live nicely for fifteen hundred ; in the rural districts, from a thousand to twelve hundred. Provisions are dear in the cities, cheap enough in the villages ; real estate is variable, especially in growing towns, and rents are capricious—much more so than in England, where the advance is slow and steady. Such items as coal and lights are higher ; furniture is about the same price, but carpets are much cheaper in England. Of course clothing—that, at least, made of stuffs

manufactured abroad—is very much dearer in America. Silks, woollens, alpacas, are more than double what they are in England. A gentleman's suit, which in England costs 5*l.*, would cost in America at least fifty dollars (10*l.*). An overcoat, obtained in England for 5*l.*, would cost in America sixty dollars (12*l.*). The hacks are much dearer—it costs at least a dollar for a course, no matter how short, in the cities. In New York the hackmen charge ridiculously exorbitant prices; and here let me say that hitherto the “hansom” cab has been unknown in America. The first thing which strikes the American tourist queerly in the streets of Liverpool, is one of these odd little vehicles, with the driver perched up behind. They are now, however, to be introduced into New York, where they will certainly create “a sensation.” The American hacks are usually larger and more airy than the English ones. The cost of travelling is about the same as in England. The theatres and concerts are somewhat cheaper.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A (p. 221).

CORNELL University, at Ithaca, in New York, founded a few years since by a munificent citizen whose name it bears, has introduced a new system of collegiate education, aiming to receive a poorer class of students, and to unite with book learning a practical knowledge, which will enable the students to support themselves, both while pursuing their studies and after having finished the university course. The plan has had a very marked success. The following, quoted from an American account of the university, will illustrate at once the nature of the new system and its results :

“ A student has been employed in sweeping halls and lecture rooms, building fires, and in doing other work in connection with one of the university buildings. He has more than supported himself at the minimum rate per hour, but he has contented himself with the humblest fare, having eaten only three warm meals during the year—an abstinence which peculiar circumstances in his case seem to excuse. In spite of his frugality and his severe physical labour he has carried on four studies—involving an attendance upon twenty class exercises or lectures each week—and at the recent commencement took the highest prize for scholarship in the course in science, which is the most numerous attended of all the courses of study. He also obtained the highest prize in German. A western New York ‘ State student ’ has almost wholly supported himself by acting as one of the table waiters at the university commons, and as an assistant

in the university library. He has also pursued four studies, and in two, at least, of the trimestrial examinations, his average standing in all his studies exceeded that of any other member of the university. A student from Pennsylvania—a carpenter by trade—has earned monthly over forty-five dollars, besides attending all his university exercises with extreme punctuality, and maintaining the highest standing in all his classes. Two or three other carpenters have done nearly or quite as well, being hired by the carpenter in charge of the university edifice now building, and receiving the regular trade wages for each hour's work. A young cabinet maker—a New Yorker—having been permitted to fit up a workshop in a room belonging to the university, has earned between forty and fifty dollars a month in making wardrobes, bookcases, and other articles of furniture. He is an exceedingly good workman, and has passed every examination with marked credit. A student from New Jersey, possessing considerable knowledge of printing and owning a small Gordon press, has done such an amount of work for the university and other persons as to earn during the last month of the closing Trimester no less than seventy dollars. His average, however, has been about fifty dollars. Three other printers have been engaged in Ithaca offices during the afternoon of each day when no exercises take place in the university, and during the whole day on Saturdays. Their earnings, as compositors, have exceeded forty dollars a month each. Two students—one of them from Massachusetts—have succeeded in paying all their expenses, by practising their trade of painter. Their standing, like that of the generality of the manual labour students, is good in all their studies. Two students, coming direct from Bedford, England—the one a carpenter and the other a photographer—have not only nearly completed with their own hands a neat cottage of four rooms on ground assigned them by the university, but have earned a considerable sum beside. One of them is a remarkably good classical scholar; the other took the second prize in German. Ten or twelve students have been regularly employed upon the farm of the institution. They have taken care, with some irregular assistance from other students, of 200 acres of land—ploughing and tilling nearly fifty acres—of a dairy of ten cows, of two spans of

horses, of a horticultural garden, and of two orchards. This work has had to be nearly all done in the early morning, before the beginning of class exercises, and in the afternoon. By boarding in clubs and by purchasing their supplies at wholesale, these students have all paid their way. There are no better scholars in the university than several of them, and one was the recipient of a founder's prize of fifty dollars.

"These are only isolated cases, and do not represent the variety of trades and professions practised by the young men of the Cornell University. One student has compiled and put to press an excellent *Directory of Ithaca*, which will undoubtedly supply him with means for a residence of several Trimesters at the university. Quite a number have been employed as masons and plasterers during the afternoons and on Saturdays, either by the university authorities or by private individuals. Many have found situations as private tutors in Ithaca families, or have opened classes in elementary branches not taught by the university, such as Greek and Latin grammar, penmanship, music, fencing, phonography, and common English studies. Some have acted as book agents, or, as agents for the sale of other articles, have canvassed Ithaca and the vicinity in the hours not devoted to study or lectures, and have made longer business excursions to other towns on Saturdays and during vacations. A few, possessing special acquirements, have been engaged as assistants to professors in the laboratories, library, and museums. Several students, not being skilled artisans, were formed, early in the year, into a labour corps, and set at working, grading the university grounds, building roads, paths, and causeways, picking up stones, and removing rubbish. They have earned sums varying according to the number of hours which they have found it practicable to give to such labour.

"About a third of the whole number of students—that is, over 100—have been engaged in some practical occupation, and have thus contributed toward the expenses of their education. As the town of Ithaca increases in size, and as the plans and means of the institution are developed, a much larger body of young men will be able to obtain employment, and results still more striking than any given above will doubtless be attained. The university workshops, when completed, will furnish work to a considerable number of stu-

dents. The University Press, now about to go into operation, will need, during the coming year, ten or twelve skilful compositors, and none but such as have entered the university and are regularly pursuing their studies will be employed. The various edifices which are to be constructed by the University will, it is hoped, be built in part by student labour. The result of the whole experiment thus far has been well summed up in the recently-issued *University Register* for 1868-9. The conclusion there reached is to the effect that skilled labour can generally support a young man at the university; and that even unskilled labour when accompanied by rigid economy, an earnest will, and the requisite power of physical endurance, can do much toward defraying the cost of a collegiate education. The Cornell University would therefore seem to be specially adapted to those youths who have already spent one, two, or more years in acquiring some knowledge of a particular trade or profession. Such would find little difficulty in pursuing there, to the point of graduation, a thorough course of university instruction."

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BY

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE,

CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES AT BRADFORD.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE ARTS IN AMERICA: Love of music—Favourite ballads and negro melodies—The opera—American sculptors and painters—Picture galleries	1

CHAPTER II.

AMERICAN AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES: The drama in America—The theatres—Favourite actors—The Booths, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman—The comedians—Burlesque—Public balls—Masquerades—Fairs—Racing and yachting, skating and sleighing	13
---	----

CHAPTER III.

SUBURBAN LIFE: The homes of Longfellow and Lowell—Social and domestic life in the suburban towns—Suburban pastimes—Croquet—"Coasting"—Villas on the Hudson	33
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

NATIONAL AND SOCIAL ANNIVERSARIES: Christmas—New Year's day—Thanksgiving—Independence day—Anniversary week—The spiritualists—Woman's rights conventions—Orange celebrations—St. Patrick's day	44
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
SUMMER RESORTS: The Catskills—The Adirondacks—Saratoga—Niagara—Jaunts westward—Newport in the season	72

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER RESORTS CONTINUED: The White Mountains—Among the New Hampshire lakes and hills	92
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

RURAL LIFE: An American village—Among the farmers—Everyday farm life—The Irish labourers—Country boys and girls in the city	107
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE: Summer in the country—Sports and pastimes—Excursions—Picnics—Serenading parties—A country ball—Sunday among the farmers—Corn-husking—Apple-bees—Quilting—Maple-sugar parties—Agricultural fairs—Sleighing and skating	133
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA: The steamboats—Racing on the Mississippi—Steamboats on the gulf and lakes	155
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

RAILWAYS: Improvements—Travelling luxuries and customs—The carriages—Sleeping-cars and restaurants—Carsaloons—The railway stations—The western railways—Newsboys and pedlars—The luggage system—The Pacific railroad	169
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
THE PROFESSIONS: The medical profession—The sects and clergy—The American episcopal church—Voluntaryism—Church polity—The clerical profession—Provision for the poor—Popular preachers—The Beechers—The revivals and revivalists—Negro preachers and meetings—Camp meetings—The Roman Catholics	195

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND LITERARY PEOPLE: Historians: Prescott, Bancroft, Motley—Poets: Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes—Novelists: Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe—The transcendentalists: Emerson—The humorists—Female writers—Other writers—The international copyright	228
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS: The enterprise and characteristics of the press—Bennett and the <i>Herald</i> —Greeley and the <i>Tribune</i> —Advertising—Weekly papers—The provincial press—The editorial profession—Magazine literature—Lyceums and lecturers	255
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

EMIGRATION: The foreigner in America—The Germans and Irish—The prosperity of emigrants—The homestead privileges—How to get western farms—The new West; its growth and advantages—The new South—The South as it was, and as it is—Emigration to the South—Middle class emigrants	275
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

	PAGE
THE CHINESE IN AMERICA	298

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EXTENT AND PRODUCTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES . .	306
---	-----

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA : *Love of music—Favourite ballads and negro melodies—The opera—American sculptors and painters—Picture galleries.*

THE love of the arts of painting, sculpture, and music has always been a trait of cultivated American society, and is constantly growing. The national character is inventive and imaginative. The educated men and women have almost always good taste, as well in dress and in the adornment of their homes, as in their impressions of landscapes, monuments, and operas. Especially fond are the people, high and low, of music. There is scarcely a house, in town or village, without its piano; the young woman who cannot play is but half-educated; no young lady, unaccomplished in this art, would venture upon "coming out" in fashionable society. The universal custom of piano-playing and singing, which are the *sine quâ non* of evening parties and "sociables," gives rare opportunities to the hun-

dreds of German “professors of music,” and Italian teachers in singing, who are to be found in the American cities. They come from Europe in large numbers—some having left their own country for political reasons, others in the spirit of adventure, others attracted by the stories of fortunes gained, which have come from friends who have already emigrated. Many meet with success; they arrive seedy and shabby—ere long they are the most elegant, sleekest of men. They find giving lessons by the hour, at high prices, a profitable task; for every American mamma must engage a foreign professor; native teachers are at a discount. While the misses are toiling at the piano, their brothers, likely enough, are practising the violin, the flute, or the bugle—for almost every young man has his favourite instrument, and is anxious to become a presentable performer.

Often a number of young people get together for an amateur concert; one plays the piano, another a violin, a third a flute, and so on; and thus many an evening is pleasantly passed. There is singing everywhere. The church choirs, in town and country, are favourite resorts for young and old; and many of them are noted for the fine music they give. On Sunday, as you pass through the town, you will hear psalm singing in the houses in every street; on summer evenings, glees and negro melodies and opera airs greet your ears, coming out through the open windows. In the public schools the children are taught to sing almost as soon as they

can spell. College glee clubs, in vacation, often travel through the country, giving concerts, and thus paying the expenses of their summer excursions. Choral festivals are frequent; concerts and operas are encouraged by enthusiastic popular support. Even the Crystal Palace concerts have been outdone—in magnitude at least—by the great Peace Jubilee, which was held not long ago in Boston. That was a culmination of the popular love for music, the most practical illustration of the keenness with which the Americans enjoy it.

Imagine an immense wooden edifice, with double the capacity of the Roman Coliseum, five hundred feet long, filled to overflowing day after day; a chorus of over ten thousand souls; a thousand-piped organ; an orchestra of more than a thousand performers, with two hundred fiddles and twenty-five bass drums; artillery and church bells outside helping the musical roar within; sixty thousand listeners—as many as there are souls in Plymouth; and with all the singers, the orchestra, the cannons and bells, Verdi's "Anvil chorus" rung out with the aid of a hundred anvils! It is singular that, with all this fondness for music, America has produced no great composers. Ballads and melodies have been the highest result of musical inventiveness; for the nobler achievements of the art, America, as England, has been forced to resort to the composers of Germany, Italy, and France—to Mozart and Beethoven, to Rossini and Bellini, to Auber and Gounod. The compositions of the great continental masters are as

keenly appreciated in America as in the nations where they were produced. *Lucretia Borgia* and *Faust*, *The Barber of Seville* and *Don Giovanni*, are everywhere popular ; you may hear their airs in the drawing rooms and concert halls, as well as whistled by the street boys and ground out on the hand organs. I know not that an attempt has ever been made to bring upon the stage any opera or oratorio written by an American ; and this is the more strange, as in the other departments of art—in painting and sculpture—there are Americans whose works may worthily compare with those of the most talented European artists. Americans are as fond of domestic and sentimental melodies as are the English. The old Scotch and Irish ballads appeal as warmly to their hearts as if they were of native inspiration. How often does one hear “Kathleen Mavourneen,” and “The fine old Irish gentleman,” “The low-backed car,” and “Rory O'More,” “'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,” and “Coming thro' the rye,” “Annie Lawrie,” and “Scots wha hae,” in American homes ! And if they have borrowed these from the British Islands, and are never wearied of them, the English recover the debt by quickly catching up the Yankee war songs and the negro melodies. An American comes across the Atlantic to hear in the streets of London the selfsame tunes which last fell upon his ear in the streets at home. The Londoners are “wishing they were in Dixie” as lustily as the Southerners were wont to do ; they are all the same singing “the battle-

cry of freedom ;" " The dark gal dressed in blue," and " Sally come up," have taken possession of the London hand organ ; the English provincial ballad singer is retailing, amid great applause, " Kingdom a-comin'," and " The land o' Canaan."

Negro melodies are, perhaps, the most characteristic product of the American propensity for music. They are an amusingly striking illustration of negro life in the South, especially as it was in the days of slavery, and many of them are faithful reflections of the quaint wit and overflowing jollity, as well as the more pathetic and religious shades of the negro character. What is more touching, as portraying the feeling of a negro for a kind master, than the words and tune of " Massa's in the cold, cold ground"? Or what could more vividly describe the negro's love of display and fun than " Kingdom a-comin' "? There is something in the negro melodies which makes them, among Americans, permanently popular. You hear them everywhere ; a new song spreads through the States like wildfire. In many of the cities there are negro minstrel " opera-houses" permanently established and fitted up for the purpose ; in which companies, imitative of the " original Christys," regale their audiences with the latest " hit" of a song, conundrums new and old, negro farces, stump speeches, banjo solos, clog dances, and darkey burlesques on the popular operas. Songs, allusive of some recent event, and containing humorous local allusions, are introduced, and seldom ill received.

The civil war naturally developed many "battle hymns" and patriotic ballads, some of which possessed merits which gave them enduring popularity and value. Perhaps the finest of these war songs was "The battle hymn of the Republic," a grand piece, sung to the tune of "John Brown," which made its authoress, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, famous in a day. Of national airs America has several; which is *the* national air possibly no two Americans agree. "Yankee Doodle" is, perhaps, the most familiar; it was a song of the revolution, and is the oldest of the national airs. "Hail, Columbia," "The star-spangled banner," "The red, white, and blue," and "America, 'tis of thee"—the last an imitation of, and sung to the same tune as, "God save the Queen"—have each its claims to be considered the national air, and are each defended by zealous champions. "Hail to the chief" is played by the bands when any dignitary is fêted, passes in procession, ascends a platform, or enters a public assembly—as for instance, when the President receives public honours.

The opera and oratorio are much appreciated in America, and their popularity may be estimated by the fact that the most famous European artistes find it profitable to cross the Atlantic. Some of the opera houses are magnificent in their proportions and luxury of decoration and comfort. Crosby's opera house in Chicago, Pike's in Cincinnati, and the Academy of Music in New York, are perhaps not inferior to the famed

temples of histrionic art in London, Paris, and Vienna. Operatic enterprise is confined, however, to two or three energetic impresarios, who, for the most part, resort to Europe for their prime donne, tenors, basses, and baritones, and who give seasons of opera in the different cities in turn. America, if not productive of great composers, may yet boast of some excellent singers. Adelina Patti and Carlotta Patti, though not born in America, grew up and received their education there; and European connoisseurs have listened with praise to two young American prime donne who have not yet, perhaps, reached the zenith of their fame—Miss Kellogg and Miss Hauck. The opera season in the large cities is looked forward to with eagerness by the fashionable circles. The reserved places are engaged as soon as offered; and the dressmakers and milliners receive a new supply of work as the time approaches when the ladies will sweep down the aisles of the opera house arrayed in the richest and daintiest costumes. The opera becomes the main resource of those who find it a difficult task to begin a ball-room conversation. People wonder who the new prima donna is, and are “frantic” to hear her; they are delighted that that dear Signore Squeelini is going to appear again as Manrico and Edgar; they hope the impresario has managed to secure a better chorus. The scene in an American opera house is not less brilliant than at Covent Garden or the Italiens—only that the gaudy uniforms, stars, and ribbons, so often seen in monarchical

countries, is wanting. Every one goes in full dress—and full dress, with the fashionable ladies, means low-necked robes of silk and satin, plenteous expensive lace, opera cloaks, and jewels without stint. The operas are well put on the stage, the actors' costumes are elegant, and the *mise en scène* elaborate. The Americans have, from time to time, enjoyed the same great artistes who have previously called applause from the crowded houses of London and Paris. The reception which Jenny Lind received across the Atlantic was enough to turn the head of a less modest warbler. Vast impromptu theatres were erected purposely to accommodate the eager multitudes who longed to hear her. Prices rose to fabulous heights; men paid twenty and fifty dollars for narrow chairs in the aisles; the sums she received amounted to half-a-dozen fortunes. Her progress was a continual ovation; it was difficult to escape the homage of the frantic crowds who followed her. New York and Philadelphia raved in turn over Mario and Grisi, over bright little Piccolomini, over the queenly Malibran, over the Pattis, over Harrison with his English opera, over Ellsler, Celeste, and Lola Montes. The native singers have been not the less enthusiastically welcomed; and Misses Kellogg, Harris, and Hauck, Signoras Susini, Morensi, Virginia Whiting, and Adelaide Phillips,—all Americans—have won laurels on the native stage, not less worthy than those of their foreign rivals.

In sculpture, architecture, and painting, America

has good reason to be satisfied with the works of her children. There are to be found in Florence and Rome little colonies of American painters and sculptors, who, beginning their artistic education at home, have resorted thither to complete it, and send thence to their distant land many sculptures and paintings to adorn it. Of the sculptors, perhaps the most eminent are Thomas Ball and Hiram Powers, the latter a native of remote Vermont, whose "Greek Slave" is world-renowned, and who unites with unquestioned artistic genius a genial hospitality to his wandering countrymen. His studio is one of the favourite resorts of Americans who go to Italy; he works assiduously, and the fruits of his labours are scattered through the American cities. Another American sculptor of note is Mr. Story, the nephew of a former judge of the national Supreme Court, and who is as well a vivid and graceful author. The statue of George Peabody, recently uncovered by the Prince of Wales in the city of London, is from his chisel. There is in Italy a young American coloured lady, Edmonia Lewis, whose talent in sculpture is already widely admired, and who has produced more than one proof of artistic genius. Sculpture in America is a rapidly growing profession. Art is more and more appreciated and encouraged every year. The rich love to adorn their houses with its graces. The man of genius no longer starves unknown and despairing. The public buildings and squares are being ornamented by handsome monuments, noble statues, and the pretty

lighter fancies of the artist : history, tradition, and imagination suggest the subjects.

The painters are, however, much more numerous than the sculptors. Painting was very early a flourishing art in America. John Singleton Copley, father of the late Lord Lyndhurst, was an artist in Boston before the War of Independence. John Trumbull and Benjamin West became famous painters before the close of the last century. The former executed a number of large historical paintings illustrative of the revolutionary war, which are now to be seen in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington ; and at New Haven there is attached to the university a gallery of his happiest productions. West—a native of Philadelphia—came to England, became a favourite with George III., and was the first and only American who rose to the presidency of the Royal Academy. Some of his best paintings may be seen at Hampton Court. Charles Wilson Peale, Washington Allston, and Thomas Cole were, early in this century, eminent as painters ; Gilbert Stuart was perhaps a greater artist than either, and painted several portraits of Washington, which are pronounced no less admirable likenesses than beautiful works of art. Rembrandt Peale, son of Charles Peale, and who was within a few years living in vigorous old age at Philadelphia, was also a painter of genius, in his early youth painted Washington's portrait, and was long the Nestor of American art. These may be placed in the same rank with Reynolds, Lawrence, and

Gainsborough. The later school of American artists shows no falling off from the standard established by the older generation. There is more originality, boldness, imagination, in the present school. Those who visited the Paris Exposition could not but have remarked the rich Rocky Mountain landscape scenery of Bierstadt, the brilliant representation of Niagara by Church. The landscape painters are perhaps the best, and no wonder; for what exhaustless resources to the artist does the wild and grand scenery of America—with its lofty Rocky Mountain ranges, its deep dipping valleys, its rugged ledges, its vast prairie plains, its clear lakes with the brightest of skies and the clearest of atmospheres overhead—present! Often as you wander through lovely solitudes near some mountain or lake resort, you will observe a little canvas tent, before it an easel, at which sits and paints, in wide-brimmed hat and working frock, some hirsute artist, happy to ply his art amid the bounties of nature, under the clear still sky, and in peace amid the tranquillity of the rural solitude. Many artists own their little cottages in picturesque regions, and resort there, toiling with enthusiasm the summer long; while now and then they will, to distract them, receive flying visits from groups of pleasure seekers who have wandered from the mile-distant hotel, or take a plunge in the lake, or follow some trout stream far up through the primeval wood.

Almost every city and town has its picture gallery; and traders in pictures often fit up, in the rear of their

shops, a neat apartment where pictures, whether for sale or "on show," are tastefully hung, which are favourite resorts for the ladies, and which are free for all the world to enter. Thus both fashion and genuine national taste foster the arts; and the true artist need no longer fear in America the garret, or squalid want, or blank starvation.

CHAPTER II.

AMERICAN AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES: *The drama in America — The theatres — Favourite actors — The Booths, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman — The comedians — Burlesque — Public balls — Masquerades — Fairs — Racing and yachting, skating and sleighing.*

It is curious how it almost always happens that during and immediately after a war there is a popular rage for theatres. Never were the Parisians and Londoners more fond of flocking in satin and broadcloth to the boxes, and in shabbiness to the pit, than during the great wars early in this century. The Kembles and Edmund Kean, in England, reaped to the full the benefit of this sensation. The civil war in America was attended by a similar phenomenon. Never were the managers so happy and prosperous; never were the theatres so crowded; never were good actors and actresses in so much demand, as in the lugubrious days when the struggle on Southern fields was doubtful, and Victory held herself above the fighters, uncertain where to perch. New theatres were built in many of the cities; the public seemed to resort to them to dispel the sombre hue of the prevailing thought and suspense. During and

since the war this fondness for the histrionic art has continued to grow ; and now, more than ever, the Americans love to be amused alike by tragedy, fine old comedy, and the "free-and-easy" nonsense of the burlesque. Time was, and not so very long ago, when a very large portion of the New Englanders, descendants of the starch old Puritans, were wont to look on theatre-going as a sin, a sure sign of depravity, not a whit better than gambling, drinking, or thieving. The horror with which the Puritans regarded theatres almost amounted to a monomania. They anathematised them in the pulpits ; they forbade them in their laws ; they transmitted their hatred of them to their children. They were fountains of corruption, temples of the devil, next-doors to the infernal regions. It took their descendants long to overcome this bitter prejudice. Perhaps there still lingers a shade of it. There are many families who will not go or permit their children to go, and thus make a silent protest against the custom. Yet theatres have rapidly increased, and now flourish bravely in the New England states, and the old horror of the stage seems gradually to be dying away. While theatres were under the ban of the community, their moral standard was naturally far from high ; they could only pander to the tastes of the vulgar. A marked improvement has ensued from the greater toleration of the respectable. In New York and in the South and West the stage has never been the bugbear among the well-to-do classes which it was

in New England ; but the theatres are more sought now than ever. The theatrical profession has become a lucrative one ; the supply of good actors by no means keeps pace with the demand. The smaller towns all have their theatres ; they depend upon provincial tours of the city companies for their best entertainments ; there are few or no strolling companies ; and, in the interval, the country theatres must put up with the indifferent performances of their stock supply, with occasional concerts and lyceum lectures.

The tendency toward greater luxury which is apparent in America betrays itself in the sumptuousness with which the newer theatres have been built and fitted up. Each one aims to be an improvement on the others ; in many of those more recently opened you sit as cosily and comfortably as if you were in your own well lighted, warm, soft carpeted drawing room. Proprietors vie with each other in making their houses models of ease and comfort, while the decorations and stage scenes have become much more ambitious than in the older houses. The American theatres are generally more convenient than the English ones. The seats are not so narrow and cramped ; more space is given to the audience, but not so great a variety of places and prices is offered. The arrangement of the house is somewhat different. The body of the hall is occupied by ranges of cushioned seats rising one range a little behind the other, and called the "parquette." There is seldom a pit, at an inferior price, behind ; the few front rows, called the "orchestra

seats," are divided off from the rest, and a higher price demanded for them. There are few theatres in which tiers of boxes run completely around the galleries; there are, perhaps, half-a-dozen boxes on either side of the stage, and this is all; and the greater portion of the galleries comprises open rows of cushioned benches. The Americans are not so exclusive—are not so fond of being apart, by themselves—as the English; hence the demand for isolated boxes is not so great. There are three rows of galleries: the first is called the "balcony;" the second, the "family circle;" the third, the "amphitheatre." The latter is sometimes jocosely called—from the fact that negro spectators were formerly limited to this gallery—the "nigger heaven," or, Latinised, "cœlum Africanum;" but in the opera house the democratic connoisseur of music is fain to resort there, despite the cheap price and the ironical name, as being the best place of all to hear the music. The fashionable parts of the theatre are the parquette, or what the English would call the pit, and the balcony, or first gallery. The average prices are a dollar for the orchestra chairs, seventy-five cents for the balcony and parquette, fifty for the family circle, twenty-five for the amphitheatre. The boxes cost from five to twenty dollars a night. Few people take season tickets; when, however, the opera or some noted star is announced, these are engaged.

There is much native dramatic talent in America in every department of the art; and the patronage

which the theatres receive enables foreign actors to cross the Atlantic to their own profit and fame. Many of the great English actors of the present century have visited the United States. Edmund Kean and Charles Kemble, Charles Kean and Macready, Charles Mathews and Fanny Kemble, have all won additional laurels on the American stage. Rachel and Ristori, and many other continental stars, have appeared on the stage at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Junius Brutus Booth came from England to create so great an admiration for his dramatic genius that he is still remembered with enthusiasm. He became famous, and died, in America, and left a son to preserve and enhance the dramatic fame of the family. Booth the elder was one of those crazy, dissipated, reckless men of whom the history of the drama presents so many examples. He often became so wrapt in his part on the stage that it was dangerous to act with him. Once, believing himself to be really Richard, he chased a poor Richmond out of the theatre, sword in hand, and rushed howling up the street in hot pursuit of him. His Richard and Othello were marvellous exhibitions of passionate power and continuous illusion; but he ruined himself with dissipation, and died while in the very zenith of his fame. His son, Edwin Booth, is yet a young man, and is unquestionably a great actor; many think him the first on the American stage. His Hamlet is almost faultless. With the hereditary talent, he possesses a remarkably handsome and expressively melancholy face;

a sweet yet powerful voice, and a native grace of manner, which greatly enhance the effect of his acting. His swarthy complexion and gloomy beauty betray a Hamlet before he opens his lips. He is polished and artistic—one of those artists in whom art has done its utmost, and in whom impulse is always under control. His favourite plays are the Shakespeare tragedies; his favourite parts, Hamlet and Iago. His versatility is marked; for, as a high comedian, he has few superiors. In “Don Cæsar de Bazan” and the “Honeymoon” he is as rollicking and gay in his fun, as in “Hamlet” and the “Iron Chest” he is lowering and stormy. His brothers, John Wilkes Booth and Junius Brutus Booth, also inherited from the elder Booth some histrionic talent; both were far inferior to Edwin. The first was a morbid, dissipated man, and culminated a life of debauchery by enacting the fearful drama of the assassination of President Lincoln. The latter is the manager of a Boston theatre, and still acts, though his performances call forth none of that enthusiasm with which his brother Edwin is everywhere greeted. As the sun of Edwin Booth’s fame was rising, that of another, and to many a far greater actor, was setting. Edwin Forrest, after the elder Booth’s death, long held undisputed the championship of the American stage. Endowed with a powerful physique, robust and iron-solid in form and limb, a Titan in muscular force, with a voice and lungs capable of sustaining the heaviest strain; nature in these gave Forrest a great advantage. In those parts

wherein endurance and long sustained physical force were required there has been no American actor his equal. Passionate, stormy, loud, often ranting and raging and plunging, Forrest was wonderful in depicting the more rugged and uncontrollable emotions of humanity. He was full of faults; he gave opportunity every moment to the cavilling of the critic; he had not the polish, the care, the self control of the younger Booth; but he could rise to greater heights of passion; he could carry you in a very whirlwind of emotion; he depicted with far greater power the *intensity* of rage and of the spirit of revenge, of jealousy, and crafty malice. As "Jack Cade," "Metamoras," "Damon," "Timon," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Lear," America certainly has not seen his rival. His performances of "Richelieu" and of "Wolsey" were scarcely less notable; here he dealt with a craft which at times could not control the emotions, with the struggle of physical feebleness against mental fire and energy; and here he showed how he could portray the finer and subtler passions as well as the stormy ones.

Charlotte Cushman—a noble-hearted lady as well as a great artiste—was at one time the foremost actress on the American stage. Her favourite parts were those from the standard tragedies. She was wonderful as Meg Merriles, and looked and seemed the weird old witch to perfection. As Lady Macbeth, her whisper, in the sleep-walking scene, could be heard, and made the blood run cold in the remotest corner of the galle-

ries. After spending her youth and early middle age on the stage, she retired full of honours and with a fortune, and now lives in Rome, where her benevolence and hospitality have established her in the affections of the community. The English theatre-goer has been able to judge for himself of the talents of Miss Bateman, perhaps the most popular American actress now on the stage. Julia Dean, Miss Henriques, Mrs. Hoey, Maggie Mitchell, and Miss Heron have been or are also popular actresses. With comedians, high and low, the American stage is well supplied. Has not London laughed over the infectious drolleries of J. S. Clarke, in Major Wellington De Boots—over the quaint simplicity and humour of Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle—over the idiotic ludicrousness of Sothern in Lord Dundreary? You must go to America to see the real verdant “down east” Yankee faithfully portrayed; the English imitation is hardly striking. Of the higher comedy characters—the Falstaffs and Doctor Ollapods, the Tony Lumpkins and Sir Peter Teazles, the Lucius O’Triggers and Dolly Spankers—there are many American representatives. Burton, the elder Wallack, Gilbert, Blake, Hackett, were artistic comedians, having all the polish and vivacity of their English *confrères*.

Fashions in the drama, as in other things, quickly reach America from Europe. The despot Burlesque has invaded New York and Boston, and for the past year or two extravaganzas and parodies have been all the rage. A majority of the New York theatres aban-

doned themselves to the empire of short dresses, gaudy scenery, and slangy nonsense. One was dazzled with light and colour, with gay glees, with lovely faces and graceful limbs—startled at coarse songs, low wit, slang, and loose manners. The pantomime—that traditional joy of British children, with its invariable slappings of wooden swords, leaping through windows, and hoodwinkings of the obstinate papa, has found its way across the Atlantic and is fairly domiciled there. Some of the theatres are noted for the excellence of their local companies. Wallack's, in New York, Selwyn's and the Museum in Boston, and the Walnut-street Theatre, in Philadelphia, are model houses, where not only every comfort and stage effect are carefully provided, but the inferior as well as the leading parts are finely acted. Lester Wallack, the manager of the first, is the best “accomplished rake” and “fine gentleman of society” on the American stage. It is, however, a general fault with American theatres that they are “all head and no tail;” that is, that while the leading actors are good, the inferior *rôles* are miserably done, and spoil the effect even of the best Macbeth or Lear. It is pitiable to see some of the acting in the smaller towns—by stolid lumps of flesh, and stutterers, and ruthless assassins of grammar, and ambitious loud bellowing block-heads. Even in the cities this defect is marked. I have seen Booth and Forrest heroically struggling through Othello and Hamlet, with idiotic looking Iagos, thick

voiced Horatios, simpering Desdemonas, and lackadaisical Ophelias, confronting them in every scene.

The Shakesperian dramas are more frequently played and more popular in America than in England; you see oftener even the plays of Sheridan, Knowles, Lytton, and Morton. There are, in every city, casinos and "Alhambras," "operas comiques," and singing halls, where the less cultivated orders of society and "fast" young men and women are regaled with ballet and comic songs, pantomimes and jigs. The audience sit around little tables, and liquors and cigars are supplied at high prices by the establishment. These are ever and anon descended upon by the police and shut up, but to open again in another place and in quieter times. The numbers of Germans who live in the towns have made it profitable to open lager beer saloons, where the guests are regaled with songs and band music; in summer they may sit outside in the arbours and under the trees, where they sip their beverage and listen to the cheap harmonies provided for them.

Giving and going to balls are as fashionable in America as giving and going to dinners in England. The Englishman celebrates all special occasions—the anniversary of a society, the arrival of a notability, the completion of a railway line, the political victory of a M.P., by right generous feasts, which expand the heart and produce a general good feeling. The Americans must, on these occasions, have a ball. The Prince of Wales was kept busy dancing in every American city he

visited ; and mayor's wives vied with up-town belles for his hand in the cotillons and his arm in the waltzes. The ball which was given in honour of Charles Dickens, when, still a young man, he first visited America, is still remembered in the traditions of Gotham. Kossuth was forced to pause in his plaintive appeals while he tripped the light fantastic toe ; the Russian admirals and the Japanese mandarins, *bon gré mal gré*, were forced to learn the American version of the saltatory art. The President is ushered into his office by a ball ; firemen and militia companies are perpetually giving them ; balls celebrate the opening of the Pacific railroad, the success of the Atlantic cable, the election of a governor ; in the country, balls—which I hope to describe more fully in another place, —are frequent and rollicking, the most hearty genuine balls, of true rustic lustiness, imaginable ; balls are held to help the maimed soldiers and disabled sailors—to fête the convention of doctors or men of science, who have assembled in the town—to celebrate the tin weddings, the silver weddings, the golden weddings of married couples advancing over the hill of life—to honour birthdays and weddings—to welcome anniversaries—to dedicate Freemasons' halls, and new court houses, and hotels which for the first time are thrown open to public patronage. Dancing masters are continually giving balls ; schools close their terms by treating the boys and girls to a hearty parting dance. Unless you dance, you are ostracised to the drawing room corners, and must be content

to talk stocks with the old gentlemen, or polite scandal with the matrons ; the damsels will have none of you.

At all the dancing schools, fashionable and ordinary, an evening in each week is set apart for a general soiree ; the pupils go free, but any outsider who likes may participate in the sport by paying a fee of admission. At the schools of the lower middle classes, these occasions are "free-and-easy" and rollicking enough. The dressmakers and young mechanics are in their glory ; they dance as working people, who toil hard and yearn for a relief, only can ; and these dancing halls are rendezvous of lovers, and places where young folk "become attached," and make their little plans for life. Lower down in the social strata, dancing halls are equally popular. If you would see life in the more wretched districts of the cities, you must penetrate the squalid streets late at night, escorted by a policeman or two who know the favourite haunts. You dive deep down into the black alleys, descend into damp murky cellars, pass through long rickety corridors, and emerge into equally rickety rooms, where squalidity and poverty hold their reckless carnival. The sights you see you are apt not to impart in detail to the family circle ; you omit them—unless, indeed, you propose to yourself a sensational "amateur casual" article—from your diary. Drunkenness, debauchery, filth of person, of conversation, and of manners, revolt you on every side. It is a crazy reckless bacchanal ; the shouts of excited pleasure take the form of oaths

and blasphemy; the poor wretches abandon themselves to a momentary forgetfulness of their miseries in antics revolting and outrageous. It is the same everywhere: you will not discover much difference between the orgies of Five Points and those of the Seven Dials or the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Masquerades and "fancy balls" are popular. During the season the aristocratic folk of Madison Square and Beacon Street give many masked balls, and the display of costumes rivals that of the French opera on its masquerade night. To the traditional "Night" and "Morning," "Cavalier of Charles II." and "Hamlet," "Fat Boys" and "Original Yankees," "Joan of Arc," and "Louis XIV.," darkeys and monkeys, skeletons and monks,—Yankee inventiveness, and the lavishness of the rich, often add original and unique devices. Sheafs of corn, fishes of wonderful anatomy, arm-chairs and may-poles, pillars and towers of Babel, birds and affectionate bears, move about through the saloons, and dance and flirt with one another. Many public masquerade balls are given during the winter, an entrance fee being charged; these are less select than hilarious, but afford many amusing scenes to the looker-on. There are societies which make it an object to parade the streets on certain nights in the most ludicrous disguises, in torchlight procession, to the delectation of the citizens: perhaps the "Antiques and Horribles," of Boston, are the best known; and university students find great amusement in similar performances.

From the old countries the Americans have borrowed the custom of having fairs; and this is the favourite method of raising funds for church or benevolent purposes. If an Episcopal or Methodist society wish to make an addition to their house of worship, or build a parsonage, or provide for their poor, or send their weak-lunged minister to Europe, or procure a library for the Sunday school, they forthwith set to work getting up a fair. The young women begin to dress dolls, to work slipper patterns, to make fancy watch-fobs; the matrons employ themselves in the busy baking and frosting of huge cakes, the preparing of boned turkeys, the pickling of oysters, the making of ice-creams. Perhaps the fair is held in the church vestry. The carpenters have been busy erecting long wooden tables; this done, the young people resort thither on a certain afternoon, and proceed to decorate the room—looping here and there festoons of evergreens, disposing fantastical bouquets of flowers, hanging the “stars and stripes,” and amid it all, having a right jolly time with those sly sayings and merry antics in which the youth of the sexes, when together, delight. It is a struggle who shall preside at the various tables—the young ladies are all anxious for a place. The fair opened, a lively bartering and selling goes on; there is music at one end of the room; the young gentlemen are ill able to resist the appeals of the damsels to buy this slipper pattern or that necktie, and are sorely mulcted for their gallantry; the young ladies invade

them on every side with "grab-bags;" there is at one end of the tables a "post office," where any one may purchase a most thrilling love-letter for six paltry cents; here a raffle for a lordly cake is going on; there is a "fortune wheel," which, for five cents, revolves, and tells you your destiny in a twinkling; here again is a great family Bible, destined for the parson, and for the purchase of which you may subscribe what you like, and have your name appear on the subscription list for what you give. In some fairs you will see, perhaps, an elegant sword; for a certain sum a vote is accorded to you; and enough votes having been sold to pay for the martial weapon, a ballot is taken, and the general or colonel receiving the most votes receives it. The devices for forcing fifty cent pieces out of masculine pockets are innumerable and unique: and the fairs are besides lively scenes, where all enjoy themselves in the midst of the amateur commerce.

Racing, yachting, and kindred sports grow more popular every year. Especially in New York are horses the rage, and many of the wealthiest men take pride in their turn-outs. The annual scene at the great race-course near the city is only less striking than that at Epsom on Derby day; and betting, gambling, side-shows, and brilliant grand stands are quite as much the order of the day. In the harbours you will see multitudes of pretty yachts of every size and make; every fashionable young man must have one; and yacht racing has become a popular pastime. Some adventur-

ous yachtsmen have ventured with their vessels across the Atlantic ; and the American enterprise in this regard has been witnessed by the English, in the famous race from New York to Cowes which took place several years ago. There are annual boat races everywhere ; the universities have an exciting contest in July on Quinsigamond ; on Independence day there are races wherever there is water enough to float the boats ; and a boat race has got to be a *sine quâ non* in all the public celebrations and anniversaries. In the summer the ladies delight to sail out into the harbours and bays, and there are many parties, on pleasant days, tacking about, cod or halibut fishing, and having cozy fish-chowder dinners in the little yacht cabins.

But there is one class of amusements, enjoyed everywhere in the Northern states, the pleasures of which are almost unknown to the English. The snow and ice which remain long on the ground, and which cover the lakes and rivers in the winter season, afford ample skating and sleighing. These pastimes are universal. In town and country alike they are enjoyed to the utmost. Boys—and now, girls—learn to skate almost as soon as they can walk, at an age when the many tumbles necessary to success are not serious. He who cannot skate is an odd fish—a black sheep. The pastime has become fashionable ; the young ladies are as eager to skate as their brothers and sweethearts. In most of the towns there are “skating rinks”—spaces flooded over purposely for the sport, where the ice freezes two

or three feet quite to the earth, and there is no possible danger of breaking through. On the edge of the rink are erected neat little sheds, well warmed, where the skaters may lay aside their cloaks and strap on their skates. For a trifling fee the privileges of the shed and the rink are accorded; and a merrier scene than this presents on a clear cold biting afternoon, when the blood needs warming and the brisk exercise is grateful, it would be hard to imagine. The girls in their short neatly-tucked dresses and jaunty hats, their ears and necks well wrapped up, their hands warmly gloved, their feet encased in slight prettily-fashioned skates, attended by skilful cavaliers, who love to display their many tricks and accomplishments in the art; the groups of racers whizzing hither and thither; now some famous skater, arms folded, swaying gracefully and shooting swiftly, describing complicated circles within circles, carving letters and names and figures in a twinkling, anon going backward, then on one foot, then leaping and making sudden curves; the tyros in the art, prone to linger near the edges, timidly glancing about to see if any one is watching their awkward efforts, making ludicrous zigzags, then abruptly thump! falling flat on the ice, their legs obstinately flying apart, then as pertinaciously sticking together, their faces wearing a look of despair, finally delighted to find that they can accomplish two successive strides; young men, here and there, fastening the skates to the young ladies' ankles, and taking an unconscionable time to do it—not much,

however, apparently, to the damsels' annoyance; couples of girls and boys shooting along evenly together, grasping a cane between them or linked arm in arm. The sight is so charming that the elders are envious, and would fain themselves once more essay their luck on the slippery expanse.

Then the sleighing! On some cold November morning you wake up to hear, in every direction, hundreds of liquid tinkling bells. You glance out of your bedroom window; the earth is clothed, the houses are mantled with a heavy feathery crust of snow, and hither and thither are jingling the sleighs, the whips are lustily cracking, the horses themselves feel the infection in the air, and run briskly, jumping and bounding as if they too rejoiced that the snow had come. Sleighs of every sort and size; shell shaped sleighs, lavishly adorned, brass-rimmed; heavy square sleighs, full of buffalo robes and wrappers; sleighs which are but carts on runners, in one of which your milkman dashes up, and from which he brings out his long tin can; basket sleighs—modest affairs—adopted on a sudden, because the snow was not so soon expected; and great excursion sleighs, with gaudy paint and quaint figure-heads; some triumphal cars, after the Roman model, others looking like circus vans, wherein, ere long, you will see troops of children on their way to the suburbs for a glowing ride, and merry youthful parties bound for a hearty frolic. Carriages and cabs are henceforth at a discount; even the cabs and omnibuses eschew wheels,

appear mounted on runners and turned into sleighs, because nobody will go on wheels nowadays. The carts of the greengrocers and butchers, the drapers and milkmen, have followed the universal fashion, and are either stowed away until the spring sun has melted away the snow, and sleighs adopted in their stead, or are put on runners. On one of the wide roads on the outskirts of the town, any clear winter afternoon, you will see hundreds of sleighs dashing hither and thither, the daintiest and jauntiest of equipages, luxuriously warm and cosy by the aid of skins and blankets, drawn by spirited horses of finest temper, and occupied by the male and female fashionable world. There is racing spite of all that policemen and legislators can do; the very air tempts to it, and intoxicates and makes hilarious. Sleigh after sleigh—their little bells, attached to horse's head and harness, jingling in a frenzy—whirls by you, filled with excited gentlemen half-rising from their seats, and timid ladies trying to look unconcerned, and shoot one beyond the other, then fall behind again; two broad lines of them, one passing down on the right, the other up on the left. Thus they rush up hill and down dale, defiant alike of the law and the danger. Now there is a capsize—two sleighs have hurled themselves against each other; over roll both, spilling, with little ceremony, their human well-dressed load; there is at first a cry of alarm: "Nobody hurt?" then roars of laughter, amid which the confused human jumble, presenting a strange spectacle of frilled petti-

coats and silk stockings mixed up with broadcloth coat-tails and patent leather boots, rights itself, the blushing faces remount the sleighs, and the horses are urged furiously forward. Sometimes the overtipping is not so harmless; there are accidents enough to warn the fast folk; but the pleasure lover seldom takes the warning. I have known the reckless occupant of a sleigh—and it is everywhere a reckless pastime—drive plump upon a railway track, hoping to cross before the engine, which is fast approaching, reaches the spot, and be dashed into pieces, sleigh, horse, and poor mortal, by the fire-eyed avenger of his temerity. When you see an American sleighing-course, you will perhaps judge them a less tristful and sombre people than you had thought.

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CHAPTER III.

SUBURBAN LIFE : *The homes of Longfellow and Lowell—Social and domestic life in the suburban towns—Suburban pastimes—Croquet—"Coasting"—Villas on the Hudson.*

CLUSTERING near the large towns are to be found numerous suburban villages, picturesquely situated, which principally comprise the residences of those who do business in the neighbouring city. Around Boston and New York there are nearly complete circles of these rural towns, where there are no shops excepting those necessary to every-day convenience, and which consist of detached villas, with gardens, orchards, avenues, and lawns. Here and there are churches, with narrow steeples pointing upward, wooden, and painted a glaring white, or built of brown stone, and imitative of the modern church architecture of England. The residences in these suburban towns are almost always wood—"frame" as the Americans say; and in some of the villages you will discover many a century old, with broad heavy beams, ornate window-frames, oaken floors, and spacious verandahs at the sides. In some places—as in Roxbury and Brookline—nature has afforded fine sites, gentle sloping hills, deep valleys, and thick copses of

trees. Everywhere you see the high stately American elm; here and there you discover lawns shaded by stalwart primeval oaks; there are avenues, too, of chestnuts and poplars. The lawyers, merchants, editors, find it pleasant to seek out some pretty villa in the suburbs, where they install their families, and go every morning to the city, returning in the evening to the fresh air, and to sit reading their papers and smoking their cigars under their own semi-rustic "vine and fig-tree." There is provided, in American towns, every facility for leading such a life. Frequent railway trains run to and from the suburban settlements; the men of business cluster, naturally, within easy distance of the station. If, however, you do not care to wait for the train, you have but to jump into one of the numerous horse-cars which pass almost every minute along the tramways in the middle of the road; or, if you prefer a cheaper conveyance, you have still the alternative of jogging into town on the old-fashioned omnibuses, which have been fain to reduce their prices since horse-cars and railways have become their rivals. The American omnibuses have, unfortunately, no outside seats on top; and the devotee of the "vile weed" is thus forced to eschew them. If you take the railway from one of these suburban towns between eight and nine A.M., you will find yourself in the company of many well-dressed business-like-looking men—some with parcels or boxes, others with green baize bags from which parchments and heavy-looking documents peep out, and betray their

owners as lawyers, others unfolding and eagerly perusing the damp morning paper. One of the carriages is set apart for smokers—a cozy little compartment, where the passengers sit facing each other and riding sideways. There is much talking of politics, many discussions on stocks and free trade. The financial column is the part of the paper sought first, and read aloud for the general edification. The gentlemen are all cozy and easy together, chatty and sociable.

Perhaps one of the best examples of the spacious, old-fashioned suburban residences, of which so many are to be found at an easy distance from the cities, is that which is now the home of the poet Longfellow. It possesses the triple interest of being a typical old American mansion, of having rare historic memories, and of being the house from whence have gone out to the world *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. It is situated on a wide, prettily winding road, in Cambridge, near Boston, about half-way between Harvard University and Mount Auburn, the latter one of the most beautiful of American cemeteries. The road is shaded through its whole length by wide-spreading trees, and on either side are handsome residences, mostly detached, and surrounded by lawns and gardens. Noblest and most attractive of all is Longfellow's home. You come upon it somewhat abruptly, reaching it by a turn in the road. A low wall borders the street; beyond is a wide lawn, with a fountain in the centre, and little

flower-beds here and there ; there are lilac bushes on either side, and a plain gate conducts to a foot-walk, by which you reach the old-fashioned portal of the house. The edifice itself is massive, square, substantial, built in the prevailing style of a century or more ago ; plain, venerable, unostentatious, having an appearance of enduring strength ; at one side is a verandah with seats, just by it a group of large shady elms ; behind, a neat garden. The roof is slightly slanting, the windows are high and old-fashioned ; the wooden front and sides have once been painted yellow—here and there the colour is dim from long wearing ; altogether the old place has a tranquil, homely, cozy look, and seems a fit retreat for the musings of the poet. It is still called the “old Washington house ;” for it was there that the hero of the revolutionary war held his head-quarters when he first took command of the patriot army, and from thence he directed the memorable siege of Boston, then held by the royal troops. The patriot chiefs were wont to assemble there in council, and those venerable walls, could they speak, might tell of many an anxious consultation, when the patriot cause was feeble and well nigh hopeless, and its defenders wavered between dim hope and despair. Within, the rooms are low studded ; the hall cheerful and spacious ; the drawing-room and study cozy and genial. Often may you see the famous poet walking briskly to and from the “square,” where the Cambridge post-office and shops are, just by the university buildings ; sometimes

with companions hardly less distinguished than himself—for Cambridge is the residence of many eminent literati. To its people the faces of Lowell, Agassiz, Sumner, Adams, Holmes, are familiar: the two first reside there. Many *noctes ambrosianæ* must the venerable “Washington house” have witnessed, with “feast of wit and flow of soul,” and genial hospitality.

More rustic and retired still is the home of James Russell Lowell, where the *Biglow Papers* and the *Fable for Critics* were doubtless written. A picturesque shady lane branches off from the main road, further on toward Mount Auburn, where there are but few houses scattered here and there. On the right is a woody domain, with garden and orchard, separated by hedges from the lane itself; presently you reach an old-fashioned high wooden gate; at the end of a long stone walk is a venerable house, shaded, less substantial than the “Washington house,” but quite as cozy and cheerful-looking; here is the snug home of the genial satirist and poet. There is a dreamy air about the place, inviting to reverie and leisurely brown study. Its occupant has happily named it “Elmwood;” for everywhere about it are clustered those noble American elms which grace so well the New England landscape.

The mingling of a city with a rural life, with the advantages of both, which these suburban residences afford, is not less charming to the hurried, driving American, than to the comfort-loving Briton. The merchant or lawyer who thus lives in the suburban

towns rises early, has breakfast at seven or half-past ; perhaps, either before or after the meal, does a little amateur gardening—props up the beans and peas, grafts or clips the orchard trees, cuts the grass, or weeds the flower plots—is off to the city by half-past eight, and cozily settled in office or counting-room by nine. At one he takes lunch at a restaurant or hotel ; resumes business till four or five ; then takes the rail, the horse-car, or the omnibus for home. A late dinner is already prepared for him, and he sits down amid his family, thankful to return to the charms of a tranquil cozy home. The repast over, he is apt to take a promenade through his garden, or to sit and enjoy his cigar on the verandah ; or, perhaps, a neighbour or two happens in, or he saunters over to the next door, and a chat on the news of the day, or about the garden, or the stocks, takes up the time until daylight has waned and gone. The frame houses, with their cool piazzas, their broad bow windows, are comfortable in summer, yet not chilly in winter. The people in the suburban towns associate easily and without ceremony with each other. It is not the custom, as in England, to offer any refreshments—not even wine or cake—to the chance visitor, the intimate neighbour who happens to “ drop in.” It is very common for the people, in summer, to sit at the open door, or out on the sidewalks, and enjoy the evening whiff of grateful air ; should you pass through the pretty suburban streets on a warm August evening, you would see groups sitting before al-

most every house. Everybody knows everybody else ; acquaintances are easily made, and soon ripen into friendships and intimacies ; gossip, perhaps, is as much a tyrant as in England—it holds its own in small communities the world over ; but it is less ill-natured in the suburban towns, whose inhabitants are mostly cultivated and good-hearted people.

Of the pastimes enjoyed in the suburban towns, perhaps the prevailing one is croquet. In the midst of the little avenues are often neat plots of lawn for the common use of the neighbourhood ; and here the young people may, without the fear of being disturbed, indulge in the exciting game. The sunshine glimmering through the branches—the soft velvety grass—the cool pure country air—the quiet, broken only by the twittering of birds, and now and then a passing footstep—add vastly to the pleasure of the out-of-door pastime. The city is not so distant but that friends may come out in the afternoon, join the suburban families in their pleasures, and have a brief delicious taste of rusticity. Croquet has been an unmixed blessing to American damsels. It has enticed them into the open air ; it has tempted them to that bodily exercise which, more than anything, they need in order to acquire the health and endurance so conspicuous in English girls. It gives occasion for just enough flirting to lend a zest to the pastime ; acquaintance ripens quickly as “sides” are taken, the balls are thumped hither and thither, and mistakes and accidents momentarily occur ; there

are plenty of whispered asides, of blithe merry-making at blunders, of eager espousals of the partner's cause, of the numberless and nameless little coquetries in which American girls are not a whit behind their sisters in the old countries. Croquet is a wholesome substitute for the feverish life of the summer resorts; it creates a taste for out-of-door life, for the garden, the long hill ramble, the cantering on ponies, the romping and merry-making which gives lustiness to the limbs, buoyancy to the heart, recreation to the mind. The boys, too, exercise all those sturdy out-of-door games, many of which have followed English civilisation across the Atlantic, and some of which are native to the transatlantic soil. Base-ball and cricket, marbles, kites, and tops—jolly rows on the rivers and lakes, a swim before breakfast, a horseback ride after dinner—are enjoyed in the suburban towns to the utmost. Sometimes a party of boys will ramble off into the neighbouring woods after nuts or berries; they may go where they like; there are no placards with “private roads—no trespassing”—warning off the pleasure seeker: so that they do not tread down the worthy farmer's corn, or race recklessly through his tomato patch, they may rummage about his farm at will. Then what a carnival to the boys is the winter-time, with its long enduring snows! A more picturesque sight is hardly to be imagined than one of these suburban villages on the morning after a heavy snow-storm. The trees along the roads bend down under the thick white burden; the streets

are heaped in irregular snow-white drifts ; from the pretty ornate roofs hang long icicles, taking fantastic shapes ; the fields are vast powdered plains, with little whirlpools of snow ever and anon dancing above them in the air. Then out come the sleds, and off go the boys to the steepest hills ; soon the sleds have worn a flattened shining path in the snow ; and the “ coasting ”—as they call it—goes on untiring the livelong day. As you pass the village school-house, the scholars come tumbling out, eager to reach the road ; quickly snow-balls are moulded in the hands, and a pitched battle begins ; some are heaping up a snow fortress, with a great uncouth “ snow-man ” peeping over it ; a hostile party is preparing its ammunition, and will ere long demolish the “ counterfeit presentment ” and attack the glistening stronghold. And so the boys, the battle over, go home dripping and red, the mammas in these times being not too critical.

Perhaps you may obtain as good an idea of the wealth of the more opulent New Yorkers by sailing up the Hudson, or “ North ” River, and observing their stately suburban residences, as by a walk through the aristocratic quarters of Fifth Avenue and Madison Square. The high picturesque banks are in some places fairly dotted with beautiful country seats, among which every variety of architecture may be observed. There are imitation Rhine castles, edifices gothic, renaissance, and Saxon, of stone and brick and richly ornamented wood. Umbrageous groves, whence have

been cleared the brush and smaller trees, and which vie with the famed parks of the English aristocracy, extend in places down to the river's edge; broad lawns sweep down or stop abruptly at the crest of some steep cliff; gardens and conservatories are grouped near the mansions; boat-houses stand along the border of the water; pretty yachts, "shells," and barges are moored under sheds or by the river bank. Nature and art combine in making these spots among the loveliest to be seen in America. Money has been lavishly spent to give every adornment to places which were already worthy to be the theme of Irving's ravishing description, of the romantic colouring of Cooper. Here, in summer, the New York nabobs delight to entertain their friends; *fêtes champêtres* are fashionable, and on almost any summer afternoon you may see parties dancing to the sound of music on the wide green lawns, and couples promenading in and out among the groves and grottoes. In the evening there are illuminations and Chinese lanterns, and the inevitable love-making by moonlight, when the lover's tender fancy is inspired by the charming scene around—the clear sky, the romantic arbours, the glistening river far below; possibly, too, by the wealth of miss's papa, displayed on every side. Water excursions, croquet parties, strawberry festivals, harvest balls, give variety to the pleasures of the suburban colonies. Fashion, from the neighbouring city, invades these retreats, and madame dons as many costumes, is as obedient to etiquette among her guests on the Hud-

son, as in her splendid up-town mansion. There are horse racing and boat racing in the neighbourhood, to which the fasionables resort; the dresses which appear at the privileged stands have been transferred from the city in numberless boxes; and the equipages which are grouped about the ground are not less gaudy than those which whirl by you on a winter's night in the West-end thoroughfares of the city.

CHAPTER IV.

NATIONAL AND SOCIAL ANNIVERSARIES : *Christmas — New Year's day—Thanksgiving—Independence day —Anniversary week—The spiritualists—Woman's rights conventions—Orange celebrations—St. Patrick's day.*

COMMERCE with the Americans is a jealous mistress, loth to yield her power even for a day, and detests anniversaries as her natural enemies. It is a trait of the man of business that he loves to "keep a-driving." He is happiest in his counting-room, mingling with his brother merchants, surrounded by his ledgers and double entries, and ready at all times "to strike a bargain." To continue thus, year in and year out, is his delight. While he can pursue his daily routine, he "takes no note of time;" he is scarcely conscious of the advent and departure of the seasons, or the weather changes hinted by the dusty thermometer over his desk. There are, comparatively, few anniversaries and public holidays. Of those in vogue in England, Easter is made little of; and Whitsuntide, as a holiday season, is unknown; while there is no great Derby day, when all the world turns out, less to see the race than to see each other. The few holidays which are honoured

are, however, heartily enjoyed and made the most of. Christmas and New Year's day, the fourth of July (Independence day), Thanksgiving, and the twenty-second of February (Washington's natal day), are the popular American anniversaries. Christmas has only within the past twenty years been generally observed in the New England and most of the Northern states. That it was not always a season of jollity and merry-making was doubtless due to the stiff notions of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their austerity and soberness have given a tone no less to New England society than to that of the states founded by the Germans and Dutch and those which have been largely colonised from New England itself. Christmas, as a day of festivity, was sternly frowned upon by the Pilgrims. They denounced it as an idolatrous Popish custom, and they were eager to give it as marked a snubbing as possible.

An amusing story is told of the first Christmas passed by the self-exiled Puritans, after their landing on the bleak shore of Plymouth Bay. One of them—a stern, stiff old gentleman, who afterward became governor of the colony—has left an entertaining diary of those famous times, and in it he has given in detail the means which he and his brother Pilgrims took to cast a practical contempt upon Christmas. On the day before the “Romish orgy,” he tells us—the Mayflower having shortly before anchored in the bay—the male portion of the colony went ashore, cut and hewed their beams and laths, and prepared to build their future

habitations. Christmas morning came: they determined, with all their iron-willed zeal, to avoid every possible action which might in the least seem like a celebration of the day; lowering and stern, armed with pickaxe, spade, and hammer, they rowed ashore; they grimly marched up to their pile of logs and beams, and, although the snow was deep and the wind sharp, and the day raw and blustering, they forthwith, says the chronicler, "sett to erecting y^e firste house!" Thus the very act by which they were resolved to mark their contempt for the festival, was the most memorable celebration of Christmas in history; for they laid the corner stone of an empire of forty millions of people, which was destined to extend from sea to sea! "Erecting y^e firste house," indeed! Where were thy wits, grim old Governor-to-be? The prejudice lasted long after the original Pilgrims were dead and gone; and their descendants, while paying due respect to the Puritan festivity of "Thanksgiving," neglected Christmas down to a time within the memory of living men. The cavalier colonies of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, and the French and Spanish colonies in Louisiana and Florida, had long before introduced the "merry Christmas" from Europe to the new continent; and, as time passed, the Puritan and the Cavalier elements gradually mingling, the peculiar festivity of each began to be celebrated by the other, until at last both Christmas and Thanksgiving have come to be national holidays.

Christmas is now, in every part of the republic, what it has been for many centuries in England. It is a season for the gathering of families at the grandsire's house—at the ancestral mansion, if there is one—a time of feasting and games, frolicking and merry-making. The night before, the children hang up their stockings, and are up at daylight, frantic to see what Santa Claus has brought. Every one goes to church in the morning; the parson is eloquent on the religious significance of the day; the psalms and hymns are proper to the occasion. The young ladies of the church have been busy for weeks hanging the sacred building with evergreen, which is left on the walls until it is faded and old. Returning home, the smoking Christmas dinner is discussed; there are lordly turkeys and plum puddings and mince pies enough to satisfy the most exacting appetite; after dinner, the good old traditional Christmas games—so familiar to the English as well as the Americans—excepting, indeed, the game of “mistletoe,” which I have never seen in America; the country dances and uproarious fun; the Christmas tree and Christmas boxes for everybody, from grandsire and the staid maiden aunts to Tom the waiter, and Bridget the cook, keep both old and young merrily a-going till far into Christmas night. The descendants of the Pilgrims smile, not unkindly, at the ancestral anathemas, and indulge in old Christmas customs which, had spirits the power to revisit earth, would raise a host of stiff-backed lowering phantoms. But Christmas in America

would doubtless seem to English eyes like a familiar play, in which the actors and scenery alone were new. It is essentially a home festivity, and serves to unite families long separated, to relieve the hard-pressed man of business and the toiling labourer for a moment from their daily drudgery, and to give the children a right merry romping holiday.

But the celebration of New Year's day is an institution especially and, as far as I know, exclusively American; its incidents are very characteristic of the people; its illustration of society, no less of the lower ten-thousand-dom than of the upper ten-dom, is suggestive. On New Year's day business is suspended, the musty down-town temples of commerce are for once shut up, and her votaries are fain to worship the gaudier and hardly less exacting idol of the "upper end." The social accounts of the past twelvemonth must be balanced, one must see all the friends he can, and those fashionable amenities which, by a too exclusive absorption in business or by sheer indolence, have been neglected, must be performed "in a lump." While Christmas is the festivity of families, the domestic muster-day, New Year's day is devoted to friendship and society, to etiquette and fashion. On Christmas everybody stays at home; on New Year's, everybody is abroad. Christmas, in the city, is, in the streets, as tranquil as a Sunday; sorry is the fate of the lonely street-passenger who on that day, in the midst of innumerable domestic feasts, has but to wander through the

dreary blank of vacant streets, and curse the luck which gives him no seat at a well-filled table. New Year's is full of life out-of-doors; the streets are full and busy, busy though with pleasure; there are merry sounds on every side, everybody seems infected with gaiety and hilarious good nature, inspired by the convivial custom of "the day we celebrate," and the excitement of meeting and chatting with hosts of friends. It is the gala and carnival of society, of men and women of the world. Briggs the banker, and Poplin the stuff merchant, and Sharpe the lawyer, are fain to lock their counting-rooms and offices—doubtless with a regretful sigh—and inform their clerks that their houses will be "open" for New Year's calls. "Mrs. P. will be glad to see you, gentlemen." Meanwhile there is unwonted activity and preparation in Poplin's gorgeous brown-stone up-town mansion. The spacious suite of apartments which Mrs. P. is proud to call her *salon*, is being renovated; the new silks are fast assuming shape upstairs, under the nimble fingers of the great French *dame de la mode* and her satellites; Professor Picquet, the renowned Parisian *maître de cuisine*, with a galaxy of lesser culinary stars, is planning a bill of fare full of French mysteries and unpronounceable names, and stately negro waiters have been engaged to serve up his various concoctions.

New Year's morning dawns, bright, clear, dry, cold. Likely enough it is one of those brisk American winter mornings, when the air is frosty but kindly, and the

snow lies on the thoroughfares hard and crisp, which the thousands of wheels have failed to grind out of existence—a day imparting keen energy to the spirits, which makes the cheeks and ears redden and tingle, and by its crispy coldness gives the heart buoyancy, and the step briskness and lightness. In every household the young folks are early out of bed, for on this morning, of all, it will hardly do to be caught napping. The boys and girls slip on their clothes with zealous haste and rush into their parents' rooms, awakening them with a merry cry of "A happy New Year!" or "New Year's gift—I've caught you, papa!" If they can but utter these cabalistic greetings first, they win a New Year's present for their quickness, or think at least that they deserve it. Even the servants join in this custom of "catching" the members of the family with a suddenly but respectfully uttered "A happy New Year, mum," and having done so, stand hesitating by, hoping to be generously tipped, "just to begin the year with." This catching the New Year's gift goes through the family, and then comes the turn of Tommie's little sweetheart or Nellie's little beau, who lives next door.

The streets are quiet enough early in the day. Everybody is busy giving and looking at and exclaiming over the New Year's gifts. The business quarter is as melancholy and dead as Pompeii; omnibus and horse-cars are few and far between; the stragglers on the thoroughfares are dressed in their best attire, whe-

ther it be the jaunty West-end dandy in broadcloth and yellow gloves, or Biddy from the kitchen in best calico and bonnet. At high noon the carnival of fashion commences; and now in all directions you hear that merriest, blithest, most inspiring of all winter sounds in the city, the jingle of a thousand sleigh bells. The first thing to do is to wait upon his honour the Mayor, who, whether he will or not, is fain to go through the weary process of receiving, shaking hands, and passing the compliments of the day, in his official rooms at the City Hall. At Washington, the President is undergoing the same ordeal at the White House; and the cabinet ministers and the lesser lights of the official metropolis at their various residences. The Mayor stands in plain black—the Englishman would miss the heavy mayoral chain—in the centre of his reception room, and the long line of his “fellow citizens” files by him, dressed plainly, and including representatives of every social grade; a line which must seem to the poor chief magistrate well nigh endless. The while, his worthy spouse has begun to receive her friends at home, all entering who choose, and partaking of the mayoral eggnog and poundcake. If, about half-past twelve, you station yourself at the corner of one of those spacious thoroughfares which grace the up-town quarter of New York, you will see the outside of the New Year’s carnival in all its glory. The sleighs are whirling by and crowding each other at the doors by the hundred, and you cannot but admire the beauty

of the steeds, the variety and fanciful ornateness of the sleighs, as they whirl rapidly over the smooth snow. The New York swells vie with each other in the superior breed of their horses, and the neatness and oddity of their "snow-flies." Amid all this interminable maze of chariots—this busy whirlpool of light bounding equipages—you will miss one social element, usually essential to a merry scene. There is no rustling of silks and satins—none of those brilliant and various colours in which the fair sex delight, and which give a kaleidoscopic variety to ordinary festal occasions. The ladies, be it observed, are every one within doors, performing the functions popularly known in the fashionable world as "receiving." The lords of creation are the undisputed heroes of the streets. Fashionable elderly men, in the finest of coats and with the heaviest of whiskers; fops in every variety of fashionable costume; *blasé* men of society, who "hate this sort of thing," vote it an unconscionable "bore," and ride over the snow, grumbling with each other—yet who prefer not to lose the chance of the ensuing parties, which they surely will lose if they do not make these "infernal calls," as in duty bound; military men and foreign notabilities, fashionable literati and artists, merchants, whose minds, amid all this social glow, will obstinately wander to the deserted little counting-houses so lonely down-town; also the ever present camp followers of fashion, pretenders to good society, hangers-on at its borders, men about town, with hair

too glossy, and smiles too bland and insincere, and jewelry too obtrusively disposed about them. Many of the occupants of the sleighs, disdainful of coachmen or footmen, drive their spans with their own gloved hands. On every side you see gentlemen driving up to the high portals of Fifth Avenue mansions, throwing the reins over the horses' backs, leaping out briskly, and running up the steps, as if they had a matter of business to transact, and would fain have it quickly over. If we enter one of these gorgeous residences with the rest, we may observe in what style Madame "receives" her masculine troop of guests. At one o'clock, Mrs. Poplin's *salon* is fairly thronged—Poplin is a moneyed man, and has more than one marriageable as well as pretty daughter; and Mrs. P. is a sort of autocrat in the fashionable world, whose fiat is almost law, and whose mindfulness of her young gentlemen protégés, in the coming season of parties and masked balls, is well worth a New Year's visit and a compliment or two. We edge in at the door, and find ourselves in the presence of the lady of the house and her blooming daughters. The saloon is lavishly fitted up—on the mantles, tables, "whatnots," over the mirrors and in the embrasures of the deep bow-windows, flowers of every hue are fancifully disposed. Through the heavy folding doors, in the rear saloon, one espies a wide table, whereon are discovered a variety of viands and liquors. Eggnog, the peculiar beverage of New Year's day, is plenteous in huge punch bowls—and the contents of other dishes

(of real Sevres or Dresden you observe) vindicate the Americans as the most scientific mixers of beverages in the world. Here, at your choice, are apple toddy, milk punch, brandy smash, Tom-and-Jerry, as perplexing and (if, curious, you persist in tasting them in turn) intoxicating variety of potables. The lady of the house and her daughters, as they stand near the door of the drawing-room, are, if ever modern mortals are, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. One can hardly avoid sighing that all their splendour should not be seen and envied by critics of their own sex—that it should be half-wasted on these unappreciative males, who are bowing and uttering commonplaces, mostly unconscious of the taste of the toilets so painfully gotten up, and so rarely costly. It may be, however, that here and there will be one, who, observing, will spread the fame of these marvels of dress among their lady rivals in the fashionable world. We advance and make an obeisance; observe how lovely the weather is—"never saw such a New Year's"—and wish the hostess many happy returns of it. The ladies repay the compliment with complacent smiles. We ask after Paterfamilias, who is, it seems, undergoing the martyrdom of a series of friendly New Year's calls in the neighbourhood. We are invited by Madame to draw near the refreshment-table, and mingle with the group around it. As we take our places there, we find ourselves elbowed by somewhat eager and impatient neighbours, each of whom is aiming at that particular punch bowl which

contains his favourite beverage. Hilarity, in a subdued, aristocratic way, reigns in that self-satisfied circle; some have, doubtless, made several previous calls—for they titter somewhat abruptly, at sudden intervals, for no discernible cause. Under such circumstances, it is not a hard task to obtain their most intimate friendship at a moment's notice; indeed, it is sometimes no easy one to avoid having that boon thrust upon you.

But, after all, there is nothing to shock or displease in that cozy parlour; the worst you see is an occasional genial and not thick-tongued tipsiness—not wholly inexcusable, perhaps, on New Year's day. Being especial friends of Mrs. P., or at least of one of her blooming daughters, we are honoured by their taking our arms, and accompanying us to the table; the presence of the hostess acts as a talisman to open the convivial circle; we fill a glass and drink “many happy returns” to our fair companion. It is, perhaps, a slight drawback in the New Year's festivity, to have too many lady friends; for if one drinks a glass of strong, though subtly deceptive apple toddy with each —? Many a man of fashion begins his calls at high noon, keeping it up persistently till full midnight, boasting to his friends next day that he made his hundredth New Year's visit; but he more rarely boasts that he sought his couch quite sober. New Year's is not always a day of unalloyed pleasure and triumph to the fair hostess. If she be of the highly fashionable sort, and looks down

upon "common people," she is not apt to receive her husband's body guard of clerks too kindly. At the very moment that the Honourable Augustus Splurge, Member of Congress, is addressing his choicest compliment, in flowing rhetoric, to Mrs. P., in tides at the door a shoal of unknown unfashionable youths, with cravats too vari-coloured, and movements desperately awkward. Mrs. P. is the more horrified as she espies, over the craniums of these unwelcome callers, the sleek foreign countenance of Count Boshberg, just now the lion of the fashionable world. The group shuffles up to Mrs. P., and one, evidently chosen by pre-concert as spokesman, has the audacity to address her. "Good morning, ma'am! Happy New Year from us all, ma'am! We are the house, ma'am!" Mrs. P. is speechless with chagrin; the obnoxious guests are confused, and look blankly at each other. They pass on, and aim honestly, boldly, and in solid phalanx for the refreshment room. They jostle the men of fashion, and take their places; looks of aristocratic fire greet them; they stay, as the hostess thinks, intolerably long, laugh intolerably loud, and create a sensation which galls her to the veriest depths of her aristocratic pride.

While New Year's is celebrated above in the saloons, festivities are going on below stairs. John the coachman, Pierre the valet, Bridget the cook, Molly the chambermaid, are, as servants are the world over, imitative of their masters and mistresses. While "missus" and the young ladies are complimenting and bowing in

the drawing room, a burlesque of the scene is going on in the subterranean abode of the servants. Have they not, too, their friends, not to say beaux, sweethearts, and putative "cousins," and shall they not, too, wish one another good luck for the coming year? So the servants of the fashionable guests are entertained with infinite jollity by the servants of the fashionable hostess. There, too, are punch-bowls and eggnog, best dresses, and bowing and scraping, the graceful exchange of proper compliments and good wishes, amusing imitations and parodies of aristocratic manners and propriety. It is rather a pretty bit of irony, this plebeian caricature of the scene upstairs, though not intended. The social duties of New Year's over, society has done its duty and settled its accounts, and the devotee of commerce is once more free to barter and trade, and remain happy in his counting-room.

"Thanksgiving" is a pious festival, founded by the Pilgrim Fathers as an occasion to give thanks for the manifold blessings of the year. Formerly confined to New England, it has gradually spread through the states, and is now a general holiday. The day on which Thanksgiving is to be celebrated is appointed by the Governor of each state by proclamation; it usually occurs on the last Thursday in November. The Governor's proclamation is read from all the pulpits on a Sunday previous to the appointed day; it enumerates the causes for public thanksgiving, and calls on the people to celebrate them in the time-honoured way.

During the civil war it became the custom for the President also to issue a Thanksgiving proclamation, thus making the festivity a national as well as a state one; the Union victories, the prosperous crops, the general progress of the country, were causes of thankfulness. On the morning of Thanksgiving, the people go to church, where the preacher delivers a discourse appropriate to the occasion. He is, on this day, considered rather more at liberty to touch on political matters than in the ordinary routine of his sermons; and during the war, especially, the Thanksgiving discourses were often filled with patriotic appeals, encouragements to the people in the darker days of the struggle, and earnest prayers for the safety of the Republic. The more social celebration of Thanksgiving—the family dinner and games in the afternoon—are not unlike those of Christmas: the latter part of the day is given up to sports and merry making; it is a time for the boys to come home from college, and the girls from boarding school; to invite intimate friends, who are alone in town, to the domestic table; and to call the grandparents for a day from their country home, to indulge in festivities with their children and their children's children.

But perhaps the most universally, and, by the masses of the people in town and country, most keenly enjoyed American holiday, is that familiarly known as “the glorious Fourth.” The superficial reader of history need hardly be told that the Declaration of Independ-

ence—announcing the severing by the colonies of the old ties with Britain—was signed by the patriot deputies of Congress on the Fourth of July 1776. It was the American Magna Charta; rather, their Declaration of Rights. The anniversary of the event, as it comes round each year, is looked forward to, especially by the boys, with impatience and high expectation. It is the great national jubilee—more so than the Derby or Guy Fawkes' day in England, as much so as the Quinze Août among the French. Public characters live in the hope of being chosen to deliver “the oration of the day;” the shopkeepers to whose special line the sale of Chinese crackers, of Roman candles and torpedoes, of mimic bombs and blue-lights, is pertinent, are busily laying in their stock, anticipatory of a rich harvest; city corporations vote generous sums for the public entertainment; the balloonists are cleaning and experimentally puffing their aeronautic machines; and the gentlemen of the militia and of the fire companies burnish their arms, have dainty patches sewn where their uniforms are too well worn, and scour their engines, that their appearance in the parade which is to come shall be imposing and worthy. The pedagogue looks forward to the day as a momentary respite from his daily trial of patience and self-restraint; for the boys are to have holiday, and he may depart to the country fields in peace, visit his native village, or delve deep into the library, far out of the reach of the patriotic clamour. The country folk—always curious

to see the show—are, those at least who live within a practicable distance of the city, getting ready their “best bibs and tuckers,” and are making studious calculations of the probable cost of a trip to town.

Very likely the English stranger, who retires quietly to bed in his hotel on the eve of the Fourth, is startled from his second nap, at break of day, by the bang! boom! pop! fizz! with which the celebration opens. It may occur to him that there is an insurrection, or that the town is being bombarded by some sudden foe; and he instinctively clutches the brace of revolvers which he has brought wherewith to defend himself from the aboriginal natives of the continent. Thus is the “glorious Fourth” ushered in, as the first faint streaks of its morning appear on the horizon; by the booming of cannon from fortress and ship, the bursting of rockets over city and bay, the sharp snap of crackers in every street, the firing of pistols and mimic bombs from roof and window. Flags are hoisted in every direction—on the national vessels and buildings, the city edifices, down-town stores, up-town mansions; the bells of all the churches and chapels are lustily rung; and the first shock of the daybreak salute rouses every boy from his slumber, and summons him into the street. They have laid in their stock of pyrotechnics over night; and are soon adding, through all the thoroughfares, their little thunders to the booming cannons and the clanging bells. At an early hour the trains and boats are not only pouring gaily-dressed

rustics into the city, but also many hundreds of townspeople out of it. To escape the noise and bustle, the smoke and smell, is as grateful to the latter, as to be in the midst of it all is happiness to the former. Multitudes are hurrying in crowded trains to the green fields; other multitudes are steaming in equally crowded boats out upon the bays, or up the rivers, to spend a long quiet day on the breezy ocean beaches, or to wander in the groves on the river banks. Picnics are going off in every direction—quiet little church picnics, Sunday-school picnics, social picnics of half a dozen young men and women, workpeople's picnics, Fenian picnics, picnics of the hundred societies and associations. Pickpockets are on the alert, and ply, among the eager crowds, a thriving trade. Mountebanks and small showmen, marvellous bearded women and Norwegian giants, daring acrobats and perambulating negro minstrels, reap from rustic credulity or curiosity a plentiful harvest. The museums, ice-cream saloons, oyster cellars, bar rooms are open, and are so eagerly patronised that the good folk have to wait their turns, and seize a table or procure a ticket when and how they can.

Early in the day band music is heard here and there, and now emerges upon the main thoroughfare. A long line of military companies and firemen appears, in bright holiday costumes, and with glittering arms, stared at with mouths agape by the rustic visitors, and followed by huddling bevvies of admiring street boys. On one of the larger public squares a platform has been erected,

and at high noon the crowds of people begin to gather thick about it. A brass band marches up, blowing lustily on horns and bugles, and hot with the exertion : following them is a group of gentlemen, who mount the platform, and take seats thereon. One takes the chair, and when the band has stopped its blowing—having played, to the popular delight, “Yankee Doodle,” or “Hail, Columbia,”—one of the gentlemen is called on by the chairman to read the Declaration of Independence. He comes forward with a long scroll, and at the highest pitch of his voice, proceeds to entertain the assembled multitude with the “glorious principles” laid down in that immortal paper. Sometimes, in villages, or in cities where public opinion is “advanced,” a young lady is called on to perform this task. Next follows the oration of the day. The orator has been chosen by the corporation committee charged with the arrangements of the celebration ; he is, perhaps, an eminent politician or editor, or a favourite clergyman. The oration affords an opportunity for spread-eagleism without limit. The people are treated to glowing pictures of their glorious past history, with eloquent prophecies of the millennium which is in store for “this great Republic.” The Pilgrim Fathers, and not less the Patriot Fathers, are duly eulogised ; and the orator not seldom, after discoursing on the significance of the day, reverts to subjects of present popular interest, gives his idea of female suffrage, or negro equality, or a prohibitory liquor law. The oration concluded, there is an-

other performance by the band, after which the good folk separate to the many pastimes afforded in various parts of the town. On some public park a concert is going on—a noted orchestra, with its hundred instruments; in public halls there are children's concerts.

In Boston, where the public children are, as has been said, very early drilled in singing, the infantile concerts are among the most imposing features of the "Fourth." Imagine twenty thousand merry bright-eyed little creatures, in every condition of life,—here and there a little *black sheep*, with white eyeballs, woolly pate, and pearly teeth—dressed in neat and many-coloured summer costumes, gathered in that vast Coliseum where the Peace Jubilee was held, and singing out with their liquid infantile treble the old familiar school-day songs and hymns! Then, the singing over, witness this infantile army of twenty thousand descending in happy pell-mell from the broad platform to the broader body of the edifice, and there forming numberless cotillions, a great beehive of them, whirling here and there, dashing into waltzes, and looking as rosy, as joyous, as children only can. For in America holidays are especially and peculiarly the property of the children; and public provision is above all made for their amusement. Down by the river in the afternoon a great multitude have gathered; bridge, pier, and the contiguous street are packed by men, women, and children, close as herrings; boat races are the attraction. Gingerbread and mead, wretched cigars

and faded nosegays are thrust in your face by ambulatory men and women who make the day a day of trade; out on the water is anchored a barge, whereon there are two or three important-looking men in consultation—these the umpires of the race; presently the fragile, pike-shaped shells, with red-faced fellows stripped to their flannels, shoot off and out of sight; amid the cries of the multitude, here they are, hotter-faced than ever, shooting back again; cheers long and loud greet the victors. On some wide bare expanse, perhaps in the suburbs, there are proceeding other pastimes. Baseball matches, in which the city “eleven” and the Cranbury “eleven” are pitted against each other; spider-like velocipedes, shooting on the course, and, mayhap, toppling suddenly groundward; lusty “walkists” and runners, walking and running for a prize; quoits thrown, here at one side; there an extempore open-air shooting gallery, where heroic militiamen mingle condescendingly with simple civilians in popping at the eye, a group of curious boys and men standing near. Balloons begin to rise, veritable ones, and imitation monsters—and the balloonists hang on, clinging to their ropes, and wave their hats and handkerchiefs as they mount ether-ward. In the evening the people of the towns and their rustic guests are treated to pyrotechnics on one of the larger parks or squares. Immense crowds gather to witness the display; and loud is the cheering when the fire runs rapidly up and over the light and hitherto invisible frames, displaying

“General Washington on horseback,” or “The Temple of Liberty,” or “The Genius of Columbia, attended by Justice and Freedom,” or “The Patriot’s Monument with a halo of glory.”

The Fourth of July is the occasion for the meeting of many societies and associations, political, military, and philanthropic. On that day assembles, in each city, the famous society of the “Cincinnati,” which is, perhaps, the nearest approach to a hereditary aristocracy to be found in America. The Cincinnati is composed of descendants of officers who fought in the Revolutionary war. It was founded soon after the close of the Eight Years’ struggle, by the officers of the patriot army, and Washington was chosen its first president; and the society has been handed down from father to son in the succeeding generations. Its branches assemble on Independence Day in the various cities, transact whatever business may come before them, and after electing officers for the ensuing year, adjourn to a sumptuous banquet, where subjects pertinent to the day are discussed with the viands and wines.

The famous Tammany Society of New York—a political coterie which long controlled the destinies of the metropolis—has its annual meeting on the Fourth, when democratic speeches are made by the more prominent members, party toasts and odes are delivered, and the meeting closes with an elaborate collation. Labour Reform Leagues and temperance conventions are held in the open air, in groves and parks at a little distance

from the cities, where strong-minded ladies and zealous friends of progress assemble to comfort each other, report the progress of the year, and preach their dogmas to the country folk attracted by their presence.

It is seldom that the "glorious Fourth" closes in the large towns without some accidents and fires. The next morning's papers usually contain, with long descriptions of the festivities of the day, a column of "casualties." There are explosions of too ambitious steamers and tugs; careless boys, dealing with crackers, get burned, sometimes killed; the universal pyrotechnics are too apt, somewhere or other, to set fire to frame houses. It has often been attempted to prohibit by law the promiscuous setting off of fireworks in the streets, with little success. On the whole, the day is one on which the masses of the people best enjoy themselves, each after his own taste; perhaps there is no English holiday so universally participated in by every one, high and low, throughout the land.

Late in the spring occurs what is called the Anniversary Week. The Americans, as I have said, are very fond of getting together in all sorts of conventions and meetings. Anniversary Week is the occasion for the assembling of the religious associations, political societies, and the advocates of radical ideas; conferences of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, and other sects, are held, and lively discussions take place on the progress of the church, and not seldom on the affairs of the country.

The “go-ahead” character of the sects in America is fully illustrated on these occasions. But perhaps the most interesting of the anniversary meetings are those held by the *isms* and idiosyncrasies of the day. You will then see the Spiritualists assembling in force, and relating to each other strange experiences, not failing to argue yet stranger doctrines. The “strong-minded women” gather together, rejoice over the progress of their cause, and draw up peremptory petitions to Congress. The Anti-Slavery society—which, notwithstanding the extinction of its *bête noire*, still survives—musters its champions, and with the fearless frondeur spirit which of old defied mobs broadcloth and plebeian proclaims what further reforms are needed to realise the Utopian commonwealth of which they have dreamed. The religionists of the advanced schools—Resurrectionists, Free Lovers, Mormons, *isms* without end—also hold their jubilee, and startle ordinary souls by the singularity of their addresses, and the progress they have made in the solution of the great questions of life and death.

The two most attractive conventions, to the impartial and curious outsider, are those of the Spiritualists and of the Woman’s Rights people. The former meet under the presidency of one of the great prophets of their sect; often the long-bearded, long-haired, spectacled Andrew Jackson Davis, once the Spiritualist candidate for President, may be seen administering patriarchal teachings from the platform chair. The pro-

ceedings usually have that spicy character which arises from a great variance of opinion held by inspired folk of both sexes and all colours. Interesting young women with short hair and bright eyes contest the forensic palm with elderly ladies with a wild frenzied look, and negro Spiritualists boldly plant themselves against the dicta of long-haired "mediums" of twenty years' experience. The presiding officer, male or female, having somewhat less knowledge of parliamentary law than "subtle influences" and "spirit spheres," confusion of debate not seldom follows, ending in a general bitterness of language and confusion. The Woman's Rights conventions are not less amusing as characteristic debating assemblies. I would say nothing disrespectful of the cause which they have at heart, for there is a leaven of justice in it which it is difficult not to admit. The women who lead the movement in America are mostly women of decided talents, of great zeal, and of courageous persistency—women who are *masculine*, at least in their intellectual traits. Their meetings in Anniversary Week are not the less interesting from the fact, that with all the *male* energy and logic of the leaders, womanly characteristics are continually betraying themselves. I shall not soon forget attending one of these conventions a few years ago in Boston, the centre of intellectual radicalism and of many of the other *isms* which appear from time to time. The meeting was held in Tremont Temple, one of the largest halls in the city. Its announcement

drew a crowd of curious outsiders, who, however, did not attempt in any way to disturb the proceedings. Upon the stage appeared a prim elderly lady, with a long triangular face, large eyes hid behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and long lank hair brushed flat over the ears. Around her sat the dignitaries of the convention: several mild-looking old gentlemen; half-a-dozen precocious young women, some in straight waistless dresses, others in all the glories of the prevailing fashion; and one or two positive appearing coloured gentlemen and ladies, who seemed to take a deep interest in the occasion. The prim dame in the chair in a loud clear voice called the convention to order, and a pretty little lady forthwith read some reports and called over lists of the members. Then commenced the proposing of the resolutions, and the discussing them as they were proposed. The ladies, as was quite natural and right, led the debate, and occupied the larger share of it. A western young lady, who seemed to be yet in her teens, but having the self-confidence and forensic ease of a twenty years' Senator, mounted the platform, and pronounced in a clear ringing voice, with plenteous gestures, a discourse on the inalienable right of the sex to vote and hold office. That, she said, was the first great question to be decided. She having finished, a mild-looking gray-woolled negro parson proceeded to argue against her. He claimed that that was *not* the first question to be decided; "fust," said he, with a burst of warmth, "fust let us free de slave." Whereat he

was sternly called to order by the lady president, who said that to denounce a *lady's* speech was ungallant, and could not be permitted here; it was, she declared, only one more proof of the attempted tyranny of the oppressing sex. The coloured gentleman desired to explain; he only wished— The president indignantly asked if he thought they were to be browbeaten by the men. His meek disclaimer was drowned in a treble chorus of "Shame!" and he was fain to hold his peace. Then came a fierce passage-at-arms between two middle-aged ladies on the matter—one declaring that there ought to be "free speech," and that the women ought not to begin by putting down the men in this meeting; the other engaging in a sarcastic running fire on the last speaker's submission to masculine despotism, and charging her with bringing here, into this meeting of oppressed womanhood, the pernicious maxims of a tyrannised domestic hearth.

There are in America, as in England and Ireland, Orange associations, which celebrate the "glorious and pious memory" of William the Third; and "Sons of Erin," who celebrate with equal zest "St. Patrick's day in the mornin'." On the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne the Orange lodges have meetings and processions, often steamboat excursions and picnics. The familiar tunes of "The Protestant Boys," "The Boyne Water," and "Croppies, lie down," are discoursed, and the north of Ireland immigrants indulge in fulsome

orations in praise of their glorious Dutch protector ; not seldom, however, they find themselves the objects of brickbat-throwing and club-hurling by their compatriots of the other faith.

The Irish Catholics everywhere have a great procession on St. Patrick's day, the Irish regiments and fire companies turning out in force, with the suggestive accompaniments of green rosettes and harp-adorned banners, and "Erin go bragh" sounding blithely from the band in their van. There are, of course, banquets and Irish balls ; and the Irish children, following the American custom, have entertainments provided especially for them in the afternoon.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMER RESORTS: *The Catskills—The Adirondacks—Saratoga—Niagara—Jaunts westward—Newport in the season.*

THE Americans have a wide choice in summer resorts. Nature has endowed their continent with all those various beauties and advantages which attract the fashionable and the feeble in health—those whose tastes incline them to seek out rural scenes in which to spend their summer holiday, and those who desire to transfer to a fashionable watering-place the social dissipation of the winter. All along the coast there are lovely bays with long semicircular coves, whose shores are the finest sand; there are bold jutting promontories and rugged rocks extending along the water's edge, and picturesque ocean islands bordered by extensive beaches, and supplied with spacious hotels. The mountains afford a no less charming variety to him who prefers "the forest primeval—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," to the "perpetual laughter of the dimpling sea waves." Not many hours' ride on the Hudson, above New York, will bring you to the foot of the Catskill group of mountains, celebrated by the legends of Irving and the In-

dian romances of Fenimore Cooper—the pride of the old Dutch settlers no less than of the modern New Yorker. It is a delightful ride along the noble river, through the broad rolling highlands and the palisades on either side. A stage coach brings you in two or three hours to a large hotel on the side of a thickly wooded mountain, standing at its very edge. Here the view ranges over a vast and lovely landscape; the Hudson glides winding below, and stretches off and disappears in the dim distance. From hence you may make numberless excursions to picturesque waterfalls and deep mountain gorges, and wonderful caves with romantic and traditional memories; and here, too, you may enjoy, if you will, the feverish pleasures of fashion, for here the fashionables flock, and go to and fro the summer long. If you prefer mountains of a wilder, grander sort, sport of a lustier kind, you must go far to the northward of the Catskills; you must leave civilisation far behind you, and penetrate into the vast forests of the Adirondacks. Here indeed is the “forest primeval.” Here you reach the boldest and rudest type of American scenery—the as yet unsubdued hunting grounds of the Indians, with inexhaustible quantities of fish and game, and unlimited opportunities for silvan sports of the most robust and romantic kind. In the midst of these savage forests, with huge trees intermingled with thick brush and wild flowers, you will come upon many a roaring stream, startling the solitude with its liquid rush; now and then upon a

long wild lake, where the trout and pike are plenteous, as yet undisturbed by the cruel depredations of the angler. You may wander thus for days, subsisting upon the victims of your gun and hook, camping out in a rude open space at night, and finding as you go on many a glorious landscape roughly grand as Nature formed it. A coterie of the Cambridge literati used to own—perhaps they still own—a house on the borders of one of the Adirondack lakes, whither they resorted, supplied with every appliance for sport, in the early summer. They had ample provisions carried to their nook, and doubtless many books; and their life in the vast solitude must have had a peculiar charm for the famous poets, geologists, and philosophers among their number.

There are, too, plenty of springs in America, which give an excuse for the summer gatherings of the fashionable world. Saratoga is, perhaps, the most popular and the best known, and has long been the favourite resort of the rich New Yorkers, not less than of the fortune hunters and eligible daughters. It is pleasantly situated, renowned as the place where a great revolutionary battle was fought, which resulted in Burgoyne's surrender; it has not, however, any very obtrusive natural attractions: it is the Harrogate or Bath of America. The town is an airy handsome one, with broad streets, long rows of stately American elms, many elegant houses, and having some of the finest and most imposing hotels in the country.

The springs of "congress water"—which is bottled up and sent to all parts of America—are numerous, and situated in a sort of open park. One may have a glass of the bubbling and snapping mineral liquor drawn up, and, if he can bear it, drink it *ad libitum*. It being the fashion to quaff at the springs, everybody who wishes to be *au fait* learns to like the water, or at least to keep a composed countenance while partaking of it. It is at least harmless, and to very many is unquestionably invigorating. It is the custom for the guests to resort to the wells before breakfast, and have a morning drink. The ladies are, so early, in elaborate toilets, and that flirtation which, for the younger people at least, is the main attraction of Saratoga, begins already before they sit down at table. Life at Saratoga is rather indolent and monotonous. There is a lake not far off, whither it is fashionable to canter in the morning; there is a racecourse, where there are frequent matches, and then there is, for once, a real hearty excitement. The hotels are supplied with billiard rooms, reading rooms, smoking rooms, ball rooms; and in the latter, nearly every night there are held splendid fashionable *routs*, as brilliant and gorgeous—as much great matrimonial fairs, where the marriageable wares are shown off at their best—as the up-town winter balls.

Niagara is another fashionable resort, both for Yankees and Canadians. It is not worth while to describe it, for it has been depicted again and again by tourist and artist. There is here the same round of fashion-

able gaiety, of rich toilets, of elaborate dinners, of fortune hunting and match making. The hotels are, if anything, finer than those of Saratoga; the natural scenery and variety of excursions are of course very much more attractive. It has recently become the fashion to make summer excursions to the far West, and to spend the sunny months among the prairie wilds and in the solitudes of Nebraska and Colorado. The Pacific Railroad conveys one thither in a few days; and to the adventurous spirit nothing can be more enticing than the wild beast hunts which may be enjoyed there to perfection, not to speak of possible encounters with Indians—either having a struggle with them, or, if they are friendly, a curious visit to their camps, and the enjoyment of their quaint hospitality. Here parties camp out for days and weeks, living in the wild backwoods style, putting up with rude fare and many privations, but enjoying a kind of sport hardly possible in any part of Europe.

There are two American summer resorts which it will perhaps be interesting to describe more in detail; two, to my mind, far more enjoyable than the head quarters of fashion already referred to. These are Newport and the White Mountains: the one, perhaps, the best example of a seaside resort; the other, to the mass of not too adventurous mountain lovers, presenting the greatest variety of pleasures, scenes, and comforts.

Numerous are the preparations made in the city household for leaving town and spending the summer

at Newport. The father of the family, who is, not unlikely, somewhat loth to leave his counting room, even for "the season," has little rest until the time of departure has arrived. His figures and calculations are inextricably mixed up in his brain with the errands which are enjoined upon him at the breakfast table. He gets to thinking about the rise and fall of patent locks, imagines himself to be speculating in waterproof travelling cloaks, and although a wholesale sugar merchant, sets down portmanteaus and spyglasses in his daily balance of profit and loss. Returning up town in the evening, he finds his dinner in a lukewarm state, and his house the scene of disheartening confusion ; he stumbles over piles of trunks and bags in the hall ; he finds the papers in his library, on which he has been with great care figuring out the results of an important "operation," thrown in a heap into a corner ; the carpets are up, and articles of female dress are hanging upon his armchair and piled in irregular mounds over his desk. All things are topsy-turvy ; even his woman-kind, who have been working hard, they tell him, "getting ready," present to him red faces and flying hair. Dressmakers and milliners flit meekly by him and glide out at the front door—a small army of them ; they have been immured in the bedchambers above from early morning, sewing and fitting with all their might.

At last the morning so much longed for by the ladies arrives. The "portable villas" rise in a lofty pile in the hall ; the ladies sweep down in the jauntiest of

travelling costumes, their dresses making a rustle as they descend, like the shower of gold in the fairy play. Paterfamilias too has been constrained to don a tourist suit; he stands with the air of a social martyr at the top of the staircase, till the hills of dress have rolled to the bottom; then cautiously descends, and superintends the porters as they struggle to the carriage, bent double beneath the weight of the "portable villas." The ladies load down the husband and father with the "little parcels," and he finally emerges into the street with two bags in each hand, three shawls thrown over his shoulder, an opera-glass swung across his back, and his fingers nervously grasping the family supply of umbrellas and parasols. When everything—including the ladies—has been stowed away without accident in the carriage, and they begin to rattle over the rough stony thoroughfare of Broadway, he leans back with a sigh of relief, and they quickly pass the long line of tall buildings, escape by a marvel collisions with omnibuses and cabs, and rapidly descend one of the side streets, now catching a glimpse of that unprepossessing, dirty-looking sheet of water which the New Yorkers call "East River." Here, at the wharf, wedged in amongst a bewildering crowd and variety of craft, lies the steamboat which is to take the party to Newport. The ladies sweep over the plank, and repair at once to the cabin; the father remains behind to see after the baggage, which the porters seriously complain of, and for transferring which to the boat they demand

double fees—an imposition which, as a business man, he resents, but to which he finally yields.

Steaming out of the New York dock at four in the afternoon, they reach Newport in some thirteen hours, and may gaze upon the island realm of fashion—the summer paradise of American “upper ten-dom”—in the sparkling light of the early summer morning. A more lovely situation for a summer resort than Newport occupies could hardly be imagined. It is a fertile island, bearing a rich and variegated foliage, prolific in flowers, and with pretty undulating hills; situated at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, which, as the reader who is up in his geography remembers, runs northward, splitting the little state of Rhode Island in half. On either side, east and west, lie the land borders of the bay, dotted thickly with summer villas and parks, the country houses built in every style of architecture, from imitation Rhine castles in granite to the latest French cottage plan.

To the south-west is dimly seen the long narrow outline of Long Island, which lies parallel to the mainland of Connecticut and Rhode Island, from New York to Newport; while looking toward the south-east the eye stretches over the boundless expanse of the Atlantic, and reaching the horizon, stops where the waters apparently meet the sky. And here, too, you have every variety of beach and crag and water nook, and may bathe in a broad curve of sandy coast, or angle in among the rocks, where the waters are dark and still,

and the fish are plenty and not too shy. Undoubtedly the first thing which would strike an Englishman at Newport would be the almost glaring look of that part of the town where the fashionable residences are situated. The seaside cottages and the hotels are mostly of recent construction ; but in the business part the buildings are old and musty, for Newport is really one of the oldest of American towns, and has a certain political importance as one of the capitals of the state of Rhode Island, which is indicated by a prim but not very imposing edifice, where the Legislature meets, and which is called the " State House." The hotels are on a scale of spaciousness and luxury which it would be hard to find even in New York ; and among them the " Ocean House," doubtless familiar to many a reader who has crossed the Atlantic, is famous. It contains ball rooms, and billiard rooms, and smoking rooms, boudoirs that would ravish a French marquise of the last century, dining halls which are almost oppressive in their vastness and decorations. The drives, too, along the wide extended beaches and over the lovely island are peculiarly fine ; and it is not too much to say that more attention is paid to horse-racing and " breeds," to dashy turn-outs and artistic riders, at Newport, than to its legitimate pastimes of sea bathing and angling.

Our fashionable family hastens, with the rest, up the long spacious pier. A trifling crisis occurs in the shape of a family misunderstanding ; owing to the fact

that Paterfamilias, among other commissions confided to him in the last few days of getting ready, was instructed to write, engaging rooms at the Ocean House, and forgot it. That annoying fact transpires as the coach with its ponderous freight starts away from the pier. The husband and father has reason to resume his longings for the counting room, which have been in abeyance during the voyage; he becomes the target for a trinity of female tongues; and as he gloomily thinks of all he has suffered for the past week or more is fain to mutter to himself how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child—and wife.

When the party arrives in the lofty vestibule of the Ocean House, and the clerk in white neck-tie, with a quill adorning each ear, politely informs them that the only vacant rooms are on the fifth floor—"in fact, under—hem!—under the roof"—when, with infinite dropping of bundles, and tarryings at the head of staircases to take breath, and waiting for keys, they at last reach what the clerk was pleased to call their "apartments"—their disappointment and indignation have reached their height. For this—three small hot attic rooms, with windows looking stable-ward instead of ocean-ward, so that when you glanced out of them you would never guess you were near the sea—for this the ladies had left their airy brown stone house on Fifth Avenue, and the man of commerce his beloved arm-chair at the counting house! Their experience, they find, is not a solitary one. The first floor, the dashy

side whiskered landlord tells them, was engaged last year; the second was spoken for in the winter; the third had been booked for three months; the fourth was reserved for those who bespoke apartments by letter; and to the fifth all suddenly arriving mortals were inevitably doomed. So, on this sweltering night in June, this fashionable family are fain to grumblingly retire into beds which are too short, and in rooms hardly large enough to accommodate their baggage. How it is that the ladies have brought order out of the chaos which their rooms assumed when they unpacked in the morning passes masculine conjecture; still it is clear they have achieved it, for they descend to the breakfast table at the fashionable hour of half-past eleven in the freshest and most correct of morning toilets; and the father alone of the party bears unmistakable indications of not being entirely at home in the great hotel.

Possibly the fashionable day at Newport is not so very unlike that at Scarborough or Brighton. Lounging, flirting, and driving are its not strikingly novel pastimes. To the fashionable ladies it is a most laborious, wearying, wearing existence. They rise, it is hinted, between seven and eight, and find it difficult to complete their toilet in time to respond to the ten o'clock breakfast gong. Breakfast occupies, what with chatting, unexpectedly finding old friends at the table, and satisfying the appetite, something like an hour. That meal over, the ladies adjourn either to the sumptuous saloons, in whose alcoves they may continue the delicious little

gossip (begun at table, and too good to be lost) over last night's ball ; or to the fine broad piazza which runs around three sides of the hotel, from whence they may gaze upon the sea, and where they may indulge in *tête-à-têtes* with their partners of the last fashionable ball. American ladies, and especially fashionable American ladies, are less energetic than the English. They take far less exercise, are far less fond of robust pleasures. When they reach the watering-places, they seem, many of them, to be victimised by inertia ; they are loth to stir during the day. The persevering, and the few who go to the sea-shore for the sober object of health, or out of real love for marine nature, hasten off, after breakfast, to the beach, some to bathe, others to walk on the sands, or sketch from a favourable standpoint among the rocks. Parties of croquet are formed ; and as you stand on the piazza you will see many a huge wagon rattling by, with long seats on either side overflowing with merry girls in wide flabby straw hats, and quite as many ladies of doubtful age, and "nobby" youths in the jauntiest of seaside costumes, playing the agreeable with all their might—a picnic party bound for some grove in the centre of the island, escaping for a little from the monotonous wash and roll of the waves. The gentlemen—those, at least, who are too indolent or too little gallant to seek companionship with the gentler sex—are smoking in groups here and there, discussing politics, or anxiously asking each other about the stock market in the city. Some are prone to wander in the

direction of the stables ; others while away the weary morning over the billiard table, or at a game of " High-low Jack." It is both melancholy and amusing to watch the poor man of commerce as the " long, long, weary day" drags slowly on. He can, for the life of him, find nothing to do. He gets desperately hungry in the morning for his breakfast, which, at home, he is wont to have at sharp seven ; and the first day he was at Newport he afforded a fund for a day's amusement among the waiters by incessantly asking if he couldn't have his breakfast as early as nine. He wanders about the vast hotel and through the streets, hands in pockets ; his disconsolate face now and then looms for a moment at the door of the billiard room ; he is seen haunting the reading room for hours before the arrival of the mail ; and the only morsel of comfort which he enjoys the live-long day is when his *Herald* comes by the evening boat, and he may sit crouched up at one corner of the piazza, and gloat over the " Money Market" and " Trade Report." The poor man finally becomes desperate with so indolent an existence, and frantically tries in succession the round of seaside amusements ; is in everybody's way at the stables ; gets sea-sick on a short yacht excursion ; is wofully beaten at billiards ; and makes the ladies of his family heartily ashamed of him by his incorrigible awkwardness at the picnics and in the ball room.

The latter seems to be, after all, the most attractive spot to the majority of the Newport ladies. Several

nights in every week, even when the summer heat is at its height, the landlord throws open his superb saloons to his guests, provides a band of music and a sumptuous supper, and the light fantastic toe is tripped in those hot and crowded rooms until far into the next morning. Very many of the lady guests occupy themselves with nothing else than the preparation for, the enjoyment of, and resting after, these festive occasions. Many rise late, spend the time between their breakfast and dark with the coiffeur and the dressing-maid, dance and flirt and eat ice creams and lobster salad till four or five the next morning, and so go on day after day and week after week. Mothers and daughters wrinkle and fade visibly under this endless round of fashionable vanities. A more suggestive spectacle than the Ocean House breakfast table on a morning after one of these balls could hardly be described. The languid, tired countenances, yellow and dull, the fatigued walk and listless conversation, the meagre appetite and sleepy posture at table, attest the miserable effects of constant dissipation.

The fashionable world has come to the seaside, not to recruit its wasted energies from the ravages of the winter just gone by, nor to brace itself up for those of the winter to come, but because it craves still its feverish life, and knows that here it may be pursued. And besides, there is with many an ambitious mamma an object in so pertinaciously keeping in the tide of fashion. Despite all the mother's hopes and stratagems,

neither Juliana nor Lucinda have "formed an engagement" during the winter campaign; and the truth is that they are getting on in years. I believe her to be a really loving and unselfish mother. You cannot persuade me that that intelligent, quietly-disposed old lady would suffer, as she does, from lateness of hours and utter bodily exhaustion, to indulge her own personal vanity. No; she is sincerely anxious to do the best possible thing she can for her daughters. Society tells her that the one way to accomplish it is to follow the fashionable stream as the gadfly dogged Io; and she, like many a thousand good women on both sides of the Atlantic, believes it, and sacrifices herself accordingly—and not only sacrifices herself, but the partner of her joys and sorrows also. I know no more melancholy sight than that of parents, whose gray hairs tell us that they are fast descending the hill of life, dragged into this maelstrom of fashion by vain, selfish, and shallow-hearted children, and who are uncomplainingly wearing deeper furrows in their cheeks, in the hope that they may thus secure to those children a brilliant or a luxurious future. Juliana and Lucinda are passing the climacteric of the marriageable period, and must stand in the best stalls of the great mart. And so Newport and the other American watering places have got to be—quite as much as Scarborough and Baden and Wiesbaden—marriage bourses, with their speculators and their victims.

But there is another and brighter side of this sea-

side picture. At Newport you will find two distinct kinds of society. Although recreation—real, hearty, enjoyable recreation—is not cultivated by Americans with that almost universal zest which is seen in the English, still its importance as a leaven to the toilsome year of the working world is becoming more and more appreciated every year beyond the Atlantic. Within a few years, horseback riding and croquet, sea bathing and long jaunts afoot, have become fashionable at Newport. Everybody knows what Carlyle says about the oak; how that it stands and grows a thousand years *silently*; it is passed by unnoticed, till, with a crash, it comes tumbling to the earth. So it is with society everywhere; we are apt to judge that portion which makes the most noise as the typical society of a people. The visitor to Newport, or the reader of newspaper letters describing it, is apt to imagine that the balls and *routs*, the flirting and lounging and dissipation, constitute all its life in the season. The other class, which goes quietly about the commonplace and not exciting pastimes of recreation, is not noted and is forgotten. While Newport is sought by the fashionable and the marriage-seekers merely because it is one of the summer centres of the *monde*—while, for them, the fact that there are beaches there, and good fishing, and pretty landscapes, is a minor consideration, and any other place would do as well if only the tyrant Fashion chose to have it so—what a glorious place it is for those who really seek and love seaside recreation! For

instance, there is the fresh-faced, fun-loving, early-rising, excursion-planning Yankee girl, whose papa is rich, and has a French "cottage by the sea," who has just left school behind for ever, and has come down to have, as she says, "a summer-long frolic." Like the sensible girl that she is, she laughs at the snobbish notion which prevails at the Ocean House, that it is vulgar to be enthusiastic, and rude to exert oneself in healthy out-of-door pastimes. You will see her at seven in the morning tripping down to her father's boathouse. Soon a little craft, as neat and jaunty and brisk as herself, shoots out upon the water, rowed by its gay-hearted mistress, who bends to her oar splendidly, and lends to the motion of her boat something of her own airy grace. Of course she returns with the heartiest and most unsentimental of appetites, at which Miss Juliana, who has really managed to fulfil a promise to breakfast with her friend at ten, is inexpressibly shocked, and debates within herself whether she should not drop the acquaintance of such a monster in crinoline. Her nerves are to be tried yet further; for, according to her account to her mamma when she returns, fairly exhausted, to the Ocean House, her energetic friend actually "kept her playing croquet for two mortal hours without once resting!" The latter eschews the balls at the hotel, and vastly prefers a little evening "tea drinking," or an impromptu strawberry feast on the lawn. She finds a little time to visit a favourite ledge of rocks, and sketch; to exercise her

swimming powers twice a day in briny ocean itself; to continue her course of history and botany, which, however, to tell the truth, is a little irksome down here, amongst all this profusion of varied and lovely nature; joins as many picnics and "clambakes" as she can, and is always ready to assist in planning one; rides, towards dusk, on her beautiful new gray pony; and manages, what with these and similar occupations, to get weary enough to be ready to retire at about the same hour that her fashionable friend's curls are receiving the *coiffeur's* last particular touch just before she sweeps majestically down to the saloon. Is it difficult to conjecture which of these young ladies will lose her youth and spirits first?

I do not know that the Newport world is so very different from that at Scarborough or Brighton. Of course I have described but two examples among a host. You will find at Newport the same inextricable mixture of pretence and genuineness, of vulgar pomposity and quiet good breeding, of upstarts and gentlemen, of dreary Mrs. Skewtons and charming Lily Dales. You are sure to see there the best and the lowest types of American character, and, I may add, the best and the lowest types of exotic Europeans, who, for a thousand reasons, creditable and otherwise, have preferred a home in the western to one in their native hemisphere. Spurious Italian counts, and German music teachers with a *spirituel* air, if they strike the right social stratum—which they are sure to do—live in clover; for what I

may call the American snobocracy—by which I mean vulgar people suddenly become rich, and with it arrogant, who swarm to Newport and Saratoga, and try to lord it there over decent folk—the snobocracy adore nothing so much as a title, or a “foring” genius, and are only too glad to shower their money on such of this sort as they find willing to receive it. Since the recent civil war, too, it has been fashionable to pet its heroes. Newport fairly revels in these gallant gentlemen, in blue broadcloth and brass buttons, with their “shoulder-straps” of bars, stars, and eagles, their jaunty, slouchy caps, their magnificent moustaches, and their complexions tanned by Virginian and Georgian suns. And among these, too, there is a curious mingling of the spurious and the genuine—of real heroes who say little of their exploits, and *soi-disant* heroes boasting much thereof. There are the polished New Englander, and the rude, jovial, too familiar Westerner; the loud-talking statesman from the national metropolis, and the retiring man of letters, who is continually annoyed in his secluded cottage by autograph hunters and newspaper reporters; sportsmen and society men, editors and bankers, clergymen and city legislators—the whole range of American occupation and character. To spend a season at Newport and mingle in its pleasures, fashionable or recreative, requires money, and money only. The superficial heir of “Petrolia” enters as easily into its society as the old-family Philadelphian. It is a social democracy, restricted only by one’s ability

to pay his bills—and this is a restriction by no means trifling.

Yet, with all the shams and intrigue and affectations of its fashionable side, to those who prefer its quieter, more healthful, and more genuinely pleasurable features, Newport is a glorious sojourning place; for its charm is the charm which the contrasts of Nature, beautifully various, inspire; and in its wealth of scenery and bounteous provision for every sort of holiday recreation, he would indeed be hard to please who could not spend the summer quickly there.

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER RESORTS *continued: The White Mountains—
Among the New Hampshire lakes and hills.*

A six hours' ride by rail from Boston, Massachusetts, brings you to the borders of one of those lovely lakes which are so frequent in that rich and wild scenery which prevails in America. Lake Winnepiseogee—such is its Indian name—lies almost at the foot of the range of mountains which, from the colour of their sides and summits, are called the White Mountains. The journey, indeed, from the city to the lake is not devoid of interest; the curious English sojourner among his Yankee cousins finds, both on the road and at the trip's end, scenes and things worth noting in that inevitable note-book which marks the true tourist spirit. Northern Massachusetts has not a little to boast of in rich and variegated landscape: fine farm lands, broad sweeping meadows, wide slow-flowing rivers, great whistling forests, and hill and dale merging gently into each other, and bearing on their bosom the fruit of the husbandman's thrift and the Yankee's energy. Anon you whirl through great manufacturing towns, with their palatial

mills and huge whizzing wheels and buzzing bee-like population, passing abruptly from the spectacle of the conquest of earth to that of mechanical elements.

If you are so happy as to make the trip on one of those "perfect days of June," when the blue above is boundless and the green below is darkest, freshest, newest to outer earth, the manufacturing towns are apt to be rather in the way—too destructive of the seducing illusion of the country, its air, sounds, and sights. You leave Lowell, and with it the last of those painfully vivid reminders that you live in a world of toil and hard practical cares and thoughts. The sloping hills and minute culture change into loftier ranges and rude declivities; finally, gradually, the lower spurs of the White Mountains come into sight. Of Lake Winnepiseogee, one who has been there cannot speak without enthusiasm. If you see it first under the canopy of great dark rolling clouds, darkening, *in places*, alike mountain landscape and lake surface, it is grand and beautiful: not the less so that the crests of the majestic hills are encircled by swaying and uncertain vapours. Perhaps there is no time when a lake landscape is so picturesque as when a long and heavy storm has just exhausted itself, and the rolling clouds, now lighter and wreathing themselves gracefully, wind into fantastic shapes and momentary festoons about the slopes and over the valleys—the valleys and hill-sides meanwhile catching a gleam of sunlight, illumining here and there a farmhouse or a wheat field, while all about is dimmed.

And such an effect you may often see on this gem of a mountain lake.

Old Winnepiseogee is some twenty-eight miles long, and irregular in width; tradition of the farmers apprises us that it contains just three hundred and sixty-five islands—one for each day in the year; and it has been said that in leap year an additional fairy island makes its appearance in the midst of the waters, visible, however, only by moonlight. Ranges of mountains are on almost every side; to the northward rises the stately range of the White Mountains proper, their white tops easily distinguished from the gray and green hue of their lesser brothers. The islands in the lake are mostly beautiful, thick with the wild carelessly graceful foliage characteristic of American scenery, abounding in rich uncultured fruits, containing lovely little coves and picturesque jutting promontories, and natural alcoves and grottoes inimitable by the art of man. The middle of June sees the swarms of tourists flocking to the lake, across it, and beyond to the mountain resorts.

Procul a negotiis, your prosperous man of business, who, though Yankee-sharp at a trade, no doubt, can really be a jolly fellow when free from the perplexities of his counting room, retires to lake and mountain, and spends the long summer months in the countless pursuits of pleasure, which have only one drawback—that he finds it so hard which of them to choose. Better still, far from the heat and weariness of fashionable slavery, the young New England damsels escape to these

retreats, where they may live and grow rosy once more over the hearty country fare, with its honey and fresh milk, its homely bread and fruits, its local culinary triumphs and harmless beverages. Here is health for them, the poor jaded creatures, become languid from the exhausting winter campaign of fashion; from these hills and lakes they may drink in new life and derive merry spirits once more. Who is not there on the neat little steamboat, as it carries you over the placid waters of Lake Winnepiseogee? If you are a student of human nature, you may indulge that pet occupation to your heart's content, at the same time that you refresh yourself with the mountain breezes, and your eyes with the countless little islands and the sloping lake shore. Everybody—at least the representatives and types of everybody are there before us. The father of the family—in a constant state of anxiety about the luggage, which he has to keep a “sharp look-out on,” while he has at the same time to carry shawls and stools and what not from one end of the deck to the other and back again, and acts as waiter general to his exacting party of daughters and nieces—is there, many times repeated. Sporting young gentlemen, all leggings and bob-coats, all straps and fishing tackle, are there. Fashionable fops, in faultless attire, dividing their time between resisting the propensity of stray particles of dust to fasten on them, and lisping platitudes to the bevy of girls by the flag-pole—they are there too, plenty and various. Of course the man who “can tell you all about

this region" is there, a walking guide-book, who can narrate wonderful things about every little nook and corner throughout the trip, who has travelled over the route a marvellous number of times, and, before the journey is over, has established himself on intimate terms with everybody on the boat. There are shoals of artists, savagely hirsute, discussing points of view, and backgrounds, and colour effects, and making sudden discoveries of "eligible" landscapes, which they all tip over their heads and squint at. There are dryasdust lawyers, and sleek parsons with oily voices and weak lungs, and prosperous doctors telling horrible stories, and paternal schoolmasters with groups of boys whom they are taking to the mountains on botanical or geological expeditions. There is flirting and reading, and eating and smoking and sketching, and shrill "Ohs!" at the scenery, natty travelling suits and little flat sun-hats, much like those you see on the Rhine or the Alps. The luggage is piled up on the lower deck, and every modern travelling appliance is discoverable in the neighbourhood of the tourists. One reason why such an excursion is peculiarly pleasant is, that everybody is sociable, and quite ready to get acquainted with everybody else. Every Englishman who has travelled in America will tell you how readily acquaintance is to be made on lines of public travel; indeed, more than one has complained that hand-shaking and sudden friendships are rather too prevalent in the States; but it is erring, at least, on the genial side. So it is that

our group of passengers on board the pretty Lady of the Lake are, before the two hours' journey across the lake is over, on the easiest and pleasantest terms possible; laughing and talking with each other with as little ceremony as if they were each and all a family party. It will be strange if elaborate plans have not been matured to meet each other in the mountains, and to make picnic or berrying excursions among the forests and along the river-sides, which abound there, and are so well adapted to these pastimes. At the upper end of the lake the hills have become more lofty, and the cool dry mountain air has become more perceptible and refreshing. We land at the little pier at Centre Harbour, and walk up a knoll to the old-fashioned inn, the "Senter House"—there are such even in new America—with its long verandah running along its front, and affording a charming view of the lake.

Some, however, do not go as far as the end of the steamboat's journey. Many of the islands of the lake are large enough to be inhabitable; some are a mile or two long and half a mile wide, and are the residences of hardy New England farmers. Nearly all of these farmers are quite willing to receive boarders; and to him who has come off purposely to get away from society, and longs for rustic tranquillity and aquatic sports, nothing can be more charming than to take up an abode at one of these island farmhouses. They all have boats in plenty, and fishing-tackle, which, if less complicated and ornate than that which is city-bought,

is found to be quite as effectual for practical purposes. Some of the farmers, anticipatory of guests, have built ninepin alleys at the water-side, and have cleared pleasant little umbrageous copses for miniature picnics; and often, during the summer, parties of villagers from the opposite shore come over by boatsful to dance, row, sing, and feast beneath the shady expanse and on the water. It must be remembered that there is everywhere so much *room* in America that there is no restriction whatever either in fishing or hunting, or wandering whithersoever one lists over the forests and through the fields. So you are careful not to tread down the wheat or crush the vines, you are perfectly free to go and come, with no permission to ask, and no bailiffs or house-dogs to fear. A more delightful life than this in the island farmhouse it is hard to imagine. One feels a sense of freedom nowhere else experienced. You may take your gun, and wander from one end of the island to the other unmolested, and only hearing the country sounds which are so grateful to the city denizen. You may fish, or row, or swim, or lounge and read, when and where you will. You may take a boat, and make Crusoe-like voyages of discovery to the many little islands scattered near, or have an impromptu lunch of fried fish and roast potatoes on the smooth sand of the many coves. You may either philosophise, study, or refuse to think altogether. The accommodations of the farmhouse are not elegant, but they abound in homely comforts; the good folk are rough and plain, but

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kindly; the food is fresh and pure, well cooked, and plenty of it. In such a life the summer but too rapidly slides away.

In the fresh, crisp, early morning air, the dew yet glistening on petal and blade, the old-fashioned stage coach (there are these too, O conservative reader, in republican America!) whirls up in front of the hotel, and those who are going forward to penetrate to the midst of the mountain region bustle about to get their luggage aboard and to secure seats. It is so early that our fops are drowsy, and our damsels have reddish eyes and hair not too minutely combed; but soon the scene becomes lively, and cheery laughter rings out, and there is a good-natured struggle for the tiptop seats. The boys are apt to contend for the seats next the driver—that inevitable oracle, philosopher, friend, and wonder of boys everywhere. The young ladies are by no means too squeamish to take places on the trunks and boxes on the roof of the coach; the more *négligé* and informal everything is, the better. The journey is to be a long one—some six or eight hours—and so there are innumerable baskets and hampers of provisions, bottles of currant and gooseberry wine; while the young men have ample supplies of cigars, meerschaum pipes, and pouches of “fine-cut cavendish.” The scenery through which our great stage-coach rumbles, to the sound of the cracking whip and the merry harness-bells, is really peculiar to America; and one who has not been there can hardly form an idea of its contrast with any scenery

discoverable in Europe. The brilliant effect of a storm just passed, already spoken of as enhancing the beauty of the lake landscape, is also discovered in the mountain landscape. When all is clear, and the storm has just left a glistening green tinge upon the whole scene, and the peaks of the mountains, now bare, cluster around you, bounding the horizon, the view is one certainly not to be surpassed in loveliness, although Alps and Pyrenees may excel it in vastness and grandeur. Then there is infinite variety in this landscape through which you pass between the lake and the high mountains. Sometimes you whirl through a thin forest, its trees uniform and wide apart, and the ground fairly covered with the short flat bush of the blueberry—the peculiar and delicious fruit of the region, now just getting ripe—a fruit most like, perhaps, the whortleberry, but far nicer, and having no counterpart in any European production. This berry, let me say in passing, is as large as a large pea, and is of a beautiful light blue colour; its pulp is white and sweet, and it is a great favourite throughout New England. It is made into pies, puddings, and cakes, and enriches whatever dish it forms a part of. Anon you emerge into a wide, square, flat meadow plain, ending abruptly on either side at the foot of the mountains, not gradually sloping up to them. In its midst a broad winding river slowly flows; here and there are beautiful fields of wheat or maize. Above are often ledges of great height. These ledges, in America, are the castles built by nature to

supply, in the landscape, the place of the feudal castles of Europe. On one of them, in this journey, is to be seen a distinct resemblance to a white horse, formed by the strata of the rock. This is a curious object to the tourist, and is named the "White Horse Ledge." There are also, in the same vicinity, several pretty little lakes, nestling near the ledges, which produce remarkable echoes.

The ledges and rock of this region are mostly composed of granite; and New Hampshire, the state which boasts the White Mountains, is therefore named the "Granite State."

The stage coach, after a jaunt of some eight hours, brings us to a charming village, lying in the midst of the broad valley of the Saco, midway between the mountain ranges on either side, which bears the old English name of Conway. Here it is relieved of many of its passengers; for Conway is one of the best and most fashionable White Mountain resorts. Along the wide and shaded road you will espy some half a dozen spacious and most comfortable-looking hotels; about them is the prosperous appearance of a brisk season, for everywhere you see the pleasure-seekers going to and fro, standing in groups, or playing outdoor games. On either side rustic roads branch off, studded here and there with neat farmhouses, with porches and lawns, and shaded by noble chestnuts and elms. You may take your choice; either to make your abode at the hotel, surrounded by a city colony, which still keeps up

here all the fashionable customs, or to secure board at one of the farmhouses, which have been made ready for visitors, and where you may enjoy tranquillity with the advantage of going down to the hotels, and plunging into "society" whenever you happen to feel so inclined. The life in the hotel is, despite the toilets and fashionable exigencies, a merry one. Somehow or other the ladies manage to unite the two in a skilful manner. As I said before, every one is soon acquainted with every one else, and this makes the contrast between this American mountain resort and those of Germany and Switzerland very striking. It soon gets to be like a country house full of a large and various family gathering. The young ladies and young gentlemen have got together, have found their "affinities," and love making, either in a light or a desperate fashion, becomes the main occupation of the young portion of the guests. The elders have also become easy with each other, and talk politics or stocks, play chess or whist, compare fashions, or gossip about the new arrivals quite as persistently as if they were at home. How shall I describe the infinite amusements, old and newly invented, which serve to steal time from the pleasure seekers, and to draw the summer away from under their feet without their knowing it? In the unrestricted freedom of the country there are, of course, many wanderings over the vast and velvety meadows, and among the tall yellow wheat-ears. The mountains must be climbed, and views taken of the valleys; then

crinoline must be discarded, and broad flappy sun-hats donned; and there is infinite fun in creeping up the rocky paths, mesdemoiselles having plentiful assistance from the arms and hands of their gallants. Often these mountain excursions have another object—the fascinating one of picking the blueberries. These grow in luxuriance on the craggy mountain sides; and it is really great fun to be of a party, supplied with baskets and pails, who spend the day gathering them, stopping now and then to talk and laugh and joke, and to sit under some wide-spreading tree to devour the lunch which has been brought, and for which the berry-picking and mountain-climbing has given a rare zest. Sometimes the fun is interrupted by an unwelcome guest—unwelcome, at least, to the excursionists of the gentler sex. “Those horrid snakes” are truly the abomination of your young lady who seeks her pleasure among the mountains. When one of the reptiles, which are not uncommon there, thrusts his ugly face among the company, there is much screaming and ado, tendencies to faint away which necessitate masculine support, while the gallant youths rejoice to display their valour, and zealously engage in following up the intruder, and laying his lifeless form a trophy before their admiring but frightened companions. And what an Elysium is this mountain region to your practised sportsman! As far as his legs can carry him he may roam, day after day, gun on shoulder, fearing no proprietor of the soil, and with limitless game on every hand.

Here too, among these vast forests and along these broad rivers which are among the "White Hills," is a rich field for the ardent disciple of old Izaak Walton. The woods are replete with little narrow gurgling brooks, and these brooks abound in trout, fat and shiny in their prosperous solitude. You may take your pole, basket, and fly, and stroll up through the brush and through the shady dells all day long, with plenty of game and no interruption. Prefer you river fishing for perch or roach, lake fishing for pike and lake trout? Here it is unlimited, at your hand; and if you are an expert angler, you may each day return to your farmhouse or hotel laden with treasures unstinted for breakfast or dinner delectation. There is in the White Mountains occasionally rarer and fiercer sport than this. Even in this long-settled part of America—for New Hampshire was colonised early in the seventeenth century—there is occasionally a black bear discovered, some solitary descendant of the ancient hairy lords of the domain. When such an event occurs, there is excitement of hunting indeed! Parties scour the mountains and dells for old Bruin, and he is perhaps brought down after a hearty struggle, not without its dangers. Partridges, pigeons, and quails are seemingly inexhaustible in their season. Often parties of adventurous fellows will take gun and hamper, start out, and be gone several days among the solitary wilds of the mountains. They provide themselves with canvas; and when

they have reached a favourable spot, many miles from any habitation—likely enough some little open space in the midst of the thick forest, or on the bank of some tumbling and splashing mountain stream—they pitch their tents, set up their tripods, lay their blankets, and after enjoying a rare sport by day, cook their dinner at dusk from its proceeds, and smoke, drink, sing, and play cards, by the light of the blazing fire which they have built before their tents.

Meanwhile, at the hotels, the young ladies and the stay-at-home young gentlemen indulge in more quiet and more fashionable amusements. If you pass along the village street at night—and what gloriously clear and limpid nights they are!—from almost every house there comes out a sound of music and revelry. Dancing whiles away the short summer evenings, and bands have been imported from the city for the purpose. Sometimes it is varied by those household games which New England has inherited from Old; something is certain to be done to make the evening fly fast away. Croquet and velocipedes are the order of the day, every hotel being provided with the implements of the former game. Picnics are frequent; and, amidst this grand scenery, and under this welcome shade, and beside these roaring streams, picnics are in their perfection. How pleasant to dance under the lofty oaks, fanned by soft, cool mountain breezes! How refreshing is the luncheon of currant wine, cold chicken, sandwiches, and cake, dealt

out by delicate hands, amid merry laughter and infinite joking! Then there is the wandering in couples among the trees, the cosy talk in the quiet nook, the berry-picking, the poetry-reading, the sketch-drawing, and the "silent meditation fancy free."

CHAPTER VII.

RURAL LIFE : *An American village—Among the farmers—Everyday farm life—The Irish labourers—Country boys and girls in the city.*

IN nothing is the difference between England and America more striking than in the villages and rural districts. In both countries agriculture is a most important branch of industry ; in each, the farming system betrays distinctive national characteristics. England is a country of vast domains, of great landlords, where the soil is possessed by the few, is cultivated by the many. America is, on the contrary, a land of many independent proprietors, each of whom owns and cultivates his own farm. Feudal proprietorship, which survives in England, perhaps, to a greater extent than in any highly-civilised country, is unknown, has never been known, in America. The states, originally British colonies — settled, many of them, by British emigrants, governed by the British common law, receiving many British customs, transplanting and making permanent the English language—were yet, most of them, never subjected to the dominion of great

landlords. In the South, indeed—in Virginia, for example, which was settled by English cavaliers—there were, before the war, very many extensive proprietors, holding vast properties, and occupying a position not dissimilar to that of the English landlords. Instead of tenants they had slaves; instead of governing by a control over the voters, they monopolised the political power. But in New England and the West—throughout all those states which were formerly called the “free states” (happily there is no occasion now for the distinction)—land has been, from the earliest times, in the possession of the practical farmers, whose domains were large enough to support themselves, and not large enough to maintain a tenantry. Resulting from this early state of the country, the laws have never been based upon the existence of great proprietorships. There has been no law of primogeniture; tying up estates by entail has been in most parts impossible. Thus land circulates freely; it falls into independent hands, which are ready themselves to work it. The farms are not often larger than two hundred acres; perhaps the average northern farm may be stated to comprise about one hundred acres. The government grants of public lands in the West comprise one hundred and sixty acres. Within a domain so limited each farmer may take personal charge of its culture, and from it he may earn a good living, and sometimes a substantial competence.

Riding along by rail between the farms and through

the villages, the English visitor must be struck with the newness and fresh look of everything. Certainly nothing is more curious to an American in England than the appearance of musty age—the century-old look both of town and country. The low, thatched, irregular stone cottages of the English villages; the up-and-down streets and paths; the ancient square-towered church, with its age-browened stones, its clinging ivies, its weather-worn graves, with inscriptions which are well nigh illegible; the little antique bridges spanning the streamlets; the lanes lined with thick hedges, shaded by old trees, whose very vegetation seems somehow (you can hardly tell why) venerable; the close-settled population, and *snugness* of the fields and hamlets; the huddled-together aspect of all things—these seem strange to the tourist from beyond the Atlantic. Imagine everything the opposite of these, and you may picture to yourself rural America. You have been used all your life to ancient buildings and long-cultivated lands, to vast aristocratic parks, and the influences of remote traditions and customs. You find in America a newness which surprises you—mayhap, at first, shocks you; everything is *too* glaring and fresh; the people are too “smart,” the houses are too bright and fragile, the fields are too open, the woods are too wild, the tempering dust of ages, which makes things venerable, is utterly wanting. The country through which you pass is far from being, as in many parts of England, a continuous park and garden; it is nature but half

subdued. Yet with all this, to the European eye over-brightness, you will not fail to observe of the villages, that they are more wide-awake, seemingly prosperous, more *intelligent-looking*—if such an expression may be used concerning a village. The American village does not consist of an irregular clump of moss-grown, low, stone or mud cottages; it is composed of neat, separate, wooden, usually white-painted habitations. It is seldom that the houses stand close together; the villages oftener consist of detached properties—neat houses, with little lawns before them, trees in front, gardens or orchards at the sides and back. There is one long principal street; the others are rather lanes than streets, branching up over the hills or down through the valleys, well shaded with chestnuts, or elms, or poplars—even oaks. Two-storey white-painted houses, with very bright green outer blinds, an ell extending from the rear—sometimes in front a pretty porch with trellis work, and grapes, honeysuckles, morning-glories clustering up the sides; oftener, perhaps, a neat little verandah, roofing the front or side windows, and affording an excellent resting-place for the master and the boys when they have finished work. The villagers seem clearly more well to do than the English villagers; and it is not surprising; they are each and all independent on their “own ground,” the equals of everybody, having “a stake in the country,” readers and talkers of politics to a man; the women, housewives, with a plentiful garden

near by ; the boys, half students, half toilers ; the girls, embryo housewives, readers of poetry, singers and players of music. Free, universal education has made the northern villages and villagers what they are.

Then, you look about you in vain for the old ivy-grown, half-crumbling village church, with its adjacent rectory, endowed in the obscure eras. In its place is a substantial, rather plain wooden edifice, with high Gothic windows, white painted, and with a wooden spire, which points without doubtful meaning heavenward. Perhaps the village church stands at the head of the street, looking down it, as if to watch its children, and at hand to approve the good and warn the bad ; perhaps it is perched, a little distance off, on the crest of a gently-rising hill, overlooking the whole country round about. At the sides of it are plain wooden sheds open in front, supplied with troughs and hooks—accommodations these for the worthy farmers' horses and wagons, where, on a Sunday morning, you will see homely rustic vehicles and sturdy farm nags hitched, while their owners are within, sitting "under the droppings" of the village parson. In the graveyard near the church you will find few tombs of older date than the present century ; one dated in the last is a village curiosity. "Church" and "meeting house," let me say, are in America indifferently used, to mean the same thing ; "chapel" is only used to mean a small church, or a suburban branch of a church. "Church" is used no less for dissenting and Catholic

houses of worship than for the Episcopalian. I observe that in England it is used exclusively to designate the sanctuaries of the Establishment. The city people in America usually say, "going to church;" the rustic folk, "going to meeting;" the latter call their best apparel their "Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes." It is rarely that in the villages you see churches built of any other material than wood, or painted any other colour than white. In some villages nearer the towns, however, the churches are of stone, and look not unlike the modern-built churches one sees in England. In remote New England districts, too, one sometimes comes upon an ancient wooden church, used long ago, painted *red*—a singular notion of the forefathers. Most of the village churches have the high conical spires; some none at all, being plain square edifices; others have square wooden towers. The Episcopalians adorn their churches, inside and out, the most, both in town and country; they doubtless derive their fondness for ornamentation from the mother church in England. There are in most villages two, and often three, churches; the principal one, in New England at least, being the "orthodox," or Congregational. It is very rarely that one finds a Catholic church in a village; the mass of the rustic folk are stout Protestants; it is only in manufacturing villages, where there are many Irish operatives, that the Popish priest finds it profitable to establish himself.

If the village be of goodly size, there in its midst

is the academy, with its lusty scholars buzzing about it; if but a modest village, which counts only its few hundred, a little way off you discover the rural school, with student or girl pedagogue, as already described. In the centre of the village—at the “corner,” as some of them are wont to call it—are grouped the various shops and houses of the village trade. The street, wide everywhere, here swells out at its widest; perhaps there is a pretty common in the centre, around which the road winds on either side—a cosy lawn, playing ground of the little villagers. The shop, or “store”—in the smaller settlements there is often but one—is a snug frame building two storeys high, approached by one or two broad wooden steps, supplied with an open portico. You cannot pass at any time of the day without seeing some of the village or farmer folk lounging about the door; the village drones and idlers, especially, are visible all the day long, lazily lingering near the store. Ever and anon a village matron or maiden comes, with jug or basket, to make her purchases. She enters, passing a cheerful word with the loungers on the porch. The keeper of the store is behind the counter, and quickly serves his customer, meanwhile chatting familiarly; for he is quite the social equal of the richest squire’s wife or daughter. The village store is a perfect curiosity shop; all the village necessities are there, ranged on the shelves. There are woollens and cottons, confectionery and tobacco, suspenders and

india-rubber coats, needles and thread, toys and playing cards, preserves and pickles, groceries of every sort, medicines and perfumery, soaps and hair pomade, bread and cheese and butter, hats, boots, and stockings, ploughs, rakes, and spades, crockery and cutlery, books, stationery, newspapers, cider, whisky and gin, sponges—whatever, in short, you may choose to call for. Very likely, too, the storekeeper is also postmaster—either he or the village landlord are apt to be—and in one corner of his store is a square partition on the counter, where you see the letter boxes and the little aperture where the village correspondence is delivered. If, in the evening, just after the big lumbering stage coach has arrived from the neighbouring town, you approach the store, you will see a little eager group of the villagers gathered about it. Some are pressing about the post office; the aperture is for the moment closed, for the postmaster is opening and sorting the mail. This task does not take long, for soon he emerges from behind the boxes with a long slip of paper, which he fastens to the partition, that all may read. You read, “Letters to-day, June 12th;” then following, a list of the names of those for whom letters are waiting. Several turn away disappointed, and go gossiping out; others crowd about the post office, and demand their letters. Then the papers are distributed; you observe that nearly every villager receives one. Some stand reading the news on the store portico, and make remarks to each other; some hurry homeward; some go to

the village tavern, there to hold conclave over the events announced from the outer world. The village tavern, albeit not at all externally like those ancient traditional inns so often celebrated by English novelists and poets—by no means resembling those sojourning places which so captivated Dr. Johnson and his Boswell—is still usually cosy and prim, hospitable to all the world; it is, like all the rest, a wooden, or frame building, two storeys high, generally with a covered porchway in front, smooth, uncarpeted, sanded floors, a plain bar room, with deal tables and chairs, entered from the passage, low walled, smoke begrimed, and fly spotted, with old fashioned woodcuts representing some local point of interest—perhaps a rude portrait of General Washington or General Jackson—placards announcing coming horse shows, exceedingly ancient railway or stage-coach time tables, and an advertisement in gaudy colours of “Ayer’s Patent Anti-Consumptive Pills, Patented.” What mighty questions have been agitated and adjudged in that little bar room! how gravely and slowly have the village oracles there pronounced their fiats, sitting surrounded by their attentive little village court! what a calendar of crops, good, bad, indifferent; what a chronicle of chronologies could those bedimmed, yellowish, once whitewashed walls, could they turn articulate authors, divulge! Behind the bar is the landlord’s chatty dame, or his bright-eyed lass; against the wall, on shelves, interspersed with deftly cut coloured tissue paper snares for flies,

are bottles fanciful and plain, from whose contents innumerable mixtures, unknown to Europeans, are concocted. There are lemons on the tops of glasses, straws bunched together in tumblers, tempting to the beverages of which they hint. There are tobacco and poor cigars and clay pipes; a few old newspapers lie in a pile on one of the tables, got haphazard by the landlord, or left by passing travellers. Then, across the entry, you reach the tavern parlour—every American hotel, large and small, has its public parlour—which is simple, and homely, and tidy enough. It seems a private room; it is a sort of landlord's domestic curiosity shop. Here too, depending from the wall, are vari-coloured, quaintly-cut tissue papers; the sides of the room are, perhaps, hung with faded daguerreotypes of the landlord's family, in the stiffest and awkwardest of postures, staring half scared out upon you. The carpet is fading; the centre table offers limited reading in such works as *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, *Hymns for the People*, *Proverbial Philosophy*, *The Ladies' Annual*, *The Poetical Gift Book*. Upstairs you are ushered into neat, low-roofed chambers, with a rustic smell; the linen is not of the finest, but is scrupulously clean; the furniture is plain, but well kept.

One thing which would doubtless strike the European visitor, is the openness of the village habitations. There are no high inhospitable walls, shutting out from the passer-by the view of the garden plots and shaded paths. In many French and English villages—through

many lanes—I have walked between lofty blank walls, conscious that beyond them were expanses which it would be grateful for the eye to rest upon. There are rustic sights all about one—scenes of beauty in nature and out—but the sombre gray walls frown on you, as if to tell you to get on your way as fast as possible.

I have hinted how different were the Americans from the Europeans in the matter of privacy. The European likes to shut himself out from the world—to enclose his gardens and lawns within high walls, that the street passenger may not gaze upon his domain; he likes to eat alone, to travel alone. The Americans, on the other hand, are fond of doing everything in company. They travel fifty or sixty in a railway carriage; they eat eighty or a hundred at a single table; they erect no high walls about their premises. The American village is, then, wholly open and cheerful to the view. The wealthier squire, as the poorest blacksmith or cobbler, lets the eyes of all the world rest on his domain, and enjoy it to the utmost. I have never, so far as I remember, seen one of those high walls around an American village house. The habitations are separated from the road and from neighbouring estates by neat low wooden fences of open work, painted white, yellow, or green, over which one could easily leap. Sometimes there is no partition whatever; the house stands a little back from the road, with no fence or walk to divide the lawn or garden from it. There being no exclusive feeling, no aristocratic sensitiveness, no thought of being shut out

from the *commune vulgus*, there is no necessity for such defences. People run in and out of each other's houses without ceremony; and although there is plenty of gossip in these Yankee villages, not all the best natured either, the communities are, as a whole, peaceful, sociable, and happy. Almost every village has its little professional aristocracy—its lawyer, doctor, and parson. Here, in a neat frame house, shaded by trees, standing a little back from the street, lives the physician and his family, his name on the door; there, in a house much like it, resides the lawyer, with a little detached building for his office; the parson, likely enough, lives in a modest cottage hard by his church. These, perhaps, unite with their professional duties—which are not onerous—a little practical farming, to eke out a respectable living. Sometimes one must run for the doctor in a hayfield—where he is found in his shirt sleeves, pitching the hay to one of his boys on the haycart; or you will seek for the man of law in his garden, where he is weeding his peas, or in his cow-house, where he is feeding his heifers. The parson leads a not unhappy life among his honest flock. If he is likeable, he receives many a present from the farmers and villagers—is surprised by the advent of a hay-load for his horse, or a barrel of prime rosy apples for winter consumption. He too, likely enough, does not confine himself to his parochial tasks, but in leisure hours aids his poorer parishioners to gather their crops, teaches the boys who have got beyond the rural school and are

going to college; perhaps employs some of his time in writing polemical articles for religious papers, or prepares a book which he hopes may make him famous. He is the patron of the amusements as well as the serious duties of his flock; looks smiling on at the picnic scenes; is not averse to concerts; and examines the children and distributes the prizes at the close of the school term. Many a village has its squire *par excellence*; probably he is a native of the place, and his fathers have cultivated the ancestral farm for many generations before him. He is, of course, a justice of the peace, and adds to this the office of drawing up deeds and making out mortgages. He is, as well as the official dispenser of the law, the trusted arbiter of his neighbours in disputed questions; if he is treated with respect, it is rather for his own substantial qualities and because he has been so long known, than for his wealth or the position of his ancestors. He has been sent to the Legislature until he has refused to go any more; he has been Selectman, and has been chosen Moderator of the town-meeting numberless times. The squire is, indeed, a sort of aristocrat, but one of the most democratic kind. You will see him in his shirt sleeves on a hot summer's day, busily digging potatoes in the midst of his labourers; you will find him chatting as familiarly with the blacksmith or the carpenter as with the doctor and the parson.

Most of the village dames and damsels do their own household work. There is seldom a servant even in the

well-to-do families. The daughters assist their mother in the kitchen and at house cleaning in the morning; and in the evening, when the work is done, you may hear many a simple old-time ditty through the open windows. If there are guests, the daughters are not at all ashamed to wait at table, rising and getting what is wanted, and resuming their seats again. The troubles of the city housekeeper, who is in a perpetual turmoil with her servants, are unknown to the rustic dame. She has her own dairy, her own cows, her own neat little table-garden, her own fruit-bushes and orchards; she churns her own butter, makes her own cheese, puts up her own preserves and pickles, often milks her own cows.

Emerging from the village into the open country—going out among the farming lands—the Englishman would notice the same open appearance, the same absence of snugness and privacy, the same lack of centuries-long cultivation, which he has observed in the suburb and the village. It is very rarely that he will anywhere discover a hedge. Hedges do much to give rustic England its appearance of cosiness and snug compactness. Very few American farms are divided by these; and when they are so divided, the hedges are wild straggling shrubs and bushes, of natural growth, which have happened to be on the farm limits, and which are quite untrimmed. In the suburban towns the residences of the well-to-do are often enclosed by beautiful well-trimmed hedges of box or

what not; in the rural districts this special art is neglected. The farms and fields are mostly divided by low stone walls indifferently thrown together by the unmasonic hands of the farmers; or by long low rail-fences, of sections some eight or ten feet long, the rails being not too evenly split, and sustained by their ends being inserted into holes in the posts which stand at intervals. It was doubtless the making of these fence-rails in early life which won for President Lincoln the nickname of the "Rail-splitter." The stone walls which have long been thrown up are covered with creeping parasites—blackberry bushes, thorns, and ivies; these relieve the rudeness of the irregular stones. The forests and copses of wood which are often seen on the farms have a wilder, more rugged look than those in England; the foliage is not perhaps so thick and rich deep green as one sees in the old country, probably because of the longer care bestowed upon the English forests. While the American farmers in the summer till their lands and tend their herds and flocks, in winter they go into the forests and cut, trim, and draw their timber. The American farm presents a great variety of uses. There are fine pastures extending over the hills, where the cows, sheep, and horses may be seen grazing; there are broad level meadows; there are rolling lands where you see wheat, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, beans, cabbages, tomatoes, melons growing; there are vast orchards full of apple, pear, plum, peach, and cherry-trees of every variety

and excellence ; the fields sometimes not separated at all, at others divided by stone walls or rail-fences ; and wide expanses of woodland left mostly to themselves, where the rustic boys and girls may hunt for chestnuts and "checkerberries," and the city sportsman spend long days with gun on shoulder or following the little rapid trout streams to their inner depths.

The farmhouses are homely, neat, and cheerful ; larger, usually newer and more attractive-looking than those of the old countries. Sometimes you reach them by passing up a long, winding, irregular lane, bordered by walls and trees, grassgrown ; you emerge upon a smooth lawn ; there are clumps of elms or chestnuts or maples here and there ; while before you stands a neat, white-painted, two-storey house, shingle-roofed, and having all about it an appearance of cosy comfort. At other times the farmhouses stand just aside from the road—a green plot, perhaps a neat flower-garden intervening ; then again, you will note them perched on the crest of gently-rising hills, approached by narrow roads winding to the door. The older farmhouses are larger, and more substantially built : you will now and then come upon one which not a little resembles an English country mansion of the olden time. Often the farmhouse itself is the smallest of the farm-buildings.

The American farmers take great pride in their *barns*. They will spend more money on their barns than on their houses. When they have built a new barn, the

neighbours from the contiguous farms will gather about it, and admire its every detail. The barn is the largest of the farm-buildings—usually a great plain, square, wooden edifice, with a very high open door at one side. It is divided into partitions; and the farmers, instead of putting their hay under open sheds, or in great stacks, and slicing it off as they wish to use it—as I observe it is the custom to do in many parts of England—they bring their high heaped loads to the barn, run the hay wagon in through the great barn door upon the barn floor, pitch the hay with their forks upon the broad partitions, while one of the boys or “hired men” stands on the partition, places the bunches of hay as they are thrown up, and treads it down compactly to make room for the rest. The broad floor of the barn is used for threshing the wheat or rye; and often, as you pass along the country roads, you will see the lusty farmers, in their shirt-sleeves, thumping away stoutly with their swinging flails, now and then stopping to take a “swig” of the home-made hop or ginger-beer, or to separate the chaff from the yellow heap of little kernels. At one end of the barn there is a place partitioned off for the horse and cow stalls; here the beasts are kept over night, to be turned out into the pastures again in the morning. Outside the building, at one side of it, and extending under it, is the cow yard, fenced in, where, toward sunset, the cattle are penned in; presently emerges from the house the good farm dame, with a long tin pail and a little three-legged

stool, closely followed by her bright-eyed lass, similarly provided; they swing open the little gate, plant their stools beside the cows and their pails under them; and now you hear the long-drawn liquid strain which betrays that they are milking. Not seldom the farmhouse is connected with the barn by a row of buildings or sheds, extending from one to the other; these are used for woodhouses, washhouses, dairies, chickenhouses, and pig pens. An old fashioned well, the buckets sent down and drawn up by cranks and chains, or even by more primitive ropes, is discovered on the greensward near the house.

There is hardly a farmhouse whose interior is not scrupulously neat, and which has not the air of comfort and homelike cheer which is so grateful to the lover of the country who escapes for a time from the dust and bustle of city life. There is always a clean wooden floor, sometimes modestly carpeted, sometimes bare; never a farmhouse so poor as to be content with a stone floor, or to sit flat upon the naked ground. On one side of the door is the parlour or drawing room, often a mysterious sombre apartment, with the air of being rarely used—only opened when some guest from a distance, or mayhap the parson or doctor, has arrived. It is furnished to the best of the farmer's ability: there are gaudily gilt unused books on the centre table; the walls are hung with rather rude portraits of notable men, interspersed with funereal engravings representing tombstones with cypresses or weeping willows, and on

the tombstones, written by rustic loving hands, the names of the children who have gone to their eternal rest. Then, on the "what-not," you will discover, if I am not mistaken, the inevitable pile of daguerreotype cases, containing the portraits of numberless country uncles and cousins; of the farmer and his wife when they were spruce young sweethearts; of brother John, who is now a doctor in "York;" and of cousin Jim, the hero of the family, who went to the war as private in the 23d, and was killed at the Battle of Seven Oaks. The mantel is not unlikely graced by vases too brightly painted, to city eyes too palpably cheap: here you will see specimens of the daughters' handiwork—paper or wax or hair flowers fantastically twined; or mayhap, on the wall above, an antique piece of embroidery done by the dame in her "courtin'" days, and displaying all sorts of wonderful birds and quaint animals and names curiously woven with each other. There is in one corner a harmonium or a small piano: on Sunday evenings, and then only, the family invades the sombre silence of the parlour; the psalm books—well worn—are passed about, and the voices mingle in the sacred melodies. A brighter and more attractive room is that on the other side of the little entry, the general sitting room and dining room, often too the kitchen as well. A cheerful place it is—the farm dame's *sanctum sanctorum*. In the remote parts of the older states you may find farmhouse rooms supplied with great open fireplaces, and benches beside them, with long hooks and appli-

ances hanging down over the fire for cooking purposes. There is no need of coal: the fire is made of great burly logs taken from the farm itself; and there is no more cheerful sight than one of these loud-roaring fires of a bitter cold winter evening, the rustic household gathered about it: the grandsire, with his clay pipe, puffing thoughtfully; the farmer conning, by the aid on a home-made tallow candle, the last arrived "semi-weekly;" the dame and the daughters busily preparing a savoury supper; the boys gossiping in a corner about the day's work or the last woodchuck hunt; and the "hired men," forming part of the circle, perhaps stumbling over the words of a spelling book, or attentively listening to the master, who reads aloud for their benefit the news of the day. In one corner of the room you will perhaps espy a spindle, with its broad, light, whirling wheel; of late, sewing-machines too have made their way to the rural districts. Everything is neat and in strictest order; the air is pervaded by a clean rustic smell. The dairy is full of attractions to the lover of rustic things: it is a little room, with shelves ranged along the walls, and tables at the sides; on them are broad tin pans filled to the edge with milk, some fresh and yellow, some crusted with thick luscious cream, some left blue-white after a recent skimming. Here are great new-made cheeses, churns, butter pats and moulds—every appliance for the business of the place.

The everyday life on the farms is full of healthful.

ness and vigorous cheerful toil. The family is up by sunrise, and breakfast is over shortly after. The master has no indulgence for the slothful, and early teaches his boys and girls to go to bed betimes and rise with the lark. If you chance to be spending your summer as a boarder on the farm, you must comply with the same stern rule. If you are late to breakfast, and attempt to import city hours into the rustic household, you must take the consequences, and be content with a cold crust and a glass of milk. Their breakfast over, the farmer, his boys, and the hired men proceed to the fields and begin their daily toil. That acre of hay must fall by the scythe; this field of potatoes must be hoed; these bags of wheat must be taken to mill and ground; this meadow wall must be pieced up; the cows must be driven to a distant pasture. They return to dinner at noon, and then work until sundown, when they have a substantial supper.

In New England there is a stern, puritanical sort of energy among the farmers, which enables them to achieve remarkable things on a soil in many places not friendly to their vocation. Rocky and sandy fields are made to produce good crops; hard persistent work and untiring perseverance could alone succeed there. The farmers' sons are brought up to rude and continuous toil, while, at the same time, they attend school at intervals, and thus become educated men as well as sturdy yeomen. The farm work is in most cases done by the farmer and his sons. Sometimes,

when it is necessary to hurry in getting in a crop, or in putting up a fence—when something is to be done which requires a number of hands—the farmer's neighbour gives him a day's work, that is, helps him in his task. No charge is thought of being made for this service. When, however, the neighbour in turn is pressed, he calls upon the farmer already indebted to him to "lend a hand." This kindly reciprocity is an almost universal custom; the farmers, perhaps, more than any other class, have learned how both pleasant and profitable it is to help one another. In the far West, where a newly arrived emigrant finds himself, to be sure, "on his own ground"—that ground consisting, however, of rude forests, and presenting great obstacles to the new comer—it is the custom for the neighbouring settlers, though they may never have seen him, to "set to" and help him clear a space for his habitation. What would be impossible for one man to do in a month, half a dozen achieve in a few days. A lot being cleared of its trees and rubbish, the rough kindly souls proceed to cut and drag logs to the spot, and soon an uncouth, but by no means comfortless, log cabin stands upon it. Its owner is afterwards called on to perform the same service for a later comer, or to help those who have helped him on some pressing occasion.

Many of the Irishmen, who emigrate in such numbers every week from Queenstown, prefer, on reaching America, to penetrate to the rural districts, and engage

in farm work, to making roads, cleaning streets, and performing the hard drudgery of the city. If he be a sensible fellow, he will find his position on the farm a lucky one. He is treated almost as if he were a member of the farmer's family. He is provided with a bedroom not inferior to that occupied by the farmer's boys; sometimes he has a bed in the same apartment which they use. The farmer works with him in the fields; talks freely with him; he has a place at the table with the family, and partakes of the same hearty substantial dishes. He smokes his pipe on the green in front of the farmhouse at dusk, after supper, the master and the boys freely admitting him to their little group. He is always at liberty to sit by the fire with the family in the evening, reading the papers, if read he can—perhaps being taught to read and spell by one of the boys who is fresh from the public school. The contact with an educated, intelligent family cannot fail to improve him, if he is at all capable of improvement; it is an excellent substitute for the “public house;” his amusements, as well as his associations, are innocent and civilised; he becomes ambitious to rise; he learns to respect himself, seeing that others respect and treat him as an equal; and it is not seldom that such a life on a Yankee farm results in making the immigrant Irishman an intelligent and useful citizen, and leads the way to his winning an independence and a good social position. Even in the

more thickly-settled parts of America labour is scarcely equal to the demand for it; and the Irish labourers, who are restless and love to change their residence often, may find plenty to do in almost any part of the country.

The farms usually descend quietly from father to son—that son having the most aptitude for the occupation succeeding to the property. The farms are sometimes, though seldom, divided among several sons. The farm boys often go to town when they have finished their schooling, and learn a trade or a profession. Some are content to engage service in the livery stables, and pass their life in combing down horses and burnishing carriages; others, more ambitious, become doctors' and lawyers' assistants, and finally take their place in the professions; others enter counting houses, and become merchants; others become guards on railway trains, drivers of omnibuses, bar keepers, hotel proprietors, shoemakers, carpenters, masons. More than one eminent American were the sons of farmers, and grew up in the remote rural districts. Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Stephen A. Douglas, Lewis Cass, Lincoln, were farmers' sons. Many of the richest merchants, and most prominent lawyers and doctors, had the same obscure origin. The city population is ever being recruited by "fresh blood," both male and female, from the country. The rustic lad or lass in America looks on the city much as Whittington did on London

—as a place paved with gold, where fortunes and splendid mansions are attainable by everybody, to be had for the seeking. And the cities derive a large part of their enterprise from this infusion of country blood. Its dangers are not the less real to them. Many a country boy goes to New York or Philadelphia to fall into vicious companionship, to be driven by ill luck, or a want of the *savoir faire*, into misery and crime. Many a country lass goes thither to relieve her parents of her support, and then becomes the prey of want, or worse, of the bad men and women ever on the alert to corrupt innocence and to debase the pure. Still, there is in the city an even chance for all; the best brain and muscle wins; and better brain and muscle than that of the Yankee farmer's boy, with his energetic and self-denying habits, his robust frame, and his persevering spirit, the country does not produce. If he will but struggle on, yielding to no temptation, keeping up a good heart under occasional discouragement, he is sure of success. As has already been said, many farmers' sons "work their way" through the preparatory academy and the university; there are constantly being organised colleges where an opportunity is given to exchange labour for learning, and which have it as an object to give their graduates, as well as a degree, a fair start in practical life. Thus it is mostly the country boy's own fault if he does not succeed in his career. At home, he may lead the peaceful

farm life which his ancestors have led for generations before him ; abroad, in the great world, a wide and fair arena, and the highest prizes of life at its goal, await his honest and persistent effort.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE: *Summer in the country—Sports and pastimes—Excursions—Picnics—Serenading parties—A country ball—Sunday among the farmers—Corn-husking—Apple-bees—Quilting—Maple-sugar parties—Agricultural fairs—Sleighing and skating.*

SPECIAL illustrations are always better than general descriptions. Perhaps the reader will revert with me in fancy to a certain farmhouse, where many delightful summers have been spent, and life at which was an attractive example of the customs and pastimes of the rural population. The house was a handsome one, on the summit of a sloping hill, in front of which two pleasant rustic roads branched off. There was a garden between the house and the road, in which were flower plots, one or two peach trees, and two famous cherry trees. The garden was surrounded by a low lattice fence painted white; the house was two storeys high, white, with green blinds; a small gate led to a narrow walk, which conducted you to some steps, and a cosy porch supported by wooden pillars. Between the garden and the road was a natural open lawn, on which stood a group of

turity. As for the fruits, we, the boarders, had our choice without stint. We could at any time lounge over into the orchard and garden, and munch the rich yellow pears on the green grass under the trees, or squat among the bushes, filling ourselves with grapes or melons. We could wander off to the river, jump into one of the boats, launch out for an hour's row, disembark at a little shaded nook, where the water was deep and still, and have a plunge and a swim from bank to bank; or anchor our craft in mid-river, and catch perch and trout at our leisure for next morning's breakfast. We could take our guns, and rummage the forests, no matter who the owners, for miles round; we could play croquet on the open sward before the barn; we could lie under the great elms in front of the house, and read Tennyson or Thackeray, or write in our note books, or muse listless the livelong day; we could hunt after woodchucks in the open pastures; we could go down to the cider-mill, and watch the brownish juice trickle from the big apple-cheese through the gutters into the tubs, and if we chose, drink the cider "through a straw." There was new milk, inexhaustible cream, fresh yellow butter, and cheese of every age: there was no limit set to our enjoyment of them. Not far from the house was a large field of tobacco: this is grown extensively, and of good quality, in the Connecticut valleys. The farmer grew his tobacco, then dried it by hanging it from long beams in a high shed; then had it manufactured into cigars in a neighbouring building, where a number of

buxom country girls were employed in pressing, rolling, and making up the "vile weed" for general consumption. It was curious to watch this cigar-making; perhaps pleasanter still to have one's cigars at trifling prices, and of a flavour scarcely inferior to those of the Havana themselves. Liberty the most perfect had we everywhere on the farm. If we got tired of our isolation from the world, the village, one of the prettiest imaginable, was but a mile and a half distant: we could walk or ride over there—we had the farmer's horse and carriage whenever we chose—and gossip in the tavern bar-rooms, or make visits to the village folk, as we pleased. Then Hartford, the nearest city, was but twelve miles away; and we could take the great old-fashioned stage-coach, rumble through a series of lovely rural landscapes for two hours, and have, at the end of the jaunt, a day's taste of town life, returning thence late in the afternoon. Of excursions to neighbouring spots of interest there was no limit: where is there a village which does not boast its "sights"?

There was the "ledge"—emphatically *the* ledge—rising in a rugged mass perpendicularly from the loud-roaring river, at whose summit was a wooded plateau, a noble spot for picnics; from whence you overlooked a deep and winding valley, and saw, at one side, the straggling village street, and the churchspires and the taverns. If we preferred something grander and gloomier, there was "Satan's Kingdom," which might have suggested hints to Doré in illustrating *Dante*—a black

deep gorge, sombre as Erebus, where the river staggered with difficulty among dark rocks and between abrupt, wooded, craggy banks ; a place where demons might haunt and make afraid. Perhaps more interesting still was a place called "Newgate," situated some five or six miles away. Long ago it was a copper-mine ; but in the revolution days the black damp hole dug by the miners was used for the imprisonment of the "tories," by which epithet those Americans were known who continued loyal to King George after the revolution had broken out. Over it had been erected another prison, long the gaol of the state ; now falling into decay, and used for private ends. It was a frightful dark place, this hole : you reached it by a narrow ladder, and groped through it, bent over so as not to hit your pate against the rugged rock above, and guided by the light of torches. Farther on was the "Tower," a famous place for excursionists, whence you looked off upon a charming landscape which stretched on all sides for miles away. Quaint nooks and grottoes in mid-woods there were without number ; chestnut groves, where one could gather as many chestnuts—the American fruit is far more sweet and delicate than the European—as one could carry ; blueberry, blackberry, and buckleberry pastures, to which gay little parties, provided with quart tin pails, would resort and fill them, meanwhile indulging in many a coquettish and merry antic.

What jollity there was, too, in those happy, free-and-easy, primitive picnics ! They could be got up at a mo-

ment's notice : everybody was ready to join in, and bring hampers of pies, cakes, and fruit to make up the homely banquet. There was an open spot in the wood near by, where a rude table and some benches had been fixed, which remained there year in and year out. There were, too, plenty of young folk at the neighbouring farmhouses and village, intelligent, bright, full of frolic—the girls pretty and sprightly, the boys gallant and skilful, as well in sport as in toil. On a sunny afternoon the party would penetrate the wood, and, the hampers duly piled together at the foot of a tree, it would not be long before some lusty country game was in full career. While the more matronly young women—those of uncertain age, and beyond the days of rollicking sport—set out the table, and disposed the dishes and flowers with a native tastefulness, the others gathered in a ring, and “Copenhagen,” with its slapping and racing, its screaming and kissing, soon made the woods reëcho with happy shouts, and the leaves rustle with the rushing and slipping of many feet. Then there would be a dance, a quadrille or a rustic “walk-around ;” and the country youth, not half so proper, but far more wise than the city folk, hopped, shook, and jigged through the dance instead of stiffly walking through it. The rustic beaux and sweethearts indulged in frank love-making, not more than half ashamed of their mutual likings ; and amid the general jollity there were confidential whisperings and sly hand-pressures which told the tale which is as old as the world, yet to the young

is always new. The scene about the homely table was a right merry one, and after the sturdy games the young folks' appetites were all the heartier. Bottles of gooseberry and currant wine, of cider and lemonade, disappeared in a twinkling; and the cakes, pies, and fruits quickly vanished from the board.

A favourite pastime was to get up a serenading party—for the good folk of that region, among other virtues, are musical; there is a piano or a melodion in almost every house. One of the farm-wagons—the hay-cart, perhaps; no matter what—was hauled out of its corner in the carriage-shed, and the horses harnessed to it; two of the boys proceeded to shoulder the little melodion, carry it out of the parlour, and set it in the wagon. There was a mustering of all the musical geniuses for miles around: Tom Brown brought his fiddle, Bill Judkins his trombone, Sally Thompson her guitar, Will Billings his flute, Jack Smith his clarionette, and half-a-dozen lads and lasses their clear strong bassos, baritones, and sopranos. Before setting out everybody sat down in the farmhouse dining-room to a substantial supper; then, in the parlour, began the tuning of the instruments and the trials of duets; at ten o'clock or so, the moon having risen, the party mounted the wagon, each sitting where he or she could, the preferences as to neighbours being duly consulted, and the tendency being to huddle rather snugly up together: one of the boys took charge of the horses, and with a crack and a whoop away we went.

As we cantered over the silent country road, in under the arching tree branches, down into darksome valleys, up over gently-rising hills, the music swelled out, and the voices mingled in real harmony, the songs being, though not of the newest, at least full of melody and sentiment. Then, drawing up under a farmhouse window, the self-appointed chorister of the party would rise and sway his arms, and "The Red, White, and Blue;" or, "The firm old Rock;" or, "My own gipsy maid;" or, "Come, come, Love, come," would be sung with genuine zest, the notes of the melodion mingling not inharmoniously with the fiddles, guitars, and flutes. Perhaps the good people of the house would have gone to bed, and would fail to awake to a consciousness of the honour done them; perhaps a dame in her nightdress would appear at the open window, and listen admiringly; perhaps the honest master would come, hastily dressed, out the door, and, after waiting for the song to be done, would advance to the wagon and invite the serenaders within to a glass of home-brewed ale and "a trifle o' beef." I fear, too, that sometimes when the farmers counted their watermelons next morning—especially the farmers who had been so inhospitable as to take no notice of the serenade—they found some of the large green pumpkin-shape fruit missing. But if watermelon theft there was, it was a venial sin, not seriously frowned on in those regions even by the robbed farmer himself. Then, penetrating to the village, we made the quiet street ring with mel-

odies and ditties ; and the tavern-keeper, at least, was sure to acknowledge the compliment in a substantial way. Perhaps, when we got home to our farmhouse again, the morning would have dawned, and the party, tired but still hilarious—for even cider often taken is exhilarating—would get to bed as the sun rose and gilded the surrounding hills.

It was great sport when there was a country ball. It was a momentous occasion, announced and prepared for long beforehand. It was held in one of the larger taverns, and was the occasion of an extensive gathering of all the folk, young and old, for miles around. On the evening of the ball you might have seen and heard, on the many roads leading to the appointed place, vehicles of every sort and size, filled with merry singers and talkers, in their very best suits, hastening impatiently to the scene of the night's frolic. At our farm there was a party large enough to fill three or four carriages and wagons ; our contribution to the *personnel* of the ball was by no means a slight one. Each of the farmer's sons had command of one of the vehicles ; Ben drove the chaise, Jack the market wagon, Joe the great family " go-to-meetin' " carriage. It was not a little difficult to apportion the party among them ; but at last, the sweethearts and beaux being comfortably matched together, we started off in procession for the village where the ball was to be. It was charming to ramble along through the country roads ; to meet other parties from neighbouring houses, and have our

joke and hearty word of welcome with them ; to run through the villages, and call out to dilatory groups to "hurry up," and engage dancing partners "on the wing;" finally to arrive at the tavern, and, while one of the boys put up the chaises and wagons at the contiguous stables, to enter the brightly lighted rooms, amply supplied to-night with "real city candles," and already astir with the merry-makers constantly arriving. The bar-room was, for the male portion of the party, the first resort ; the evening was somewhat warm, and a cool claret punch or mint julep was grateful. Meanwhile the girls assembled to the upper regions of the tavern, where they found the bedrooms daintily prepared, in which to doff their bonnets and cloaks and give their hair a final captivating brush and curl. In the bar-room stood the managers of the ball, taking the admission fees. "Have you a lady? Two dollars, if you please, which admits two to the ball and the supper." It is not, perhaps, presumptuous to say, that the "city folks" were looked upon with a kind of awe by the country youths, and were, possibly, the heroes and heroines of the occasion. Everybody, however, seemed prim and bright and happy ; and when the ladies of the party at last descended, their long contemplation of the little bedroom mirrors completed, we entered a long low-roofed room, well lighted, already quaking with the heavy tramp of rustic boots, and resounding with the sharp quick notes of the rustic band at the upper end. Benches along the sides supplied

seats for the new comers or the "wall-flowers"—the non-dancers are so called; a slightly-raised dais at the further corner accommodated the fiddlers, who were working with hot faces and foot-stampings. The dancing was hearty, unique; the country folk were here on familiar ground, and the town snobs found it difficult to keep apace with them. Down rushed the couples through the long line of dancers, and up again; the not too graceful waltzers bounded up and down, fast over the sanded floor; now a muscular middle-aged farmer appeared in the dance, and performed old-fashioned antics amid roars of laughter. You asked whomsoever you pleased to be your partner; and an acquaintance—even often a friendship—grew up within the duration of a single quadrille. Those who knew each other best formed sets together; and etiquette failed to find any place in the primitive assemblage. The announcement of supper was the signal for a general rush; one had to hunt in the crowd for the lady he had brought to the ball, and hasten quickly with her to the dining-room below, lest he should find the seats all taken. A homely repast enough; only an everyday farm supper elaborated; it was, however, eagerly disposed of, amid many spillings of dishes, much laughter, and loud rustic joking. Then the couples strolled out upon the village street, and there was singing, promenading, flirting for a while; after which, more dancing and music; finally, the hurried donning of shawls and hats, the huddling into the

wagons and chaises, the parting "swig" of the male portion at the bar, the sharp crack of the whips, the confused chorus of "good-byes" and the waving of hands; then the dashing, rollicking, song-singing, shouting, canter home.

It is worth while to spend one Sunday in the rural districts. The everyday quiet of the country seems yet more intense. In the farmhouses, instead of the morning bustle of the men and boys preparing to go fieldward, there is the careful making ready of the "Sunday go to meetin'" clothes: the boots are receiving an "extra shine" in the woodshed; the best carriage is being dusted and polished; the family appears—"hired men" and all—in neat attire, and every one seems to have a subdued and restful air. No one astir outside in field or road. As the time of service approaches, the carriages and wagons begin to pass, with their loads of nicely dressed people; it is hardly thought proper to stay away from church. The dame perhaps remains at home to get ready the cold Sunday dinner; often the whole family rides to church, the dinner being carried in the carriage with them, and eaten in the church itself between the morning and afternoon service. At the pretty village church you see the wagons hitched to posts, and drawn up under the sheds; there are groups of neatly, rather stiffly, dressed farmers, young and old, standing just outside the church door, talking quietly with each other, and watching and greeting each family party as it comes up; they remain

without the door till the last minute, and only enter when the final stroke of the bell has ceased to sound. Inside, the edifice is light, airy, the windows shaded by trees, through whose branches the rays of the sun fitfully strike on the panes. Opposite the pulpit is the small square gallery, with its modest organ and its choir. I have sometimes seen violins, violoncellos, and flutes take the place of the organ in remote village churches. The pews are plain, well cushioned; in the older "meeting houses" high and stiff. The quiet all around adds an effect to the simple service; the congregation is attentive; the old men are prone to fall asleep; the choir sings well, and is joined in the psalm and hymn by the people below. The service over, some draw up their chaises and wagons and drive off home; others proceed to take out their baskets in the church, produce their cold dinners of sandwiches and pies, and gather together in little groups, talking while they dine. Sunday afternoon and evening is a peculiarly happy season for the young men and women; then "courtin'" visits are made, and "sparkin'" goes on in every farmhouse where there is a pretty lass. The farmer permits his boys to use the horses and carriages, and they drive off to their sweethearts, whom they invite to take long rides along the country roads by moonlight, or to wander arm in arm through the groves and fields.

Many are the time-honoured pastimes of the rural districts, peculiar to American farmer life, which have

been handed down from generation to generation among the rustic folk. In the autumn, at harvest time, there are numerous merry gatherings, in which useful tasks are joined with hearty amusement. When the Indian corn is gathered, it is the custom to have, at many of the farmhouses, what is called a "husking." The object is, to get the corn husked: the neighbours are invited to assemble on a certain afternoon at the barn of the farmer whose corn is to be husked. Here are great piles of the just gathered ears. The guests sit about on the barn floor and the haymows, and proceed to strip the husks and silk from the corn, and deposit it clean and bare at one side. Meanwhile there is plenty of talking and laughing; the farmer's home-brewed cider and ale are passed frequently about, and doughnuts, pies, and cakes of all sorts are plentifully provided. After a while the husking is suspended, the barn floor cleared of the rubbish, one of the boys mounts the haymow and strikes up a lively tune on his fiddle, and the barn fairly shakes with the rollicking dance or the lusty game which ensues. Whatever young man finds in his pile a *red* ear of corn, is entitled to kiss any girl he chooses; if a lass finds one, she must submit to be kissed, and must choose the lad whom she prefers to perform the operation. Another autumn custom is called an "apple bee." Several barrels of apples are collected in the farmhouse, the neighbours are invited in, and all set to work paring them. After the outer skin is taken off, the apples are

divided into small sections, the core taken out, and the pieces are hung on a string. These are afterwards put in the sun to dry, and are then laid away with which to make "apple sauce" or dried apple pies in the ensuing winter.

The people reciprocate with each other in doing these tasks, and they are as well occasions of merry making, of dancing, game-playing, rustic flirting, and singing, as of work. When a farm dame needs an additional quilt for one of her beds, she calls in her neighbours and they set to work making one, patching it together with odd pieces of cloth; this is a party at first confined to the women; tea-drinking and gossip comprise the pleasures which relieve the task; in the evening the "men folks" drop in, and there is a general frolic.

A famous time in some of the northern states is that when the maple trees are tapped, and the delicious maple sugar made. The sugar maple trees are very profitable, and often add materially to the income of the farmer. Early in the spring these are tapped; the sweet juice is collected in tubs; great fires are built; huge iron kettles are hung over them; the maple sap poured in and boiled down to a thick syrup. It is of a rich brown colour, and nothing can be nicer, especially if eaten on hot cakes or waffles. In the evening, when the syrup has grown quite thick and ready for the "sugaring off," the lasses and lads gather at the "camps," in the wood, to partake of it. A favourite

method is to dip snowballs into the yet warm syrup, and, thus coated, to eat them ; these are very delicious. The froth, or "wat" of the syrup is also very palatable. The festivities end with dances, games, and ditties.

In the fall, almost every town has its "Agricultural Fair," which is, to the rustic population, one of the great events of the year. It is held not seldom in the spacious airy townhall ; the farmers for miles round have been preparing for it the summer long ; the farmer who takes a prize for the heaviest pig or the biggest pears is like the politician who has won an election, like an author whose book is a "success," like a lawyer who has gained a famous case, like a parson made a bishop. These Agricultural Fairs are truly interesting and curious shows. Within the hall long tables have been set against the walls and in the middle of the floor ; the walls have been decorated by the young women with all varieties of evergreen festoons, fantastic flower designs, pictures, and deftly-fashioned embroidery or worsted work. The tables display every kind of fruit and vegetable, all of the largest, ripest, and most luscious, with little cards on the plates, informing the uninitiated of the particular species, and the name of its contributor. Pyramids of pears, peaches, and apples are followed by monster pumpkins and cabbages, mammoth beets, melons, and turnips, great tempting clusters of grapes, wonderful potatoes, beans, and tomatoes. Further on you will see specimens of the women's handiwork—wax flowers, pictures made of hair, embroidery, crochet

work, odd examples of aptitude with the needle, pen, or penknife. On other tables appear specimens of domestic cookery—specimen loaves of bread and cake, preserves, pickles, hams, and pies. Outside the building are rows of pens where are kept the oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, goats—the bestial competitors for the prizes; placards announcing the various kinds are tacked to the pens, and groups of farmers are gathered about them, discussing the merits of this hog or that big-headed bull.

On the open spaces round about are all sorts of small shows and pedlars' wagons drawn up in eligible places. Tents, covered with large gaudy pictures of giantesses and bearded women, wonderful dwarfs and living skeletons, are thickly set on the sward; and the showmen at the tent openings are talking themselves hoarse, jingling their money boxes the while, and describing with oratorical flourishes the miracles to be seen for a penny within. The pedlars are driving brisk bargains with their astonishingly cheap penknives, their patent knife-sharpeners and axe-grinders, their little bottled balms for every human ill, their marvellous writing apparatus making half a dozen simultaneous copies, their soaps, confectionery, and imposing silver ware. A perambulating photographer has drawn up his portable saloon in a convenient corner; and offers to produce perfect likenesses of loving couples and rough old farmers for trifling prices. There are, here and there, little cake and beer stands, around which

the smaller boys and girls crowd eagerly, and indulge in their penny treat on the spot. The country people are there in multitudes, dressed primly, and deeply interested in all that is going on; the city people, too, have driven out, and mingle in the concourse which is grouped about the tables and on the green. The fair usually lasts two days; the second day is the best attended. In one of the upper rooms a bountiful collation is spread; on the platform at the further end is a table, at which sit the dignitaries—the president of the agricultural society, the orator of the day, and any notable visitors who are present. Just below them is a table for the reporters, who have come out from the city to take notes for the “evening edition.” A fee of fifty cents or a dollar is demanded of those who wish to partake of the collation; it consists of cold meats, vegetables, pies, and fruits. The repast over, the orator of the day is introduced, and, rising behind the platform table, he proceeds to deliver an address on some agricultural subject. Other speeches are made; the prizes are announced by a committee appointed for the purpose; and then the productions on exhibition are taken away by their various owners. Sometimes, in the evening, a dance at the town hotel concludes the affair. Every one competes for the prizes who so chooses, these being offered by the agricultural societies.

The country people practise many robust out-door games. There are shooting matches and quoit matches, base-ball contests, and foot races. Nearly every boy

the boy becomes an adept in shooting
in the tree forests. Every boy,
in fact, is everywhere in rural
life, and the boys of the farms, lakes and rivers,
are everywhere to be seen without fear of
being shot. The boy sits on his
horse, and as he has grown
up, he is sent to mill
several miles
after it has

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are half concealed beneath the high drifts, the rails and stones peeping out here and there at intervals; the farmhouses seem imbedded in the flaky mounds; the narrow beaten paths from the doors lead through snow walls often five or six feet high; the road is crusted with a coat of snow frozen into ice; the tree-boughs bend low beneath their accumulated burden; everywhere the snow-particles glisten and glitter; as far as eye can reach, hilltop and valley, house and tree, are shrouded in the monotonous and long enduring robe of white. The procession of sleighs glides rapidly over the frozen road; the joyous jingling of hundreds of little bells mingles with the shouts and laughter of the happy-hearted party. They are wrapt and bundled almost out of sight by capacious blankets, quilts, and shawls; are fain to hold their noses lest they freeze: stamp their feet to urge the circulation; drive faster and faster to make the excitement more intense. A ten or fifteen miles' run brings them to their destination—a distant village, where a tavern famous through the contiguous country offers them a right genial hospitality. Here they bound out of their sleighs, which are speedily disposed of in the tavern barn; they rush in, huddle up to the great red-hot stove; “flip,” punch, what not, is speedily ordered, quickly brought, as quickly disappears. Now the party has got warm, and the steaming hot beverage stirs them to yet more hilarious spirits. They repair to the dancing hall, where they join in free-and-easy dances and lusty games. Then they whirl home

again, under the midnight moon, which is now high in the heavens, and is reflected dazzlingly on the broad smooth fields of snow.

To relieve the desolate monotony of winter, "sociables" are often formed. Once a fortnight gatherings take place at the houses in turn, which are all the jollier because the people have so few chances to see each other. In many of the villages concerts are given by choral societies, and lectures, either by the parson or schoolmaster, or some neighbouring notability. The boys and girls have as much skating as they please. The lakes and rivers remain frozen for several months, and moonlight skating parties are among the pleasantest of the winter season. It is customary, too, to bore holes through the ice, and fish; and while some are whirling on their skates rapidly across the lake, you will see, here and there, others squatted about the fishing holes, now and then hastily pulling up, and finding a bouncing trout or pike at the end of their lines. These sports are, however, often interrupted by a heavy fall of snow; and the skaters and anglers must wait until this in turn melts a little, and then freezes and forms an upper surface of ice.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA: *The steamboats—Racing on the Mississippi—Steamboats on the gulf and lakes.*

BETWEEN that memorable day, the 17th of August 1807, when the first rude steamboat of Fulton made its first anxious trip from New York to Albany—a day whose very date gave the croakers a chance to liken the boat to the beast of the Apocalypse—and that other day, in the spring of 1869, when “prayer was offered” over the laying down of the last rail of the Pacific Railroad, the time has been brief, the progress of human science strange and momentous. When we think what a retarding force there is in human timidity, deep-rooted prejudice, aversion to change, and shrinking from experiment, it is remarkable how so many and so vast improvements have been generally adopted within these sixty years.

The facilities for travelling in America with speed and comfort have been steadily increasing ever since Fulton and Stevenson developed to the most obtuse vision the practicability of steam locomotion. Now it would seem that the manifest tendency is toward luxury. It is a matter of regret that rival railway and steamboat companies in America sometimes aim to outbid

each other rather by satisfying their passengers' love of luxury, than by making their lines more secure and their system more perfect. The national temerity—which, in the West, becomes absolute recklessness—renders travelling, either by land or by water, less safe than it should be. Still, there are advantages as well as disadvantages in the American railways and steamboats. In some respects they are not so good, in others much better than the European lines. Each continent might learn from the other how to discard some inconveniences, and how to adopt some improvements. Steam locomotion was invented at a time when just such an agent was needed to develop those sections of America which lay in the interior of the continent, beyond the limits of the thickly settled Atlantic border. It became at once a rapid civiliser of sparsely settled districts. It peopled wildernesses, which straightway became great and prosperous states. It subdued the wilds of the West by a process which accelerated tenfold what before seemed destined to be the law of increase in the Western settlements. The material progress of the republic has been hastened by railways and steamboats to a degree hard to be estimated; and now at last we have the greater and final link which binds the Atlantic coast with the Pacific, the precursor, only, of numerous similar links, which, to the north and the south of it, will ere long double and treble bind the distant states of the republic together. These will, too, be main arteries, from which at brief intervals will shoot off

lesser arteries straight and zigzag; they, in their turn, giving out capillaries, which will carry the civilising and life-giving element to the remotest nooks of the Western wilds. In the forests, where the Black-Foot still hunts buffaloes and worships the Man-in-the-Sun, whither only meagre bands of white adventurers have hitherto timidly penetrated in search of gold, holding their lives on their palms, gold-hungry, with a possible death at every step;—in these wild places there must soon be rails laid down, and trains whirling over them. Sixty years ago St. Louis was a petty border village, which traded with the Red-Skins; now it is central, with a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and is ambitious to be the capital of the nation! Of the Pacific Railroad I shall speak more in detail in a future chapter. The locomotion which is more familiar must first be described.

In river and lake navigation America may properly claim—at least in comfort and speed—to be in advance of the older countries. Probably the first objects which strike the foreign passenger on the Liverpool and New York steamer, as it steams rapidly along the banks of Long Island, and approaches the American metropolis, passing now the picturesque islands, with their cheerful country residences, which lie just outside New York harbour—are the steamboats. They are, perhaps, the first objects which he sees that are quite foreign to his European experience. He has been used to the ugly little boats which ply up and down the Thames, with

their narrow crowded decks, their black movable funnels, their little dark holes called cabins; or to the hardly more attractive steamers which carry one continent-ward from Dover or Newhaven, which seem built purposely to encourage—even compel—sea sickness, and provide poor comfort on their low wave-washed decks, with their inevitable obstructive coils of rope, and those coffin-like boxes to which the steward conducts you when you ask for your berth. The Rhine steamers, and those on the Swiss and Italian lakes, are a thought more convenient and more cheerful; they are lesser imitations—with many essentials left out—of the American steamboats, which the Cunard passenger sees gliding rapidly hither and thither, among the harbour islands, and to and from the city, near New York. Albeit very large, they have somehow a light, airy, picturesque look. Some of them are two or three hundred feet long. They are indeed floating palaces, movable water hotels, in themselves luxurious sojourning places, where you may enjoy every possible comfort, and where, if you like—as many do—you may spend a week on board, steaming backward and forward, with real enjoyment. I have heard of gentlemen who, when summer came, took up their residence on one of the Long Island Sound steamboats, which ply between New York and the southerly New England states, remaining on board for a fortnight at a time, enjoying the motion, and a scenery which, however familiar, never wearies, breakfasting, dining, sleeping on the boat; finding aboard

chance acquaintances, and having at hand plenty of amusements to distract them. Passing down along the crowded piers which cluster thickly around the edge of the city by the North and East rivers, you will see at frequent intervals these great steamboats quietly moored, awaiting their hour of departure. Crossing the plank which is stretched from the pier to the boat, you will perhaps be surprised to observe how commodious, luxurious, even gaudy, are its furniture and decorations.

The American steamboats are long, some broad, some narrow, and are supplied with an upper and lower deck. Immediately on leaving the plank you find yourself in a large space, covered overhead by the upper deck, and open at either side. Here are situated the captain's and other offices of the boat, and the baggage and freight compartments. A handsomely-gilded and carved door leads to the ladies' cabin, which is richly carpeted, and plentifully supplied with sofas, armchairs, marble-top tables, mirrors, pictures, and books. A sleek mulatto stewardess receives the ladies, shows them their berths (which are as snug and comfortable as possible), and, with the pomposity of her dusky lineage, ministers to their various wants. Below deck is the gentlemen's cabin, which is more spacious, and, if less luxuriously decorated than the ladies' cabin, is quite as comfortable.

Along the sides of the boat, on the lower deck, are little rooms, offices, and closets, for the convenience of the officers and passengers. There are wash rooms,

smoking rooms, engineers' apartments—at one end, a snug little bar, where you may obtain any American concoction, simple or complicated. Outside the row of little rooms is a narrow corridor, protected by a fence or rail, where you may stand and smoke, and gaze out upon the water; at the rear is a small aft deck, roofed by the flooring of the upper deck, and provided with benches, arm-chairs, and awnings. On the upper deck, closed in on all sides, is a long and really magnificent general saloon, or drawing room. You ascend to it by a winding staircase, the steps of which are mounted with brass plates; you enter an apartment replete with every luxury which money can procure, and where you might imagine yourself in the drawing room of some Fifth Avenue mansion. It is richly carpeted, often with velvet carpet, or the most expensive Brussels; there are the softest and most yielding sofas and fauteuils, ottomans, circular cushioned seats around the pillars, ornate mirrors, marble tables supplied with fanciful clocks and elegant vases full of flowers, painted panellings, heavy chandeliers supplied with gas, a variety of illustrated books dispersed on the tables, and often a bookcase with a library for the convenience of the passengers, or a piano, on which any one may play. On either side, throughout the length of the saloon, you observe neatly painted doors, numbered or lettered, with a small ventilating window above. At intervals are short narrow corridors, leading from the main saloon, with similar doors at either hand. These cor-

ridors conduct you to elegant washrooms and closets, marble furnished, with every appliance for comfort. The doors open into the cosiest possible "state rooms." They are just large enough to accommodate two persons. On one side are two berths, one above the other, having curtains drawn across, and supplied with newly washed and ironed linen sheets, blankets, and quilts. In the further corner is a marble washstand, with a mirror over it. The state room is carpeted, has hooks for one's clothing, and a narrow window looking out upon the water. Most of the steamboats have a "bridal" state room, for the use of newly married couples just started on their honeymoon trip. These are sumptuous apartments, much larger than the ordinary state rooms, more lavishly furnished and adorned. At either end of the saloon are little open decks, surrounded by slight railings, covered with a wooden roofing or an awning, and supplied with comfortable seats, benches, or arm-chairs. The gentlemen's cabin, situated below decks, is a long apartment, with three rows of berths, ranged one above the other, on either side. These are for the use of those gentlemen who do not choose to pay extra for a state room. The price of the passage includes the right to one of these berths ; a state room, whether occupied by one or two persons, usually costs an extra dollar. The passage and state rooms are either engaged at the office of the company in town, or secured when one goes on board. On going upon one of the steamboats, you will usually see a string of people moving gradu-

ally up to the little window behind which the clerk is standing, where he is apportioning berths and state rooms, and receiving the fares. When the journeys are short, it is customary for the passengers to pay *en route*; and, half-way to your destination, as you sit on deck, you will often see a sleek negro steward walking up and down, ringing a bell, and shouting, "Passengers, please step up to de cap'en's office and settul!" Whereon you are expected to descend and pay your fare. Sometimes the captain goes about among the passengers in person and collects the passage money.

As many of the steamboats are intended for journeys of more than twelve hours, meals are supplied on board. A table is set in the gentlemen's cabin, to which all the passengers, ladies and gentlemen, are invited, and upon which is spread a most elaborate and really capital supper. The suppers on board the "Sound" line, plying between New York and New England, are famous, indeed, throughout America for their excellence; and the price not being exorbitant, the tables are always fully occupied. The breakfast gong sounds at eight o'clock, and you descend to partake of any or all the favourite American dishes—oysters, hot rolls, buckwheat cakes, corncakes, beef-steak, cutlets, trout, mackerel, shad—choosing what you will, and paying a set price whether you have more or less. Many of the steamboats have prim negro waiters, who bustle pompously about, carve the meats, and, with a remarkable faculty of memory, bring you,

without an omission, the half a dozen dishes you have ordered.

The airy, open upper deck is naturally the favourite lounging place; the passengers assemble there, seated about in groups, and at their ease chat together, observe the passing panorama, smoke their post-prandian cigars, or read the evening paper which they have bought, damp from the press, as they came on board.

The conveniences of the steamboats are quite equal to those of a first-class hotel. Every boat is furnished with a library, cards, dice, dominoes, chess and backgammon boards; you may always get a capital havana cigar at city prices; and you may write, sketch, flirt, lounge, doze, or indulge in almost any indolent pastime you prefer. Especially interesting is a trip on the American steamboat in the "season." Everybody is going to the seaside or the summer watering-place; everybody soon manages to get acquainted with everybody else; you have society in epitome, and can learn what New York fashion is, on that upper deck, as well as if you should make a winter's business of society-hunting in the city. There are married men of business, who have been dragged from their counting-rooms, and are serving, very much *malgré* their wills, as escorts to their society-mad wives and daughters; there are the freshest possible specimens of the "Shoddy" aristocracy, who have become wealthy in a day, use bad grammar and are proud of it, and are released, in their own opinion, by having become a money power, from the rules of

civilised society; there are young snobs by the dozen, with tufts on their chins, a glass in their right eyes, bobby coats, and lisping platitudes; there are ladies of every age, on their way to the great annual matrimonial market; and there, too, are loud politicians from Washington, prosperous doctors from the West End, clergymen with fancy salaries and lungs needing the sea air; as well as an innumerable crowd of the Do-nothings of this world, who are off to the beach or the springs because they are sick, for the while, of town. You will not fail, also, to find many excellent folk among the passengers; people who are not pretenders, but whom you can enjoy, whom you are glad to have met, and whom you make up your mind to cultivate when you and they reach the journey's end. Perhaps, as you skim lightly and smoothly over the waters of Long Island Sound in the soft twilight of the mid-June night, the effect of the time and scene will be heightened by a sudden burst of song, which comes from a group of passengers at the aft end of the boat, proposed by one of those ubiquitous persons who are never wanting on such occasions, and who have a genius for getting up devices to pass the time. It will, likely enough, be some refrain familiar to every one—some national air, or war song, or negro melody; and then the company will join in on the chorus, and send it ringing out over the water.

Perhaps one sees American steamboat life at its best and at its worst—its dangers, its excitements, its luxu-

ries, its pleasures—to most advantage on the Mississippi. The long journeys which the Mississippi steamboats are obliged to make, both on that river itself and up and down its largest tributaries—from Cincinnati on the Ohio, St. Paul on the upper Mississippi, Omaha on the upper Missouri, St. Louis on the lower, down by Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge to New Orleans, render it necessary to afford every provision and elaborate comfort for their passengers. Their system is, as far as comfort goes, excellent; everything is in perfect order. The meals are replete with variety and capital cookery; the state rooms are spacious, the saloons splendid; the service is all that could be desired, and there are no little annoyances as to the paying of fees. One lives on board as in a hotel, provided with every facility for amusement, and for satisfying every want. There is music and dancing, and card-playing and feasting, from one end of the trip to the other. Some of the western society one meets on board is, if anything, too familiar and easy—there are many burly, swaggering fellows, for ever spitting tobacco-juice, and invading your privacy, and worse still, gambling and drinking in the saloons. The few are thus able effectually to mar the pleasure of the many; but it may be said that the nuisance is not always so obtrusive as described. The natural dangers of the Mississippi are too often supplemented by dangers for which human recklessness is responsible. The races which take place between the steamboats are al-

ways attended with peril, and not seldom result in terrible disasters. Still, there is a wild, fierce excitement about these races—especially when they take place at night—which it is difficult to resist, and with which one can hardly avoid being infected. The great steamboats, running side by side; plunging and ploughing and dashing high the frothy waters; now grating against the insidious snags which lie unperceived just below the surface; the lurid fires flashing out upon the water with fitful gleams, and lending their colour to the waves; the smoking and spark-vomiting funnels, rising black from the deck, the shower of sparks flying high in air, then descending zigzag and losing themselves in the river; the shouts of the officers and passengers, as one or the other boat shoots a-head; the intenser excitement as the hindermost gets foremost; there is something in the scene to make one forget that there is danger in every boat-leap, and that a catastrophe may at any moment plunge victors and vanquished into eternity.

The noble steamboats on the northern lakes—Superior, Ontario, Erie, Michigan—which, owing to the keen rivalry of the different companies, become more and more sumptuous every year, are noted as model crafts, and not less for their spacious accommodation than for the excellence of their management. In the summer season these boats make frequent and long excursions for the benefit of the people of the towns which are scattered along the borders of the lakes.

If you will look on the map of the United States, you will observe that, when the steamboat has reached the centre of Erie or Superior, the lake is a sea, a fresh-water sea, from whose midst no land—unless it be some island, bare and gaunt, or overgrown with shrubs and trees—is visible. Excursion parties often spend a day or two on the steamers, going from one city to another, landing now on some secluded island, where an impromptu picnic is held, then returning home, with music, dancing, and game-playing to while away the hours. The captains and officers of the boats are most often genuine characteristic westerners,—a little reckless perhaps, but openhearted and generous, men who enjoy life heartily, wonderful story-tellers, skilful and energetic in their business, sociable and free-and-easy with everybody, lovers of whisky and their dinners, men of iron frames and stoutly compact physique, adventurous, a race by themselves,—inland tars of the lustiest and jolliest sort.

A steamboat ride in the Gulf of Mexico on a summer's night is full of romance and dreamy sensuous pleasure. The day has been sweltering hot, and you have become languid and listless through the long burning hours. The soft night air, bearing gently to you a slight coolness, just perceptible—laden, too, with a delicate touch of the perfumes stolen from the luxuriant summer vegetation of the south, a faint scent of flowers and fruits; the placid waters stretching far, and rippling liquid musically as the boat's prow ploughs

it; the moon high in the firmament, losing its look of dreary coldness in this southern clime, and now seeming almost to send out warmth upon the earth; the far-off glimmering lights of the towns on the coast; the groups of negroes forward, enlivening the jaunt by banjo-twangings and the quick thud of a negro jig; the white folks on the aft deck, some unmindful of the loveliness of the scene and place, talking crops or politics, others gazing dreamily out upon the waters,—form a scene which, once witnessed, is always remembered with a smile, and a regret that it cannot be enjoyed again.

CHAPTER X.

RAILWAYS : *Improvements — Travelling luxuries and customs — The carriages — Sleeping-cars and restaurants — Car-saloons — The railway stations — The western railways — Newsboys and pedlars — The luggage system — The Pacific railroad.*

THE first railway in the United States was built in the latter part of 1830. In 1840, there were about 2000 miles of railway; in 1850, nearly 9000; in 1860, 31,000; now there are somewhat more than 50,000. Up to 1848 the interior of the district west of the Mississippi was, to the mass of the people, an unknown territory; as much so as Alaska now is, the bleak northern region recently purchased from Russia. Congress has been munificent in aiding the construction of the railways. More than 170,000,000 of acres of public lands have been granted to the various companies; and in addition to this assistance, Congress has issued bonds to guarantee the credit of many of these enterprises. It is remarkable how facilities for travel create travel. In some parts of America, railway and horse-car lines have been established, and are prosperous, in places which before their construction could not support an omnibus. It seems safe to make a

road almost anywhere; and this is especially true of the west. The progress of the last twenty years has opened an intercourse with the western regions, has developed there with surprising rapidity the precious and useful metals, the products of a rich virgin soil, and the yield of the forests. Now that the Pacific railway is completed, and others are to be built, the Americans look forward to reaping advantages from the ever-growing commerce between Europe and the Orient. That eastern trade which has always been looked upon by the civilised trading nations of the west as a source of riches and power, which became important as long ago as the time of Alexander, who marched to the Indus as well to establish centres of commerce as to achieve splendid conquests; this trade will, partly at least, take a new direction, and will possess a new line of communication with Europe, across the American continent, having as its intermediate depôts San Francisco, Chicago, and New York.

The railway system in America differs widely in many respects from those of Europe. Invention is the minister of luxury. The recent history of railways in America is one more proof of the axiom. Who would travel now as kings, ambassadors, and princes did a century ago? Marlborough jogged along in great lumbering carriages, over rough uncouth roads, on his way to Blenheim and Ramilies. Even George the Fourth, magnificent "first gentleman in Europe," was fain to be content with a style and speed of locomotion

from which the veriest cheap John would now shrink. The seediest newspaper reporter, the smallest of travelling clerks in America, would disdain the elaborate discomfort with which John Adams the elder journeyed to attend Congress at Philadelphia, or with which Washington hastened—mighty slowly, according to modern notions—to take command of the meagre army before Boston. Now the most modest traveller must have luxuries *en route*, which would have made the good people who flourished early in the century stare amazed. If he travels at a less speed than twenty-five miles an hour—Washington was well content with six—he is fidgety, and is prone to growl. Unless the seats are soft-cushioned, he anathematizes the company. He must have every comfort provided by first class hotels. He must have at hand eatables and potables, washing-rooms and closets; the carriage must be well warmed, not over warmed. If the journey is a long one, there must be good accommodations for the night; the passengers must be able to go comfortably to bed, and to sleep tranquilly till morning.

The English railways are superior to those of the United States in speed, and, generally speaking, in safety. They have been built at a greater comparative expense; there is greater regularity of system, greater caution in the selection of agents, and, doubtless, a more extensive arrangement of signals and warnings. I think it must be a matter of wonder to every American who lands for the first time at Liverpool, and takes

the rail for London, to find himself transported to the latter city—a distance of over two hundred miles—in something less than six hours. It was certainly quite beyond my experience, who have been accustomed to that country which is emphatically known abroad as the “fast” nation, to find myself in a Whitsuntide excursion train, *hurled* (no other word can so well express the emotion produced) from London Bridge to Brighton—some fifty miles—in less than an hour. The average rate of the American express trains—for example, over the Boston and Worcester, or Baltimore and Ohio roads, which are good specimens—is thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. One is quite content there with that rate. As to safety, the various American railways, as may be imagined, greatly differ. In the far west, almost all things are done pell-mell; a log house goes up in a morning, a city grows in a decade; there is a rush and a dash about western men and their deeds which harmonises with the rough country which it is their task to subdue. The railways, therefore, are rapidly and not too cautiously constructed; and as one journeys from Chicago westward, he jolts and bounds at every motion of the train, and finds it an absorbing occupation to keep from jostling the old lady who sits in front, or his own head from too rude a contact with the roof of the carriage. Accidents, therefore, both by rail and on the rivers, are much more frequent in the audacious west than in the more careful east.

The American railways differ from the English in the size and arrangement of the carriages. The Americans call them "cars." Instead of short carriages, capable of seating eight or ten persons, the carriages are very long, and contain forty or fifty. Instead of long benches opposite each other, so that half the passengers face the engine and the other half the rear, the seats all face the engine, are each made for holding two persons, and are placed in long rows on either side of the carriage with an aisle between them. Instead of first, second, and third class carriages, there is but one class. The only division is into ladies' carriages, into which only ladies, or ladies accompanied by gentlemen, are admitted; gentlemen's carriages, open to single men, and also to ladies, if they wish to go there; smoking carriages, which are equally and sometimes more comfortable than the others; and on the main line "emigrant cars," with reduced prices. The carriages are plentifully supplied with windows throughout their length; the seats are well cushioned, often bound with velvet; in the centre is a large stove, generally for burning wood, which, however, is often ineffective, dispersing but little heat to the extremities of the carriages, and being altogether too warm in their immediate vicinity. Improvements in heating the carriages are, nevertheless, being constantly made, and the primitive stoves are fast disappearing. At either end of the carriages, just outside the door, are little roofed platforms, open at the sides, with a thin iron rail in front and

steps for persons entering the train or descending at the stations. The doors are left unlocked ; the passengers persist in standing on the platforms, though, as they go up the aisle, they may plainly read an obtrusive notice on the door that, " Passengers are positively forbidden to stand on the platform while the train is in motion." I cannot but think that, notwithstanding this occasional and dangerous use of the platform, and the openness of the carriages, this plan has decided advantages over the English and French carriages. In the latter, you find yourself locked in a tight little compartment, and left there, exposed to all sorts of accidents and adventures for hours together. You are an absolute prisoner. You may find yourself the inmate of an impromptu madhouse ; escaped lunatics glaring on you, clutching at you. It is not impossible that you may enter into a den of thieves, and be cosily locked up, without a chance of outer communication, with half a dozen strapping fellows, who may hold you down and insist on your watch and purse. The man in the corner may possibly be another Müller. He may have some sleep-giving essence hid about him. You smell and see smoke ; put your head out of window ; men in a field are wildly waving their arms ; there is a flame—your carriage is on fire. No guard within a dozen carriages ; no bell-cord to warn them ; necessity reduces you to a desperate self-preserving amateur fireman ; it is but owing to a rare chance that you escape the *reductio ad absurdum*, being belittled from a man to a cinder. Accidents happen, and you tremble help-

less with the carriage, you are blown up with its beams and locks; you are a part of it; you cannot divest yourself from it; your fate and its fate are one. In a free country you have effectually lost your liberty of person without a crime; in a country of science and philosophy you are reduced to be the creature, possibly the victim, of sheer material wood, steam, and iron force. In the American carriage you have two safeguards; there is the free aisle, the accessible platform, the possibility of precipitating yourself in plain air; there is the little cord, which runs along the roof of the carriage, over the platform from one carriage to another, through the long line of carriages to the compartment of the guards and the engine itself.* If anything happens, twitch the cord; the guards hasten to you, not hanging on and climbing painfully along the outside of the carriages, but walking through their centre; not locked out from you, but having an easy entrance at the open doors. It has been said in England, that by attaching these cords to the carriages, communicating with the guards, they would be abused; mischievous passengers would twitch them in sport, or for mere mischief; there would be many cries of "wolf" when there was no wolf. At least, this is not so in America. I have never known of any such annoyance to the guards. It is forgotten that while such a thing might possibly be attempted by mischief-makers,

* ~~I observe that~~ such cords have recently been adopted on the English railways; perhaps their efficacy has already been tested by the reader.

it would be frowned on and prevented by the majority of passengers. There is a third safeguard in the American carriage, just hinted—the presence of many people ; there is no more danger of murder, robbery, lunacy, than on the crowded street. A lady, in an English or French carriage, may be insulted, assaulted, suffocated with vile tobacco smoke ; there she is, tightly caged ; there is no protection near ; when, arrived at the station, she complains, the obnoxious party has vanished in the crowd. In America there are plenty of people at hand, ready, not only to protect, but to assist the fair traveller. A lady entering a full carriage is at once provided with a seat, vacated by a gentleman ; she is as safe in every way, be her journey two hours or as many days, as she is in her own parlour ; at least as far as human molestation is concerned. The railway carriages in America are very different from those described by Mr. Dickens, which he saw thirty years ago ; they were, indeed, in the early days of railways, “like shabby omnibuses ;” now they are spacious, airy, commodious. No longer are smokers allowed in the common carriage ; they have a carriage to themselves, fully equal to the others, and easily accessible from the others. A gentleman may leave his lady companion, go through the carriages to the smoking carriage, and, after enjoying his havana at leisure, return to his place among the ladies. Some of the smoking-carriages have long seats on either side velvet-cushioned, the passengers facing each other, spittoons for the smokers, and tables for the whist or euchre players.

The distances from one large place to another in America are "magnificent." It takes as long to go from Boston to New York, or from New York to Washington, as from London to Paris; and it takes as long to go from New York to St. Louis as from London to Constantinople. Time was—not more than four or five years ago—when a man going between either of these places by the night trains was forced to sit bolt upright in a narrow seat, surrounded by some forty or fifty fellow-voyagers, many of whom spent the night laughing or playing whist, thus making sleep to the rest an impossibility. I recollect what an undertaking it used to be to go from the commercial to the political metropolis by a night train, especially in the depth of winter; but all this is changed. Sleeping-cars were introduced by certain enterprising Yankees, who bought the privilege of attaching their cars to the regular trains, and charged an extra dollar for the privilege of a small berth and a sleepful night. To be sure, the sleeping-cars were a trifle confined: your berth was only just large enough to contain a medium-sized body; there was little ventilation and a stifling sensation. In the morning, when you awoke, you found yourself in rather too close a proximity to your neighbours, who were stowed into every possible nook and crevice on every side of you. There was but little accommodation for your apparel, and none for the necessary morning ablutions; and one was seldom free from an uncomfortable fear lest the pocket-book, the watch, or even the coat and trousers,

laid aside on retiring, should be missing in the morning—a fear scarcely allayed by putting one's valuables under one's pillow, as there were at least four hands within reach of the pillow, without rendering it necessary for the bodies to which they belonged to budge an inch. Still you could lie down, and could sleep if you would; and wake up in the morning to find yourself at a standstill in the station to which you were bound, your journey finished. Constant improvements have been made, and are still being made, on this bright idea of sleeping-cars. The ventilation has been made better, the beds more comfortable, facilities for the toilet added, and greater personal safety secured. State rooms have been appended to the sleeping-cars; and for a little higher price you have a cosy sleeping-room quite to yourself, with two berths, a door which you may lock at will, the compartment provided with a gas jet, marble washstand, soap, and towels, and its floor elegantly carpeted with brussels.

Another luxury which has been added to many of the railway lines within a few years is that of bar-rooms and eating saloons. The trains carry compartments fitted up with elaborate kitchens, having patent ranges, and every utensil and appliance for cooking. Next the kitchen is a compartment arranged as a bar-room: there is a long counter, before which are high stools, and where you may dine as well and as cheaply as at a metropolitan hotel. Over the establishment often presides one of those dusky sons of the South,

who, whether bond or free, are born to achieve triumphs in cookery. Mayhap it will be a fine old negro dame, with white frizzly hair half concealed by a huge red-and-yellow handkerchief, which she has wound about her head turban fashion. The sight of one of these "mammies," presiding over the kitchen, of itself gives an American, especially a Southerner, an appetite. Behind the counter, against the side of the car, is a spacious sideboard, upon which you observe almost every variety of meat, hot and cold, pyramids of oysters, pâtés, pies, and soups. I doubt if you would call in vain for any dish proper to America; and of edibles and potables peculiarly American — sweet potatoes, green corn, oyster roasts and stews, roast tomatoes, johnny cakes, buckwheats, and the thousand species of drinks, you find here the very best.

Some of the railway companies have even improved upon this idea. Carriages are converted into restaurants, with circular or square marble-topped tables placed here and there. You enter and sit down; are handed an elaborate bill of fare, with the price affixed to the name of each dish; are served with neat appliances, and well-cooked meats and vegetables, much as you would be in a city restaurant.

Cars fitted up as saloons or drawing-rooms, both public and private, have been introduced. A parlour is on some lines attached to every train. This, like the saloons of the best ocean steamers, is supplied with all that can serve to pass away pleasantly the hours of

travel. Here may the young ladies rival each other on the piano: they have at their side choice collections of music. A library of the most popular books stands against one side of the saloon; the newspapers of the day cover an elegant centre table; and sofas and arm-chairs, bulging with soft and velvet-bound cushions, invite to post-prandian siesta and lazy reverie. Smaller compartments, equally luxurious, are fitted up for the reception of families; and paterfamilias, if only he has made money enough by his war contracts, his gold or land speculations, or his great warehouse in the east, may here ensconce his wife and children for the tour, be it ever so long. To the family saloons are added little state rooms for the night; every possible modern convenience; so that you may live as comfortably as if you were at home. Meals are served in these private compartments, as well as in the larger saloons.

The railway guards—called in America “conductors”—are constantly going backward and forward through the carriages, attending to the wants of the passengers, and seeing that everything is in proper trim. They wear no distinctive dress, as do the English guards; but on their hats, or the lappel of their coats, is a small brass ticket with the word “conductor.” Instead of collecting the tickets at the windows just before reaching the station, or penning the passengers up in the station, and taking the tickets as they go out, the conductors, as soon as the train has left a station, go through the train, and take the tickets of the passengers

who have just got in. The conductors are, generally speaking, very sociable and obliging; taking the single ladies under their especial protection; often sitting down to a rubber of whist, or a chat with the passengers; and never on any account expecting or receiving a fee—indeed, the great complicated system of fee-giving which prevails in England is quite unknown in America. That annoyance of the tourist, at least, is spared him. When the train approaches a station, the conductor opens the carriage door, and shouts the name of the place distinctly. There is usually but one conductor in charge of a train: as there is no unlocking of doors, and hasty collecting of tickets, many are not necessary.

America, until within a few years, was decidedly behind England in the spaciousness and convenience of its railway stations. Railway enterprise, early in the days of steam travel, was in too much haste to build either good stations or good tracks. Anything in the shape of a stopping place was rapidly put up: the rails were carelessly laid. Of late there have been very important improvements in both respects. France and Belgium have certainly the neatest and most comfortable railway stations, taking those of the towns and rural districts together. In London there have recently been erected some very sumptuous stations; and perhaps those at St. Pancras, Charing Cross, and Paddington are not equalled anywhere in America. The tendency toward luxury in everything, however, is re-

sulting in the construction, in the principal cities, of noble edifices, which seem rather like huge castles or exhibition palaces than humdrum railway stations: they are built on no uniform plan, and are of every shape, size, and style of architecture. Some are brick, some granite, some sandstone, some fitted, as the more modern ones in England, with great iron pillars and arches, and large thick plates of glass. In the various sections of America the stations are very different. In the South, after you leave Philadelphia, passing through Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, and Charleston, the stations are mostly wretched affairs, the first convenient shed being taken by the company for this purpose. They are miserable wooden huts, with a platform in front; dismal cramped-up waiting rooms, scanty in winter fires, and a general lounging place for the loafers and bar patronisers of the villages. In the southern cities, the trains often run a long distance through the centre of their most squalid and smokiest streets, to the great peril of the pauper children with their smeared faces, and the shoals of pigs which are wandering unchecked through the thoroughfare. The stations are situated in the midst of smoke and the crowded quarters, and are dark, gloomy, musty buildings enough.

Everything about the western railways is characteristic of the country and its people. The marked hearty roughness in the western nature, when it becomes toned down and civilised in great busy cities like

Chicago and St. Louis, launches into extravagance. Here, therefore, you find superb railway stations, the largest and pleasantest and airiest on the continent; with plentiful buffets and glass roofs, and elegant waiting rooms. But emerging thence, passing out upon the seemingly endless prairies, and you find little rude log huts for stations; gathered about them rude groups of tobacco-spitting and loud-talking backwoodsmen, with their brawny female mates; there, in a corner, the inevitable bar, with its supply of "fine old Bourbon" and execrable brandy. Station masters and conductors are the most free-and-easy unofficial personages in the world—never, or scarcely ever, insolent; having a reckless don't-care-what-happens air, which damps your confidence in your safety on the rails, and yet has something attractive for its imperturbable good nature. There is this difference between travelling by rail in England and in the West. In England one is constantly in contact, as it were, with thickly surrounding civilisation; it is seldom that one loses sight of human habitations; from one village or town you pass almost immediately into another; you are constantly in sight of beautiful lawns and farms, a varied landscape of country hedge-bound roads, of art-formed copses, and winding rivers and streams, whose banks are under cultivation; of pretty villages with their thatched roofs, their antique ivy-clad churches, and their traditional inns and fountains. There is almost everywhere and at almost every moment something outside to distract and engage the

attention ; for humanity and its works are various, and likes to gaze at itself in every changing scene. In western America, on the contrary, one is driven, on these long jaunts, to seek amusement inside the carriage, among the motley group of mortals by whom he is immediately surrounded. The vast expanse of waving prairies, the little rude log-hut settlements, the everlasting fields of wheat and maize, soon become tiresome. You travel hour after hour without seeing anything new ; and the consequence is, that in a western journey the inmates of a carriage are compelled to draw near to each other to distract the hours with games and gossip, and to form extempore a little society among themselves.

In the east—in the middle and New England states—there is more uniformity in the railway stations ; yet even here you find some of the city stations to be old-fashioned and gloomy ; others light, cheerful, often vast and airy. The stations are sometimes in a thickly-settled quarter of the town, but generally on the edge of the suburbs. The country stations are neat and bright, being mostly pretty “ frame ” cottages, instead of stone ones, as in England. They are supplied with open platforms running out to some distance on either side of the station. Almost every station has a refreshment room, where the creature comforts of the travellers are properly cared for. Some of them are noted for the excellence of their tables : they are often attended by bright Yankee girls, and at convenient intervals there

are buffets, where one may sit down at *table-d'hôte*, and eat a hasty but by no means scanty or ill-cooked dinner. There are in the stations two waiting rooms, one for gentlemen, the other for single ladies or ladies accompanied by gentlemen. The ticket offices have windows looking in upon the waiting rooms, and the passengers procure their tickets at their leisure. They do not call getting their tickets "booking" for such and such a place: that is an expression which not a little puzzles an American arriving in England for the first time; it implies to his mind a much more elaborate formality than merely purchasing a ticket, and he cannot at first imagine what he is expected to do. All the stations are supplied, as in England, with newspaper and book stands, where you may procure the popular literature of the day—Trollope's last novel, or Longfellow's last poem, the sensational pictorial weekly, and the "daily" damp from the press.

There is a custom on the American railways which does not prevail in Europe. Newsboys and pedlars are constantly going through the carriages while the train is *en route*, hawking their goods, and persistently forcing them on the attention of the passengers. You are hardly ensconced in your corner, and half way through the "stunning" leader of your favourite editor, when an enterprising young man comes along and throws a printed paper into your lap. You find it to be a flaring advertisement of some sensational novel, or an eulogy on some wonderful patent or some peculiarly

delicious article of confectionery. After some time has elapsed, the same man reappears holding a box containing the article previously announced. He goes from passenger to passenger, collecting again his printed papers, and with a true Yankee determination to "make a sale," sings the praises of his wares and points out with persistent minuteness their many virtues. If it is a patent knife-sharpener or needle-holder, he insists on showing you "how it works." If it is maple candy, he entreats you to taste of it. If it is a new book, he points out how clear the type is, how fine the illustrations. One fellow, I remember, used to bring through the carriages a box full of pretty toys, which, he said, were made of "ivory that grows on trees." I wonder if there has been a traveller from New York to Washington these many years, who has not been forced to examine this marvel! Then there are boys who go through the carriages shouting, "Gum drops!" "Best mixed-candy!" "Fine apples and oranges!" till you are weary enough of them. Often, when the train stops at a station a little distance from the city, itinerant fiddle-players or singers enter the carriages, take up a position at one end near the door, and proceed to play or sing for the delectation of the travellers; afterward passing down with outstretched hats or caps for the stray cents of the generous. Sometimes these will be ragged little boys and girls, who rely upon their voices for a subsistence. Thus trade and money-getting invade you wherever you

go ; and you once more repeat to yourself Mrs. Boffin's startling proposition—she must have had Americans in her mind—that man is a “thinking steam engine.”

The luggage system is a complete and excellent one. The Americans, by the way, call luggage “baggage.” It is a solace to the luckless father of a family, upon whom rests the responsibility of taking charge of the numberless “portable villas” of his womankind, to think that he can deposit them with the railway officials with perfect safety, and that he can shift the responsibility to their shoulders. He holds a talisman which, if the luggage is lost, compels compensation. On procuring your ticket, you have your trunks and boxes carried to a large apartment in the station, open at the sides, long counters between yourself and the luggage masters, and a space in the centre filled with all sorts of travelling bags and portmanteaus. You indicate your luggage to one of the officials, at the same time presenting your tickets. You are allowed to have a certain weight transported free ; if I remember, it is in some cases fifty, in others a hundred pounds for each of the party. There is no charge whatever for registering, no fee whatever to the luggage master. He takes your tickets and stamps holes in them ; then he detaches from a bundle of small leather straps, one of the straps, upon which are hung two brass or lead labels, both bearing the same number. He leaves one of these on the string, which he attaches to a box of your luggage ; he takes off the other label and hands it to you ; so

he goes on, attaching straps to each of your articles, and handing you the corresponding labels. These you deposit quietly in your pocket, and think no more of your luggage until you have reached your destination. There, having duly deposited the ladies in a hack, you resort to the luggage car, where they are busily unloading, at the same time loudly calling out the numbers on the labels attached to each box. You take out the labels which were delivered to you on starting, and presently your boxes make their appearance; you hear the numbers called which are on the labels you hold, and demand your luggage. The official compares the two labels; and the numbers corresponding, delivers your boxes to the hackman, who conveys them to his carriage and drives off. By this means the chances of losing luggage are infinitely diminished; and by holding the duplicate check, one holds the company responsible (they being answerable as "common carriers") for any loss or damage which may occur.

An improvement in the luggage system, which has recently been put into practice in America, is well worth noting. You have now only to buy your ticket at an office in town, and at the same time that you procure it order one of the railway luggage wagons to come to your house for your luggage. The companies not only take your boxes at your own door, but they receive the address to which they are to be sent; and when you arrive at your destination, there they are, safe and sound. For instance, you are in New York. The

luggage wagon takes your luggage at your house ; you tell the man in charge that you are going to Chicago (showing him your ticket), and that you want your luggage taken to No. — Lincoln-street, in the latter city. When you arrive; you find it already delivered at the house. You have no care of it whatever from your own door in New York to the door of your friend's house in Chicago. Another excellence of the American system is the plan of having coupon tickets, by which the traveller may purchase his ticket to almost any place in the country ; the detachable coupons passing him over the different railways which it is necessary to take. Thus one "checks" himself and his baggage through to any distance.

The science of steam locomotion is advancing perceptibly in America. The great railway corporations are, it is true, still too powerful, and speculation and swindling have a too plain effect on the safety of travellers and the permanent efficiency and prosperity of the lines. Nevertheless, we have got beyond the period when it was a necessity to a company to have the *first* railway ; the time has come when competition compels minute attention to comfort, speed, safety, and substantial permanency. Lessons from Europe are being learned, just as Europe in turn is learning from America. Agents are continually being sent across the Atlantic to examine and report on recent European improvements. The advantages which are afforded by the snug first-class English carriages have been combined,

on some roads, with those of the American system. First-class English carriages are attached to the trains for the accommodation of small parties who desire privacy; a trifling additional charge being made for their use. Monopolies here and there are manifestly yielding; even the Camden and Amboy line, which used to be a great scandal, and which is said to have long held autocratic power over New Jersey politics, feels the "pressure" of the times, and has built better carriages and conceded better accommodations. In the South the railways were to a great extent broken up by the war. Others are already being rebuilt, and probably these will be much better than the old ones; and when completed, they must be an important agent in the recuperation of that exhausted region.

The completion of the Pacific railroad—not the least among the many wonders which have come to pass within the year 1869—enables the traveller to journey continuously by rail some three thousand five hundred miles, through an infinite variety of landscape and of civilisation, in from eight to ten days, and at a cost of one hundred and twenty dollars. If you take sleeping carriages, the cost is increased by about fifteen dollars; and the cost of meals on the way is also additional. A regulation, however, provides for the conveyance of emigrants, in inferior cars, from New York to San Francisco, or *vice versâ*, for about fifty dollars. Of the distance between New York and San Francisco, eighteen hundred miles—to Omaha, in Nebraska—had al-

ready been completed when, in January 1866, the first rail of the Pacific railroad proper was laid. In less than three years and a half the line, built simultaneously westward from Omaha, and eastward from Sacramento, and traversing a space of seventeen hundred miles, was finished. But these seventeen hundred miles were not miles of the ordinary kind. Many of them were much worse than Alpine in their difficulties. In a few sections of the line the trains have to run up a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile; in many parts, up grades of seventy-five and eighty feet to the mile. They traverse vast districts utterly savage—savage in vegetation, in precipices and gorges, in fierce hostile Indian tribes, in beasts and reptiles. The difficulties of the enterprise were clearly enormous; yet the line is declared to be the most carefully and substantially built in America. The Mont Cenis railway is like one of many sections of the Pacific railway. The highest point reached by the trains in the rude passes of the Sierra Nevada is over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; an altitude one thousand feet higher than the summit of the Mont Cenis road. You are there in the upper, clear, dry, transparent air, which exhilarates like a strong liquor. You can almost see the Pacific itself from the highest point; the panorama stretched out below is as grand as that from the crest of the Faulhorn, and stranger, for it is wild, savage, preserved for centuries in perfect newness. The railway passes from Omaha, through the valley of the river

Platte, across Utah—in near proximity to the disgusted Mormons—and so to the lower spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Then it ascends to the bleak Sierra Nevada, thus in a south-westerly direction through the state of Nevada, zigzag to Sacramento—the swampy capital of California—reaching thence San Francisco and the Pacific. There are snow-capped mountains and vast glaciers, cataracts like rivers tumbling down the rugged mountain terraces, great black gorges far below you, green thick forests stretching off to the horizon. There are here and there emigrant posts, log-hut settlements ; rude half-savage white faces—now and then a copper face—gaze at you from the hastily-built railway stations ; these are mining head-quarters. As you approach Sacramento and San Francisco, you begin to see the Chinese, with their squint eyes and high cheek-bones. Going westward, you observe small villages, where building is rapidly going on, and skeletons of streets are discoverable. If you stay a few weeks in San Francisco, and then return eastward over the line, these villages have become towns ; the skeleton streets have received a body, a covering, life. One sight, formerly familiar to the adventurous tourist who went “overland” to the Pacific, will henceforth become more rare, if it does not cease to be seen altogether—the long trains of huge, uncouth, rumbling emigrant wagons, stretching out along the prairies, slowly creeping across the bridges, or up the mountain spurs. The emigrants will go to their destiny by rail.

On the line of the road here and there you see Chinamen at work, shortening the curves and ballasting the track ; some with basket hats, others with boots, trousers, and working blouses. As you penetrate the far west, you skirt for hours the famous Great Salt Lake, crossing its arms on neat trestle work—now running along the edge of its northern bank, where hundreds of acres are white with the fine salt deposited by the floods ; now, miles away, catching, through openings between the hills, glimpses of its dark-blue waters, and its mountain islands crested with snow. Then you emerge upon the seemingly endless desert ; then up the spurs of the mountains, where the desert heat is replaced by a biting cold ; you go under long snow sheds, to protect you from the terrible broken avalanches which here tumble pell-mell through the mountain crevices. Descending the western slopes, you reach a luxuriant, smiling country. You are among gardens blooming with the oleander and the rose, with clusters of cherries and nectarines ; long vineyards and fig orchards ; windmills far and near ; low dwellings with wide porticos, half hidden by parasites and shading trees ; fields of barley and wheat ; at last reaching the swampy flat plains of Sacramento. The cars are most comfortable ; from one end of the journey to the other you miss no convenience, no luxury. The sleeping apartments are spacious, and lavishly furnished ; fifty people may dine at the same time in the elegantly fitted dining car. There are ice boxes and provision cellars, in which the

meats and other edibles are packed. Wine, coffee, tea, fresh milk, are plentifully supplied. The richly flavoured wild game of the western forests are taken in along the route, and profusely furnished at the tables. Long since the thousands of land speculators have scattered along the road. Some will make colossal fortunes; others will be beggared; while the mass, the immigrants and settlers, will certainly prosper in a land which will now yield its treasures to civilisation for the first time, for all that we know, since the world was made.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROFESSIONS: *The medical profession—The sects and clergy—The American Episcopal church—Voluntarism—Church polity—The clerical profession—Provision for the poor—Popular preachers—The Beechers—The revivals and revivalists—Negro preachers and meetings—Camp meetings—The Roman Catholics.*

THE profession of law, the education and customs of lawyers, have already been described. The education of physicians, their social position, and the constant demand for more of them, render the profession of medicine, to those who have a taste for it, both an accessible, a pleasant, and a profitable one. In America, you may observe every medical system, as well as every species of quackery. There is no distinction there between a physician and a surgeon, as in England. All physicians are surgeons, and *vice versâ*; they are never called by the latter name, however, being uniformly spoken of as “physicians,” or “the doctor.” There are distributed through the country fifty-one medical schools, many of them attached to colleges and universities, each of them having the power of conferring the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The candidates for the

medical profession, in the same manner as those for the legal profession, either study for a while in an established physician's office, going thence to the course of lectures at the medical school, or reverse this process, and, after completing their school curriculum and receiving the degree, finish their education by studying its practical operation. Many of the medical schools have a high reputation for the learning of their professors and the thoroughness of their instruction. Those at Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago are perhaps the best known. A few of them are homœopathic; but the large majority teach the principles of the "old school," allopathy. These two schools are very bitter against each other, and their *esprit de corps* often prompts allopathic doctors to refuse to tend cases which have previously been intrusted to a homœopathist. The course of instruction at the medical schools has already been indicated; it comprises from two to three years, is conducted by lectures, recitations, illustrations in the laboratories, experimental practice, and, finally, intrusting the students with the simpler cases in the hospitals. An attendance for a certain time on the exercises, and, in most cases, a satisfactorily passed examination, entitles the student to the doctor's degree. When he proceeds to "put out his sign," and begin practice, he prescribes medicine and performs surgical operations, exercises his skill in midwifery, and is as well a consulting physician. Quackery finds a wide field in America; and many splendid fortunes have

been made out of "antibilious pills" and "cod-liver oil," "Jayne's expectorant" and "Mrs. Jones's consumptive powders." There are quack doctors who have their brown stone palaces on Fifth Avenue, their castelated villas on the Hudson. There are great manufactories where elixirs and "waters of life," bitters, and panacea pills are made. The apothecary shops receive and sell the quack medicines as well as the scientific, and the newspapers contain glaring advertisements of them by the page together. If, as is thought by some, faith in a thing, whether in itself effective or not, tends to cure one, it may be questioned whether these quack medicines themselves have not their use; certain it is that they secure a very wide patronage, and they are probably in most cases at least harmless. There are in America many hydropathic institutions—water cures—where one sees a queer commingling of invalids and fashionables. There are people who pretend to cure by mesmerism and clairvoyance, by wild herbs and hot steams. America is a field broad enough to give place to all the *isms*; and isms medical, as well as religious, scientific, political, and social, flourish there, and find adherents and believers somewhere or other in the community. Still, the medical profession stands high, and "the doctor" is admitted as well to the best society as to the family confidences.

In the sects, the state of religion, and the clergy of America, I approach what can hardly fail, at the present time, to be an interesting subject to English readers.

Probably there never was a time when the organisation of churches, when both articles of faith, and ecclesiastical government, have been more thoroughly discussed than they are being discussed now. The disestablishment of the Irish church has turned English thought into a wide channel, wherein the gravest subjects are contemplated, and which includes a fresh consideration of very ancient principles. Naturally, Englishmen who are pondering on their own ecclesiastical system and laws, and who have just witnessed a change of this system in one of the three kingdoms, look with inquiry and a desire for information to those countries in which other systems prevail, which afford examples in contrast with English experience. How does voluntaryism, they ask, prosper where it has had a fair field? What is the religious condition of a community where a political church is unknown? how do the denominations sustain themselves? what zeal do they display? how do they progress? what provision is made for the poor worshippers? how thoroughly is the religious sentiment and faith infused into the people? how, as compared with countries where a state church prevails, does the cause of Christianity advance in a country of voluntary sects?

In America the voluntary system is universal, and has had the best of possible fields on which to exhibit its virtues and its disadvantages. Every sect, even to the Mormons and Free Lovers, has had, and still has, a full opportunity to try its own system of government and the vitality of its own faith. At nearly the same pe-

ried the Puritan pilgrims transplanted the rigid tenets of Calvinism to New England, and the Cavaliers the faith of the church of England to Virginia. Not long after, the German Lutherans and the Dutch Reformers established themselves in New York, and the Quakers, under the lead of William Penn, in Pennsylvania. Roger Williams, seceding from the Puritan colony, made a nucleus for the Baptists in Rhode Island. During the era, in the seventeenth century, when the straggling settlements were gradually filling up to be a connected whole—a series of contiguous provinces—the colony of Lord Baltimore introduced Roman Catholicism into Maryland, the Scotch emigrants imported Presbyterianism, and the Huguenot exiles brought to South Carolina their sober and persecuted creed. Later still, Methodism grew up, and spread very rapidly throughout the country, outstripping in the south, and in a large portion of the west, the other denominations. Unitarianism appeared, grew slowly, but finally possessed itself of the oldest and most highly-respected university, Harvard, and produced some of the most brilliant and intellectual preachers and thinkers who have lived in the republic. Of these, Channing, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Edward Everett are perhaps as widely known in England as in America. From these sects there branched out others, and every phase of them, from the most moderate to the most extreme, may be discovered in America. The old Puritan Congregationalism (called in England In-

dependents) was divided into the "old school" and the "new school." The Presbyterians separated into the "old school," with its doctrine of "predestined election," the "new school," and the "united" Presbyterians; the Lutherans into synods—the general synod, the general council, and the independent synods; the Methodists into Methodist Episcopalians (under the government of bishops), the "non-episcopal Methodists," the "Wesleyan connection," and the "evangelical association;" the Baptists into "regular" Baptists, free-will Baptists, anti-mission Baptists, six-principle Baptists, seventh-day Baptists, Church of God, Disciples, Tunkers, and Mennonites. There are Universalists in their various phases, Swedenborgians (a fast-growing church), and Moravians. The Mormon prophets, after being driven from place to place, at last found a retreat for themselves and their followers in Utah. Throughout the states may be also found extensive bodies of Spiritualists, Latter-day Saints, Resurrectionists, Free Lovers, Shakers, and, in short, every modern religious idiosyncrasy.

The commonwealth of the Puritan Fathers in New England was essentially that of a sect founded upon religious dogmas, and established with a view to the free exercise of a particular worship. That religious *liberty* was the object aimed at by the Puritans is, with little doubt, an error. They founded a state, in which religious liberty finally became perfect and an organic principle; but their original idea was by no means one

of universal toleration. Puritan Calvinism was, as it were, established as their state church; it entered into their laws; it was associated with their social customs; it was laid as the corner stone of their little nation. The Puritans were intolerant. They cut off the ears of heretical Quakers; they exiled heretical Baptists; they drove away even Calvinists who were not strong and grim enough in the faith. Anglicans found no mercy; Papists dared not venture there. Witches were executed. It was a grievous religious tyranny. They compelled every member of the community to attend meeting on Sunday, under heavy penalties; only church members could vote; the law entered families and dictated faith. This was perhaps the nearest approach to a state establishment which has existed in America; and this system was, in the lapse of years, forced to give way before the rapid commingling of the different populations, the multiplication of sects, and the tolerance and enlightenment of the generations which fought their way to independence, based their new state upon religious and political equality, and, rejecting the idea of an establishment, gave to all sects the great essential qualities of coequal liberty and identical rights before the law.

I cannot think that even statistics will be dry, when they are cited to show the state of sects in America, and how each sect originally planted in this or that section has held its own in its earliest seat. We find, then, that in the United States there are 27,000,000

nominal Protestants, 5,000,000 Roman Catholics, and 10,000 Orientals, the last consisting mainly of the Californian Chinese. We find that, of the Protestant sects, the Methodists preponderate, having more than 2,500,000 active members; the larger part are in the south and south-west, and they include 360,000 negroes. Next come the Baptists of various organisations, the total of active communicants being about 2,000,000; of these there are 84,000 in Georgia, 116,000 in Virginia, 62,000 in South Carolina, 40,000 in Illinois, 90,000 in New York; while in Massachusetts there are but 37,000, in New Hampshire 7,000, in Connecticut 18,000, in Maine 19,000. There are about 300,000 Congregationalists, being most numerous in New England; Massachusetts having 80,000, and Connecticut 50,000. Of Lutherans in the different synods there are 350,000, mostly in the middle states. The Protestant Episcopal (Anglican) church comprises about 200,000 communicants, mostly in New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. The Presbyterians have about 600,000 members, and are most numerous in the middle states. The "Reformed" churches have about 175,000, the Moravians 12,000, the Quakers, or Friends, 100,000, and the Unitarians and Universalists a comparatively small number of members. The Roman Catholics have 5,000,000 members, the church being administered by seven archbishops and forty-six bishops. Congregationalism is predominant in New England, where it was first established; the Dutch and German Protestants in the middle states;

Methodism and Baptists in the south and south-west; Anglicanism in the middle and more northerly southern states, and principally in the cities; Catholicism in Maryland and the south-west; and Presbyterianism in the middle states.

Self-government is in America an ecclesiastical as well as a political principle. The authority in churches, as in politics, rests with the people. The idea of a state establishment was never, so far as I know, seriously considered; had it been, it could not have been adopted, because there was no sect sufficiently preponderating to be established. But the main reason why such a thing was not thought of was, that it would have been wholly incompatible with the structure of American society, and quite inconsistent with the organic idea of the Republic itself. Therefore the Englishman finds very few religious endowments of any sort in America; the vast preponderance of congregations of all Protestant denominations support their own churches and ministers. He finds that preferments, church patronage—whether possessed by a bishop or other clerical authority, or by private persons—advowsons, have no existence. There are no tithes or rates. He finds that no sect or sects are called “dissenters;” each and every one calls itself, and is called by the others, a church. Each stands upon exactly the same footing with the others; and the churches are mostly, whatever minor differences there may be in their systems of

government, controlled, directly or indirectly, by the mass of their members.

The position of the American Episcopal, or Anglican church—the offspring of the church of England—is not an exception to the rule. That church may fairly illustrate what the condition of an episcopal church is, when wholly disconnected from the state. The Cavalier colony of Virginia imported thither the rites of the church of England, the doctrines embraced in the Thirty-nine Articles. That the New-England Puritans were not the only religious persecutors may be seen from the fact, that in the early history of the episcopalian Virginia colony there were laws by whose provisions every one, under the penalty of a fine of two thousand pounds of tobacco, was required to have his children baptised by a church of England clergyman; by which, “dissenting” ministers were forbidden, under pain of forfeiting ten thousand pounds of tobacco, to marry people, marriages by them being moreover void; by which Quakers and other heretics were fined twenty pounds a month for being absent from the church of England service; and the last offence was also punished by giving the culprit ten lashes, “well laid on,” on the back. Episcopacy did not make much progress elsewhere until after the Revolution. Finally, a bishop, duly consecrated in England by the prelates of the mother church, arrived in America; he carried with him the link in the apostolic succession necessary to give the American church the

sanction of orthodoxy, consecrated other bishops, who spread through the various states, and performed the necessary ordinations of priests and deacons. The English Prayer Book was adopted, certain modification being made in its forms to put it in harmony with the position of the American church. For example, the prayers for the sovereign and the royal family were replaced by one for the President; that for the Lords and Commons by one for Congress. Here and there verbal changes were made, certain prayers omitted and others substituted. But, with a few emendations, the Prayer Books are very much alike, and an Englishman would hardly note, in the course of the service, any difference.

One of the most noticeable changes in the church polity was the mode of choosing the bishops. In England they are chosen practically by the crown or prime minister, the dean and chapter having but a nominal voice in the matter. In America the bishops are *elected* by ballot in a convention composed of delegates, lay and clerical, from all the parishes of the diocese over which he is to preside. There are no archbishops; the country is divided into thirty-nine dioceses, each state composing a diocese; several of the states are divided into two, the state of New York into three dioceses; and there are at present forty-nine American prelates holding their dignity for life. The general government and supervision over the episcopal church is confided to a general convention, which

meets regularly every third year. It consists of two houses, the House of Bishops and the House of Delegates, the latter composed of clerical and lay deputies from the various dioceses. Bishops are tried for heresy or misdemeanors by the house of their brother prelates. The convention has the power to divide dioceses, and to establish new dioceses; they elect the missionary bishops and the bishops over the territories. They may make changes in the Prayer Book; but the tendency to self-government in America makes it impracticable for them to exercise a very formidable power in enforcing strictly any minor points of doctrine. The senior bishop—who has longest exercised the prelatical functions—is called the “presiding bishop,” and presides over the upper house of the convention. Besides this general body, conventions are held in each diocese, presided over by its bishop; these try ministers against whom an offence is charged, and make general laws for the government of the diocese. The management of the affairs of the parishes is confided to “vestries,” elected by the pew holders. The ministers are chosen by the vestries, and may be displaced at their will. The vestries, being chosen annually, act naturally under a sense of direct responsibility to the congregations. The salaries of the clergy are determined by the parish, and paid, on the “voluntary” principle, from the sale and renting of pews, and contributions. A few episcopal churches—for example, Trinity Church in New York—have

great endowed wealth, and are supported from its interest; but such cases, far from being the rule, as in England, are very rare. The Episcopalian, as well as the Baptist or Congregationalist parson, preaches his "trial" sermons before the congregation for whose pastorship he is a candidate, and has to approve himself to them, not to a bishop or a private patron. If he becomes unpopular, out he goes; no prelate or law can save him. The clergy are so independent of the bishop, whose authority is confined within narrow limits, and whose main duty consists in administering confirmations, and ordaining the ministers—that he cannot preach in their pulpits without their consent; and it not seldom happens that a clergyman who does not like his own bishop, calls upon the bishop of another diocese to perform the ceremony of confirmation in his church. The bishops do not have large incomes; they are paid by contributions from the various parishes of their diocese; and they usually administer, with the episcopal functions, the rectorship of one of the churches. That the supply of the episcopal clergy is not in excess of the demand may be seen from the fact, that while there are in the United States 2,472 parishes, there are 2,780 clergymen, including rectors and their assistants. There is, naturally, a very wide range in the salaries which they receive. It may be fairly said, in general, that there is much less unevenness in their incomes than in those of the English established clergy, and that the American episcopalian ministers

are, almost without exception, able to live in comfort on their voluntarily provided stipends. In the cities, where episcopacy, being a somewhat aristocratic, wealthy, and fashionable sect, mostly flourishes, the income of the clergy ranges from 1,500 to 4,000 and 6,000 dollars. In the rural districts, perhaps the medium salary may be estimated at 1,000 or 1,200 dollars. Sometimes there is a parsonage, belonging to the parish, for the clergyman's use; sometimes not. In the parishes which are wealthy and flourishing, the clergyman lives elegantly, and has probably reached his position by possessing a popular style of eloquence. But even in the poorest rural parishes the minister lives at least decently, perhaps eking out a comfortable subsistence by a little farming or magazine writing. His professional success depends mainly upon himself. The voluntary system has at least this advantage, that it prompts the clergy to earnest individual effort. Its influence is the contrary of lethargic. The more energetic and zealous the minister, the more vitality he infuses into the cause of the church, the better he fits himself to teach its doctrines, to impress his hearers, to perform his pastoral functions, the better will he prosper. There is thus a genuine life and spirit in the voluntary American churches. The clergy have no ancient substantial props to lean upon; they do not ensconce themselves in cosy nests without exertion; they are never settled for life and beyond peradventure; there is no place for the indolent or the lukewarm. The

more effectually they fight the battle of the church, the more effectually, usually, they will fight their own battle in the world.

In all the Protestant sects there is the same virtual self-government which has already been described as belonging to the Episcopalian church. The Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Lutheran, and Unitarian congregations, or their responsible delegates for them, choose the pastors, pay them, dismiss them. The Methodists have been governed by their episcopal and clerical conferences; the ministers being apportioned in each district to the churches in rotation, changed from place to place, at certain intervals, by the presiding elders, and paid out of the general fund, as in England. Recently, however, by a vote of the sect, it has been determined to reorganise their polity; to hold a general constituent conference, composed of lay as well as of clerical delegates; and to admit laymen as well as the clergy to a participation in the general church government. The clergy of all denominations are, for the most part, highly educated, earnest, energetic men. Perhaps the Baptist and Methodist ministers are oftener little educated than those of the other sects. The ministry is not only accessible to every young man who feels desirous of entering it, but large facilities are given by all the sects to educate and prepare every one so inclined, if they are too poor to undergo the expense and spare the time themselves. The profession affords an excellent chance in life to those to whom it is con-

genial. It provides the young man of medium abilities and energy with an immediate support, promotion, and a high place in society. He will never, it is true, rise to bishoprics, among whose prizes are spacious palaces in town and country, peerages, and incomes of 10,000*l.* a year; but he enters at once on his professional work; he stands on a perfectly equal footing with his colleagues; he is sure of a competence; he advances as he deserves it; he does not see duller men rising above him by the power of personal favouritism; and he belongs to the only aristocracy respectable in, and compatible with, a republic—that of intelligence and culture. It is, in America, the highest of professions—so considered, and so treated. The clergy are the moral, and to a large degree the intellectual, leaders of society; they are active, and take a keen—sometimes a too keen—interest in public affairs: the preference is given to them everywhere. In no part of America is there, so far as I know, any widespread lukewarmness in supporting the churches. Voluntaryism there certainly does not produce indifference, nor frighten away congregations because they are expected to support it. There is the greatest vigour in all the sects: missions, home and foreign, are supported with zeal and liberality. The want of churches in the new communities of the west becomes quickly felt, and is almost as quickly supplied. New churches are constantly being built in the cities; and the “voluntary” societies have erected some of the noblest edifices in America.

It was contended by a distinguished English statesman, in the debate on the Irish Church Bill in the House of Lords, that the American system of voluntary churches did not provide for the teaching of religion to the poor. The case of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, where the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher preaches, was instanced to prove it. There, it was said, the pews were put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidders for enormous prices; none but the rich, therefore, could afford to go there. The speaker forgot, or did not know, that Plymouth church is a very conspicuous and rare exception to the overwhelmingly prevailing rule. Its pastor is the most popular of American pulpit orators; the church is in a rich, fashionable quarter of a wealthy city, where, let it be noted, there are forty or fifty churches open to all the world, to this single one which is not. There are probably not six churches in America similar in this respect to Plymouth church. The churches of every denomination, in every section of the country, for every service in town and country, and on all occasions, have accommodations specially set apart for the poor and humble worshippers who cannot afford to hire seats: they are as free to the homeliest labourer as to the wealthiest pew-holder. Multitudes of poor attend church year after year; and not only do these never pay a penny for their seats, but frequent contributions are taken up in the various churches to give worldly aid to those who attend and who are in want. Strangers never fail to find seats at their disposal.

Voluntaryism, as it is in America, has, if anything, an effect the contrary of denying to any class of the people the opportunity to worship and hear religious teaching; it encourages all, of whatever grade or means, to attend. Self-dependence has of itself awakened and kept up effort and vigour to sustain the churches, and given their organisation a vitality which is sufficient to offer religious food to the poor as to the rich. In the country districts, where one would suppose there would be the most difficulty in sustaining a church, probably a larger portion of the community goes "to meeting," and lends an active aid in providing for the expenses, than in any other nation; and this is true of each of the denominations.

There are no curates in the American episcopal church. Sometimes, when the rector of a large society finds his labours too heavy, he is provided, at the expense of the congregation, with an assistant, usually a young clergyman recently graduated. He is, however, not called a "curate." If a clergyman takes a vacation, he will invite some other clergyman, for the moment without a parish, to officiate for him while he is gone; perhaps paying him himself, or more commonly the substitute being paid by the society. It is not the bishop, but the society, which gives the clergyman his "leave of absence."

The Episcopalians are generally from among the wealthier and more fashionable classes, and are most numerous in the cities. It is seldom that you will find

an Episcopal church in the villages. In the northern villages the churches are mostly Congregationalist, or, as they are called, "orthodox;" in the southern, mostly Methodist or Baptist.

Perhaps a disadvantage of the choosing of ministers by each congregation is, that the clergy are often prone to seek rather after a worldly popularity than to be substantially useful as teachers of religion. Great attention is certainly paid to the graces and ornaments of oratory: the most eloquent preacher is sure to get the best pulpit. A clergyman of facile tongue and captivating manners commands a higher salary than one of far more learning, and even piety, who is wanting in these traits. The sects are proud of their eloquent preachers; and each city society aims to procure the most attractive "sermoniser." The churches where such preachers hold forth are naturally much more sought and crowded than others. Especially fond of pulpit eloquence are the Unitarians (generally a highly intellectual sect), the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists. The Episcopalians and Catholics do not usually insist so much upon oratory, regarding the service of the rubric as the essential feature of worship, and the sermon but a supplement, and of minor importance. The different American denominations certainly produce many finished and forcible orators. Of those of the present generation, the Beechers are doubtless the most remarkable. The father of this gifted family, Lyman Beecher, who died a nonagenarian a few years

ago, was a worthy descendant of the stern old Puritans, for many years a leader among the Calvinists, and a strong, solid, trenchant orator. Three or four of his sons became Congregational ministers after him; and Henry Ward Beecher, his youngest son, is *facile princeps* in the American pulpit. Edward Beecher, the oldest son, is a man of rare ecclesiastical learning, and a very powerful speaker; but Henry is far the more imaginative and sympathetic of the two. He is yet in the full vigour of his powers; independent in his opinions; outspoken, fluent, and forcible in language; deeply sympathetic with all that concerns the masses of the people; warmhearted and social, genially vain, enthusiastically earnest, and endowed with an imagination which produces image after image of great beauty and fitness; his voice is full and sonorous, his manner easy, self-possessed, self-confident. In many respects he resembles Spurgeon: he has the same bluntness and frankness, the same exhaustless facility of language, and perhaps a shade more of intellectual refinement. He is a famous lecturer on æsthetical and political subjects, as well as a great preacher; and the volumes of his sermons rival, in the extent of their sale, the most popular fictions of the day. He has always been prominent as a politician: no man was more active in guiding northern public opinion during the war; perhaps no single one had a larger influence in sustaining the patriotic spirit: he but aided to carry out the work which his sister, Mrs. Stowe, had done so much by *Uncle Tom's*

Cabin to begin. The Beechers were long among the most conspicuous and effective champions of abolition. Channing, Theodore Parker, Everett, Cheever, Emerson, Walker, were noted Unitarian preachers. Among the Baptists and Methodists, perhaps the most esteemed orators are those who devote themselves to promoting the revivals; many of them eccentric earnest men, who revel in the excitements of a religious commotion, and who delight in stimulating religious enthusiasm to a heat and frenzy.

Revivals are a popular and frequent mode of conversion among the Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists; they are deprecated by the Unitarians, Episcopalians, and Catholics. In the smaller towns and universities revivals are stirred up by the zealous, and rapidly become an absorbing event to many of the people and students. Meetings are held daily in the churches and chapels; exhortations are made by fervent speakers: a few are touched, discover themselves to be "miserable sinners;" they rise, in the excitement of the sudden discovery, declare themselves converted, and beg that prayers may be offered up for them—in short, they, in the popular phrase, "get religion." The example of the few infects the many: the worldly-minded and wicked announce that they have received grace, relate their "experiences," offer up earnest prayers, and, in their turn, make tearful appeals to the yet unconverted. The meetings grow more and more excited, new crowds are attracted, conversions are counted by the twenties, and the religious enthusiasm reaches its height; mul-

titudes of the converted partake of the sacrament, and join the church. Sometimes these revivals are confined to a single congregation: more often they spread through the town, to the neighbouring towns and villages; and sometimes large sections of the country catch their spirit, and are involved in their fervour. Many, doubtless, once having thus "got religion," adhere to it, and become earnest godly men and women; many others, the tide of pious excitement abated, become "backsliders," and revert to their old irreligious life, more hopelessly indifferent than before.

The Methodist revivalists find a wide and prolific field in the west and the south; and in the latter section the negroes are perhaps their most zealous converts and disciples. The negro Methodists comprise a distinct organisation; they have their own bishops, conferences, preachers. The revivalists, both black and white, possess an apparently inexhaustible supply of pious rhetoric, too expansive to be confined within Dr. Whateley's rules, on which they draw upon the least provocation. The negro Methodist preachers are a characteristic and notable race, high-flown and extravagant, never wanting at any time in what the negroes call the "gift o' gab." Those who have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—and who has not?—need not be told that the most ignorant slaves were often endowed with a sort of rude, unpolished, and ungrammatical, yet really pathetic eloquence. The negro revivalist may always count upon an enthusiastic audience, and is inspired by the infectious, eager sympathy of his sable hearers.

By his wordy facility, he is not long in raising his flock to a pitch of religious ecstasy. The sentences roll out of his mouth in a continuous rapid strain ; he becomes warmer and warmer, more and more demonstrative as he proceeds ; presently, both he and his audience are in a state of uncontrollable excitement. The scene in a negro revival, despite the solemn object of the meeting, has a tinge of the ludicrous. The preachers and elders speak, shout, throw up their arms, spasmodically clutch their hair, jump frantically up and down. An inspired negress leaps up on the benches, begins screaming out a hysterical confession of her sins, from the acknowledgment of the theft of a piece of mistress's butter to the staying away from meeting three Sundays ago. Two excited beings grasp each other's hands, and dance hither and thither, giving sudden shouts, then groaning excitedly to each other. It is a perfect pandemonium of howling, crying, singing, the beating of breasts, frantic embracings, abject grovelling on the floor, throwing out of arms ; in the midst of which the torrent of the preacher's exhortation rolls on more and more impetuously, till he sinks wearied and breathless on his seat.

The Methodists often hold, for revival purposes, what are called "camp meetings;" and recently, national camp meetings, comprising persons of that sect from all parts of the country, have been held each year. The camp meeting is a unique and interesting occasion. The place chosen where to hold it is usually some spa-

cious park or forest, where there are open lawns and convenient places for containing large assemblages. Beauty of scenery, a variety of wood and water, are considered in the selection. The camp is often held on the edge of a wood, and by the bank of some picturesque scene, in the midst of a shaded and pretty landscape, or near some lake cosily situated between sloping banks. Here gather, at the appointed time, many thousands—as well of the curious and worldly-minded as of the faithful. Straightway are erected rows and groups of canvas tents; for the meeting is held for several days together, and many of those who attend remain on the ground day and night until the camp breaks up. Some of the tents are wide and long, and here restaurants are established, where the people take their meals; others are small private tents, for the accommodation of families and parties. Some come in little wagons, drawn by lean horses, ragged-harnessed; some in great lumbering vehicles, fitted with broad seats, cushioned with blankets and last winter's buffalo robes; some in stylish carriages and gigs, glistening with brass or silver mounting; some in farmers' carts, some in buggies, some on horseback, many hundreds on foot. Many bring their own food and bedding, and set up their temporary habitation on the ground, cooking their own meals, and independent of outside aid; others come quite unprovided, and rely upon the public tent lodgings for a resting place, and the restaurants for their subsistence. Now you see approaching a

wagon piled high with mattresses, blankets, quilts, and sheets fresh from the good housewife's bureau; the worthy family has come, perhaps, fifty miles to participate in the scene, which is one strangely mingled of pleasure and religious worship. Provision carts arrive in trains, bringing ice and bread, milk and cheese, meats and vegetables. Anon dashes up a broad farm wagon, full of merry young people from the neighbouring village. For all sorts of objects has this motley crowd gathered; some, purely for the love of fun and a picnic; some, curious to see for once what a camp meeting is; some, because their friends were going; some, to worship and receive a new pious inspiration: a democratic assemblage, where you see people in broadcloth and silks, and people in homespun and rags. In an open space, surrounded by the tents, is erected a plain platform; perhaps there are three or four of these in different parts of the grounds. Here it is that the apostles of the church, the shepherds of the flock, the inspired revival orators address and exhort the crowds. The leading men of the sect have gathered, and are accommodated in larger tents near the stands. On the appointed morning the exercises begin. A noted preacher appears on the platform; the people hasten in all directions from the tents and assemble below it; the sermon begins, and the speaker warms gradually with his theme, exerting all his powers to stir the hearts of his hearers. He is often interrupted by an energetic "Amen!" "Glory be to God!" "O glory, Hallelujah!" "O yes,

that's the truth !" " O Lord, help me !" from here and there in the crowd. In the evening a prayer meeting is held, the preachers being assembled on the platforms, one after another offering prayers and making brief exhortations. So it goes on, day after day, the religious exercises continuing to be held twice or thrice each day, and the people growing more and more earnest in their excitement. Perhaps in the midst of a sermon a rainstorm would come up, and the tents would begin to quiver, and some blow down. Then there would be a sudden cessation of the ceremonies, the multitude hastening to get under shelter. In the evening you would hear psalm singing, loud praying, individual exhorting, throughout the camp ; the preachers going from tent to tent and exhorting and encouraging those who had just been infected with the prevailing pious zeal. Little prayer meetings would be held in the separate tents ; friends making appeals to friends, mothers to daughters, sons to fathers. Sometimes a group would gather on the open sward after night had fallen, under the stars, by the edge of the glistening tranquil lake, and sing fervidly an evening hymn, or hear the impromptu eloquence of some just-converted enthusiast. Some, too, would rise at dawn, perhaps after a restless excited night, and in the gray of the earliest morning pray or chant or exhort, eager to make their peace with God. The young people would hold prayer meetings and relate their "experience," guided by some sympathetic preacher who had just begun his pious career. Some-

times, in the excitement of the meeting, there would be hysterical fits and swooning, and you would see the unconscious form of some worshipper whose spirit was stronger than his flesh, and whose ecstasy had fairly overcome him, borne out in the midst of the exercises. Meanwhile attention, more or less, is bestowed in the camp upon the "creature comforts." The restaurant keepers have come there to make money; they charge high prices, and give but a scanty return in provisions; the infections of the time and place do not take away the appetite, and grumblings are heard that the bills of fare which read so temptingly are fanciful, and but delusive decoys to meanly furnished tables. In the smaller tents the good folk, after praying and singing, revert to feasting; for it is not a puritanical stiff-backed meeting, but one of rejoicing over the salvation of souls and the progress of the truth.

Right substantial are the family breakfasts and dinners; you may even, at times, hear merriment and laughter from the souls so lately piously excited, and so soon to be so again. Now it is announced that the great orator of the sect—the leading bishop—will address the camp; he has been received with enthusiasm; as he mounts the stand he is greeted with the cordial blessings of the multitude. As he stands there, with bare head, the sun comes glimmering through the branches, the birds are singing merrily in the trees, the wind is gently breathing through the forest; in the distance are faint sounds of singing, the commotion

of those who have kept to their tents ; every word from the great preacher's lips is eagerly drunk in by the vast crowd, who lean forward to hear him ; he tells the old yet ever eloquent story of Christianity in glowing words, with a clear earnest voice, which falls distinctly upon every ear. He teaches the lesson of life, and of the after-life. He is first logical, appeals to the mind ; then rhetorical, seizing the hearts of his hearers ; finally, waxing warmer and warmer, he pictures to them in fast following intense sentences the unutterable woes of vice, the blessedness of virtue and piety. The multitude is moved to the depths of its heart ; there are cries, groanings, shoutings ; the excitement has reached its highest pitch, and the stubbornest souls are fain to yield and prostrate themselves before their God. The bishop having finished, the crowd breaks up into excited groups, each with its own exhorter, male or female ; people fall suddenly on their knees, and pray loud, long, and earnestly ; there are embracings, self-castigations ; you may hear the story of many an awakened sinner—his or her trials and struggles and final conversion—as you pass from group to group.

The enthusiasts make it a point to seize upon the curious and worldly-minded who have resorted to the camp as lookers-on, and to remind them of their wickednesses. They long to make those “ who came to scoff, remain to pray.” A middle-aged lady, full of pious zeal, espies a fast-looking young fop from the city, seizes him by the coat lapel, and inveighs in his un-

willing ear, and to his manifest embarrassment, against the sins of dress, tobacco, and false pride. Another middle-aged lady is mounted on a barrel, and is becoming interesting with appeals to various worldly people in the crowd, pointing at this one or that, remarking on their personal appearance, and denouncing, with more force than elegance, the vanities which their exteriors betray. "Shame on you," says she to a fashionably-dressed damsel,—“shame on you, young woman, with that brazen head-gear and that ungodly hump on your back. Where's the modesty your mother taught you?" (Young lady vanishes hastily among the trees.) "There's a young man chewing a vile weed a pig wouldn't touch—next to godliness, young man, is cleanliness." And so on, picking out all her vulnerable hearers one by one, and castigating them in turn. Disturbances sometimes, but rarely, take place; strong liquors are prohibited in the camp, but occasionally invade it secretly notwithstanding; and a police force is usually stationed on or near the ground.

The religious freedom and equality which prevails in the United States have encouraged all sects to flourish there, and none more so than the Roman Catholics. Early in the history of the country, Roman Catholic settlements had laid the foundation for that prosperity of the papal church which is now so evident and striking. Lord Baltimore's colony introduced aristocratic Catholicism into Maryland; and many of the oldest and proudest Maryland families are to-day earnest mem-

bers of that church. The French Canadians, at the extreme northern frontier, were Catholics, and the peculiar institutions of the papacy were already numerous in the province. Florida, in the extreme south, acquired by the United States from Spain, was a Spanish Catholic colony; Louisiana and the sections to the north and west of it was, until it was purchased from the empire, a French Catholic colony. From these points Catholicism has rapidly spread throughout the land; but another cause has far more effectively increased its numbers and power. Emigration, especially of Catholic Irish, has supplied the church with its principal accessions. The Irish constitute probably a large majority of its body in the United States. The emigrants, it is well known, are mostly from the south of Ireland, from those parts where the priestly influence is the greatest. Arriving in America, the large preponderance adhere to their hereditary faith, and are as blindly subservient and obedient to the priesthood as they were at home. The priests control their morals, their family affairs, their politics, as well as their religious belief and duties. Some, however, under the influences of American civilisation, the independence, as well of thought as of material well-being, which they acquire there, desert the ancient church, and either are indifferent to it or resort openly to Protestantism. This is, perhaps, more often the case with the Catholic Germans than the Catholic Irish. The children go to the free schools, and although

they are never proselytised at the schools, the education they acquire, and the sphere of independent opinion in which they find themselves when their education is finished, often operate to make them Protestants. The labourers and servant girls who have emigrated from Ireland are almost universally devoted Catholics, giving up a goodly share of their wages to the priests, and filling the churches every Sunday with a reverent though plebeian multitude. Not only the church itself, but many of its ancient orders, have flourished in America. The Jesuits are very numerous and very active; they maintain some of the best schools in the country, which, however, are often snares for the proselytising of Protestant children. They have founded colleges in almost every state, and many theological seminaries, where priests are educated. There are thirty Catholic universities and colleges, and fifteen large seminaries. The sectarian Catholic schools are numerous; but the Catholics having to aid in the support of the public schools, the former are not so well supported as would otherwise be the case. The poor Irishman usually sends his children to the public schools, where they are educated free. The freedom of all religious effort enables the priests to exercise great activity in making conversions; but probably their accessions from Protestantism do not keep pace with those of Protestantism from the Catholics. There is, among the extreme high-church Episcopalians a tendency toward Rome; and an episcopal bishop of North Carolina,

some years ago, gave an additional impulse in this direction by abandoning his church and dignity to become a Catholic priest. Ritualism and Puseyism prevail to some extent, and their obvious influence is to lessen the horror of Romanism which is so earnest in the "evangelical" branch of the Anglican church. Some years ago the popular distrust of Catholicism, combined with a kindred distrust of the foreign influence in American politics, suddenly ripened into a wide-spread political agitation. Secret societies, with the object of organising a crusade against Catholics and naturalised foreigners, were formed, and soon grew to a formidable importance. There were branches in every city and in every village. Finally they nominated candidates for city, state, and national offices, and in many localities carried the elections. These were the "Know Nothings." They succeeded in electing several United States senators, many representatives, governors, legislators, mayors, councils; and in some of the states they held the power for several years. They proposed Mr. Fillmore for President, and Mr. Donelson for Vice-President in the general election of 1856, only prevailing, however, in the state of Maryland. But their "platforms" were so entirely and palpably inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution and the principles on which the Republic was founded, that they lost power almost as rapidly as they won it, and in a few years its former adherents were anxious to have their part in the organisation forgotten. The influence of

the priests, silently exercised in politics, is undoubtedly great, and probably had much to do with the collapse of "Know-Nothingism." The emigrant population, the naturalised voters, are so numerous, that no political party can safely avoid conciliating them. The northern prelates and priests were mostly wise enough, in the war, to espouse the Union side ; and the regiments of Catholics which fought under Catholic commanders, attended by Catholic chaplains, were, in many cases, among the bravest and most effective troops who fought under M'Clellan, Sherman, and Grant.

CHAPTER XII.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND LITERARY PEOPLE : *Historians : Prescott, Bancroft, Motley—Poets : Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes—Novelists : Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe—The Transcendentalists : Emerson—The humorists—Female writers—Other writers—The international copyright.*

A PURELY and distinctively national literature can hardly be said to have yet reached maturity in America. The productions of real genius, of which it can be said that they could have been produced in no other country, are not numerous. Yet such works are increasing, and there are indications here and there that a new literature, peculiar to the new world, will at no distant day contest the favour of the reading public with that which now holds undisputed possession. American literature, as it is to-day, may be divided into two kinds—that which is the result of education and a wide range of study, and is to some degree modelled upon classical foreign literature, in which I include the great masters of English prose and verse ; and that which boldly seeks independent channels of thought and modes of expression, which endeavours to reflect the spirit of the exist-

ing generation, and to interpret the national habits, tastes, and aspirations. The former literary school, which has hitherto produced the best and most famous works, has modelled itself upon the literature of the past, especially English literature; the latter aims to catch up, picture forth, and preserve the traits and emotions of the peculiar civilisation by which it is surrounded. The American literature of the past half century—and until within fifty years there were few American books of standard value—bears a clear resemblance to the classical literature of England. Its productions have abounded in flowers of rhetoric, in elaborate description, in an unchecked play of the fancy, in studied and leisurely efforts of the imagination. It has celebrated legends, illustrated the past, and portrayed the history more often of foreign peoples than of its own. But this age, in America, is a pushing, serious, practical age. All aim at a definite end, and take the nearest road—the “shortest cut”—to reach it. The ornaments and graces of life are less considered than its practical uses and ambitions. Therefore the new literature sacrifices leisurely elegance to brevity and force. The American toiler has no time to dally with sweet fancies or longdrawn illustration; he must have the gist of the subject abridged in a nutshell—it must be provided in the briefest practical and striking sentences.

English literature, ancient and modern, has always been and still is a precious boon to the American read-

ing public. The great English writers are quite as familiar in America as in their own country; are quoted as often; are pored over with as much delight. Shakespeare has an audience a hundredfold larger than he ever could have dreamed of; Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, Dryden and his, Milton and his, Addison and his, Johnson, Goldsmith, and theirs, Cowper and his, Coleridge and his, Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray and theirs, are known and read everywhere in the republic. Among historians, the Americans read Hume, Macaulay, Froude, Hallam, Mahon; for poetry, the long catalogue of English poets from Chaucer and Spenser to Tennyson and Browning; for essayists, from Brown, Burton, Addison, to Matthew Arnold and Carlyle; for novelists, from Fielding and Goldsmith to Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Reade; for metaphysicians, Mandeville, Stewart, Hamilton; for philosophers, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Bentham, Mill; for preachers, from South and Jeremy Taylor to Irving and Spurgeon.

In American popularity there is no comparison between the more prominent English and the American romancers. No one has yet arisen across the Atlantic to challenge the popular affection for Dickens and Thackeray, Scott and George Eliot, Collins and Reade. No works penned by an American hand, unless indeed it be *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Cooper's and Irving's works, are so familiar as *Pickwick Papers* and *Pendennis*, as *Ivanhoe* and *Adam Bede*, as *The Woman in White* and *Peg Woffington*. According to the statistics

of the publishers, these books, and their companions by the same authors, find a much larger circulation in America than they do in England. There is scarcely a farmhouse in the country—scarcely a western hamlet, which cannot boast its thumbed and dog-eared cheap edition of Dickens; no gentleman's library is wanting in ponderous editions of Scott and Thackeray in half-morocco. The great American *national* novelist, to portray things present and peculiar to that people, has yet to appear; whether to hold up the follies and foibles of modern "good society" to ridicule, and to expose and drive to shame the manifold shams of the *bon ton*, as did Thackeray with keen and bitter pen; or to depict the miseries, the crimes, the virtues of the lower social strata, which Dickens made his mission; or to hold up to public opprobrium public institutions abused by stupidity and cruelty, which the master hand of Reade has so thrillingly done in England. But America is becoming constantly less and less dependent on England for her reading and models of style; her books are fast becoming peculiarly the "growth of her own life."

In several departments of literature, America has produced writers who may fairly rank with the English classics. It is worthy of remark that in a new country, whose own history is so brief, the beginnings of whose career as an independent nation may be remembered by men still living, there should have arisen historians whose works have a place with those of Hume, Mac-

aulay, Thiers and Michelet. Historical writing has been sedulously cultivated, and the American historians have achieved many notable triumphs. When it is considered, that to the mind, as to the eye, distance "lends enchantment to the view," this fact will not appear so surprising. No travellers are probably so deeply interested in the ancient monuments of Europe as intelligent, well read Americans : the reason is simple. Those monuments bear testimony to a civilisation in vivid contrast with that to which they have been accustomed. Curiosity, admiration, are most excited by the strange, the unwonted. Englishmen, Germans, Italians have been born and have grown up in the midst of temple and castle ruins, of ancient battle fields, of spots consecrated by tradition, and by a heroism which, in the lapse of time, has become hallowed and venerable. All these are quite within their experience ; their curiosity in them is at least not a yearning curiosity. The American, born in a country where everything about him is young, where life is practical and unpoetic, regards the great European museum of antiquities with intense interest, almost with awe. So it is that, just as he loves to linger under the ivies of Kenilworth, and is charmed to stand musing in the Forum, so he is absorbed in the reading of history, delights to peruse the tales of old ceremonies, wars, and customs—to follow in fancy the chivalry to the crusades, and to wonder at the deeds of heroes and the devotion of martyrs.

This undoubted and widely spread taste for history

has had its natural result in not only securing a wide circulation to the best English and French historians, but also in producing native historians of great talent, who have told their own country's story, and not less that of more than one European epoch. These native historians have displayed a culture, an imagination, a ready appreciation of events, such as entitle them to a rank beside their English rivals; and, indeed, more than one of them has taken his place as a favourite author among English readers themselves; while they are in some cases read in almost every European language, and have become cosmopolitan classics.

The American historians have selected their subjects from many countries and many eras. They have aimed as well to portray picturesque and romantic epochs as to illustrate the philosophy of history, and the causes and effects of events. Washington Irving was, perhaps, rather a biographer than a historian; but the variety of the topics which he selected may be seen in the titles of his three best known biographical works—the *Life of Columbus*, that of *Goldsmith*, and—the last work of his life, a work of reverent love—the *Life of Washington*. Prescott chose for his theme the period of Spain's splendour and power. In the character and career of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in the eventful reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and in Isabella's own marked and attractive character, in the conquest of Peru and the fall of the Montezumas, and in Cortes' expedition to Mexico, he found a field con-

genial to his love of romantic lore, and well adapted to the finish and picturesqueness of his style. Prescott belonged to an old and honoured New England family, was a graduate of Harvard University, and possessed sufficient wealth to enable him to devote himself to his favourite pursuit. He was the first of American historians to achieve a world-wide reputation : he brought to his work a rare zeal, which even blindness—which overtook him before he had reached his prime—could not subdue, nor even abate. It has been noticed that the histories which he wrote after the advent of his affliction were even more poetic and more vivid in glowing description than those which he had previously produced ; as if the loss of bodily sight—as in Milton's case—had increased the lucidity of the mental vision. The only historian who has attempted an elaborate account of the American colonies and states is Mr. George Bancroft. His *History of the United States*, which is contained in nine or ten octavo volumes, embraces the time between the Pilgrim and Cavalier settlements and the close of the revolutionary war. He has spent more than thirty years in its preparation, having meanwhile occupied the offices of Secretary of the Navy, Minister to England, and Minister to the German Confederation. The style is plain, dry, matter of fact ; the historian seems to have shunned the graces, to have sacrificed the romantic for the practical view of the course of events.

John Lothrop Motley is certainly the most talented

of living American historians, and is a worthy successor of his fellow townsman Prescott. It was Motley's good fortune to become suddenly famous by the production of his first elaborate work. When, in 1856, the *Rise of the Dutch Republic* was published in London, it at once became a standard work, and won for its author the almost unanimous homage of the English as well as the American literary world. Motley, like Prescott, belonged to a family of standing and wealth; he graduated, at seventeen, from the same university of which Prescott was an alumnus; and spent several years in Europe, studying the languages and delving into historical lore, visiting memorable scenes, and preparing for what was doubtless already his chosen vocation. The *Rise of the Dutch Republic* having met with so noble a success, he continued in the field of Dutch history; and in 1865 appeared his *United Netherlands*, which was not less cordially received than its precursor. Motley's works are as rich and eloquent in description, especially of character, as Prescott's; hardly less brilliant and epigrammatic than Macaulay's; and as philosophical in searching out causes and tracing to results as Hallam's. There is a vigour and freshness, an ease in developing events, and an evident familiarity and enthusiasm in the age of which he writes, which infects the reader, and carries him on with all the interest which attaches to the historical romances of Scott.

Poetry is not seldom the earliest literary manifestation of a people. There is no great prose work in

Greek history anterior to Homer and Hesiod; Chaucer and Spenser were the patriarchs of English letters. The poets in America were at least as soon as the prose writers, claiming the attention and the favour of the public. It has been said, that in the younger countries the imagination has all the freer scope, that experience is slight; the fancy revels amid the freshness and youth of a people. However this may be, there are American poets who have commanded the attention of the reading world everywhere, and have betrayed a ripeness in the art not inferior to that of their modern English and continental rivals. There has, as yet, risen no great epic poet; America awaits her Homer, her Dante, her Shakespeare, her Milton. Such masters of the art can only appear after long, eventful ages; can only work upon a history ancient, romantic, legendary, full of vicissitude. Nor yet has America produced a great distinctly national poet; one who, breaking loose from the old grooves, has achieved a style peculiarly adapted to the new civilisation, and a mode of thought in exclusive sympathy with the character and aim of his own nation. The poets who have won fame have adhered to classical forms and habits, and both shell and kernel bear a resemblance to those of the poetry of the older nations. So recently has poetry become a cultivated and appreciated art in America, that one of the very earliest poets—Richard Henry Dana the elder—is still living, and another—Fitzgreene Halleck—has just passed away. Within fifty years

Bryant has given to the world, from his quiet little New York sanctum, such poems as *Thanatopsis*, *The Prairies*, and the *Battle Field*. Edgar Allan Poe has for a brief period shone forth with a bright startling light, and held his readers breathless over *The Raven* and his ghastly stories—soon to descend, alas, to reckless debauchery, and finally to sink into an untimely and obscure grave. Longfellow, whose name need only be mentioned to English readers to bring up the memory of numberless delightful hours and pleasing dreams, came forth from his college chair to assume, to maintain the highest place in the group of American poets, and to contest the palm, in the English reading world, with the author of *In Memoriam*, and *The Idylls of the King*. Lowell has produced that keenest and most elaborate of American satires, the *Biglow Papers*, in which he clothed many a striking truth in the homely garb of the Yankee dialect. Emerson has shown how a philosophical and deep pondering mind may sometimes relieve itself by the study of nature and a contemplation of whatever is beautiful, and has proved that a luminous intellect does not always dry up the finer and gentler emotions of the heart. Holmes has revelled in humorous description, pouring it out in an exuberant stream, and leading his reader from surprise to surprise, in the ludicrousness and genial wit of his portrayals; while, as we write, a younger race of poets is arising, and boldly entering the field where laurels are to be won. There is laurel enough to make crowns for all;

this is a battle field in which the defeat of one competitor is not necessary to the victory of others.

Bryant is the Nestor of the living poets, and there are some who think him a greater genius than Longfellow. Unlike Longfellow, he has written no elaborate works, and has mainly contented himself with producing occasional pieces, and confining himself to lyrics and odes; and unlike Longfellow, he has mingled actively in the business of the world, making composition rather a pastime and a relief from sterner labours, than his life work. More than forty years ago he became a leading editor in New York, and has ever since that period laboured earnestly to establish the political doctrines—especially on the subject of free trade—which he then espoused. Now, in the evening of his days, he lives in elegant ease at his home on Long Island, near New York, and may often be seen, with long, flowing white beard and deep thoughtful eye, passing along the streets of the city. Ever and anon appears a poem from his pen—the dedicatory ode of a monument, a farewell greeting to a friend, a patriotic piece—which shows that he retains the vigour of his pure and noble fancy, though almost half a century has passed since he wrote the *Ages*. Bryant's poems are remarkable for their purity of thought and language. His rural descriptions, his moral lessons, his life-philosophy, clothed always in facile, and often in exceedingly beautiful verse, are his happiest and most successful efforts.

Of Longfellow one need hardly speak to English

readers. His poems are as familiar in England as in his own land. *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, the translation of *Dante*, *Hyperion*, *The Spanish Student*, have long since been scattered far and wide through the British Isles.

James Russell Lowell, Longfellow's near neighbour, and his successor in the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard University, is hardly less well known. While still pursuing his college curriculum, Lowell was noted for the facility with which he composed, and the brightness of his fancy. He was, on graduation, chosen to deliver the "class-poem," which received many encomiums from the papers, and the eminent alumni who heard it. Soon after, in his twenty-second year, he published a little volume of poems, and another in 1844. Of these, the *Legends of Brittany* and *Prometheus* offer the best illustrations of his earlier style. These poems indicated that thus early in life he had been an interested student of politics and social questions, and betrayed as well the very keen and satirical tone of his mind. *The Fable for Critics*, however, was the poem which established his reputation in America. This was probably suggested by Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and is one of the most piquant pieces of irony and humorous personal description extant. Mr. Lowell now unites the offices of Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, and of editor of the *North Ame-*

ican Review ; although his connection with the latter is little more than nominal.

His versatility as a writer is marked. He turns as easily from the composition of a *Biglow* paper to an erudite discussion on politics, a charming lyric, a searching criticism on the works of a classic, or a scathing satire on men or manners, as Sheridan did from writing the *School for Scandal* to a field night in the House, and as Goldsmith did from geography to the *Deserted Village*.

Among other American poets of reputation and merit may be mentioned Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the quaint and genial *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* ; Percival, an eccentric, melancholy bard, not unlike Cowper, who probably died insane ; N. P. Willis, like Tom Moore, a rollicking man of the world, and a writer of exquisite sacred poetry ; Fitzgreene Halleck, the author of that favourite of school-boy declaimers, *Marco Bozarris*, and of *Alnwick Castle*, who lived to a good old age, long after he had ceased writing, and was honoured as a patriarch by later literary generations ; John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, and the inspired bard of abolition ; Richard H. Dana, the author of *The Idle Man*, *The Dying Raven*, and *The Buccaneer*, and the representative of one of the oldest American families ; James T. Fields, the genial Boston publisher ; Bayard Taylor, who has added a reputation as a poet to that of being the best of travel-writers ; Doctor Holland, author of *Bitter-Sweet*, whose naturalness and vivid-

ness of character description has given him a high rank among living writers; Buchanan Read, the painter-poet; Gilmore Sims, the only notable southern bard; Howells, Dorgan, Walt Whitman, Stedman, Trowbridge, and the many rising stars of poetry, of more or less lustre and genuineness—these may be noted to show that, in the United States, poetry apparently runs little danger, for the present, of becoming one of the “lost arts.”

Novelists and would-be novelists are almost as numerous as poets and would-be poets. Few writers of fiction have, however, attained a permanent place in American literature, and have made themselves known abroad. When I have mentioned Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes, Poe, and Mrs. Stowe, probably I have included all the American novelists whose works are familiar in England. Irving and Hawthorne were masters of a pure and enticing English prose, were endowed with a fine, delicate sense of humour, and possessed the art of sustaining a deep interest in their books throughout. It is evident, however, in reading them, that they were not ambitious to found a new American literary school; although no two men could have been more American in feeling, they were clearly pupils of English masters. Their works prove that they must have been careful students of writers like Addison and Sir Walter Scott; and their styles, whether designedly or not, were doubtless largely influenced by those of the English writers. In the early part of the present century, Irving won his reputation by publishing in

London his *Sketch Book*, Sir Walter Scott aiding him to find a publisher, and highly commending the exquisite style of the work. His English fame soon spread to America, and he was henceforth regarded as a standard author—perhaps the first and best prose writer whom America has produced. He wrote a number of stories, which, although not “sensational” in plot, are so rich in the literary graces, are told with such beauty of diction and such genial humour, that they are still the delight of tasteful readers on both sides of the ocean. Hawthorne’s productions are scarcely less charming; his style is not unlike Irving’s—perhaps it is somewhat lighter, and possesses a tinge of dry New England humour, somewhat different from that of the historian of the *Knickerbockers*. Hawthorne’s individuality, too, seems to appear more distinctly to the reader of his works than does that of Irving; although in reality Hawthorne was the most shy and retiring of men, while Irving delighted in companionship, and loved to find himself in the midst of a host of friends. Both Irving and Hawthorne were fond of choosing for their subjects the early times of that part of America in which each lived. Irving has given us quaint and attractive pictures of the Dutch settlers of New York—the *Knickerbockers*—from Heinrich Hudson down. Hawthorne, in the *Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, has illustrated early life in New England, the Puritan severities and customs, weaving touching stories from the legends of the

Massachusetts settlements. Hawthorne was also a delightful writer of fairy tales. His *Tanglewood Tales*, which are beautifully told legends from Greek and Roman mythology, have found their way to the hearts of thousands of boys and girls, and are composed in his most genial, as well as his most finished style. The *Marble Faun* is perhaps, after those mentioned, his most esteemed production.

Of American novelists, perhaps Fenimore Cooper was the most national, and corresponded most nearly to Sir Walter Scott; and Cooper is as well known in England as in the country whose literature he adorned. It is very noticeable how great a contrast there was, however, between the events which made the groundwork of his novels, and those upon which Scott built so noble a literary monument. Sir Walter had for his material the lore of centuries; he found vast stores in the superstitions, the traditions of the past; all round him were the ruins and the monuments of a hoary civilisation. It was his charming task to weave, from these, heroic stories, to illustrate history by the light of an imagination fed from exhaustless historic stories. Cooper had to deal with a new land, to which civilisation—at least any civilisation now known—had been but yesterday a stranger. He had to depict the life and the customs of the Indian denizen of the forests and river banks of an unsettled continent; he had to describe the beginnings of civilised settlements, the troubles of the adventurous pioneer, the hot conflict between the

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race which was declining and that which was about to dominate the territory. He had also to introduce the reader to the second great American struggle—the first being with the Indians, the second with the mother country. He found a glowing theme in the revolution for independence; the devotion of the colonies; the heroism of individual patriots. Sir Walter was the romancer of the old, Cooper of the new; and each, in his own direction, shed a new light upon mankind and civilisation. Those who have read *Ivanhoe* know intimately both what a crusader was, and what were the prevailing features of the crusadal age; those who have read *The Last of the Mohicans* can vividly imagine the mixture of nobility and barbarism, the generosity and the malignity, of the Indians in their last days of freedom and domination.

Probably no novel ever achieved more serious practical results than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was a gauntlet thrown down by a single woman to two millions of slaveholders. A whole section of the country was mercilessly lashed by the exposure of the truth but half disguised in fiction. Under the guise of a thrilling and dramatic romance, the horrors of slavery were made known to thousands who had never dreamed of them. It entered into the homes of the people, north and south; it was a most formidable ally of the great agitation which ended in the war and the extinction of slavery. It was first published as a serial in a Washington anti-slavery paper, *The National Era*, in the

midst of a pro-slavery population, where outspoken abolitionists then almost held their lives in the palms of their hands. It is not too much to say that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* alone advanced the anti-slavery cause a decade. It was one of the great, silently-working powers which aided in hastening the "irrepressible conflict" between the principle of the *manhood of man* and the principle of perpetual and hereditary servitude not inflicted for crime, and of a particular race. Some of my readers have not forgotten the reception which both the book and its author received in England. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* intensified the detestation in which England already held slavery. It stirred public feeling here, as there, to its depths. The book must live, since it is a faithful and striking picture of a phase in American life which long had a very great influence over American politics and society, but which has now happily passed away, and is matter of history. Mrs. Stowe's subsequent works have been cordially received as coming from the authoress of *Uncle Tom*; none of them have approached its deep interest and marvellous portrayals. *Dred*, *Agnes of Sorrento*, *The Minister's Wooing*, and lately, *Oldtown Folk*, are the principal works which she has produced since her first triumph. Dr. Holmes, the "autocrat," is also a novelist of note, having written, among other works, *Elsie Venner*, a charming story. Among less well-known novelists are Donald G. Mitchell, the author of *Doctor Johns*, George William Curtis, Colonel Higginson, Robert Dale Owen,

and Theodore Winthrop. The highly-spiced, sensational school has its writers in profusion; there are many cheap weekly journals which supply them with work, and which flourish on the patronage of the lower classes. Many of the American magazines purchase the advance sheets of English novelists, their romances appearing simultaneously in an English and an American periodical. Reade, Trollope, Collins, Thackeray, have thus been read at the same time in serials in the two countries.

There is in New England a literary coterie, which has had a marked influence on the course of serious thought in America, known as the Transcendentalists. The most famous of them is Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, with a touch of poetic sentiment, is perhaps the most original, as well as the most profoundly philosophical, of American writers. He has a keen sympathy with humanity in every class and condition, and quite as keen a dislike for its hypocrisies and shams. Although he is far from being a graceful or attractive speaker, his public lectures are anticipated with eager interest, and he frequently addresses large audiences on philosophical, political, social, and religious topics. His style is often as difficult and intricate as that of Carlyle; the excellence is rather in the rich veins of original thought than in the composition. Channing, Hawthorne, Alcott, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, were among the intellectual lights grouped in the circle of the Transcendentalists. They were marked by a

frondeur spirit of inquiry and an intellectual independence which thought for itself, and which was not deferential to authority, whether human or sacred. Many years ago an attempt was made at the celebrated "Brook Farm" to try the experiment of a transcendental Utopia—to see if it were possible to establish a colony of dreamers and thinkers in the midst of, yet outside of, the active world. The attempt was, however—as always such attempts have been—soon given up.

A peculiar type of American humour has long been familiar to the English reader. *Sam Slick* was the first to portray Yankee character—in exaggerated colours, to be sure, but sufficiently life-like to give a zest and relish to his humour; while in *Artemus Ward* are to be observed many of the same peculiar expressions and traits, clothed in suggestive language, and having a sparkle which the covert satire—an undercurrent running through all his chapters—alone could impart. Following these two masters in this peculiar school are a host of imitators, varying from an ability inferior only to them, to a senseless vapidness which is apt to disgust one even with the best. *Petroleum V. Nasby*, *Josh Billings*, *Orpheus C. Kerr*, and others, are inevitable inflictions, certain to have been produced after "A. Ward" had "made his mark;" and they may be dismissed as but feeble imitators of a humour which itself was, at best, but a coarse reflection of the humour of the nation, and whose greatest merit is that of casti-

gating and holding up to ridicule many popular follies and delusions.

Of Lowell's exquisite and polished humour, as betrayed in the *Biglow Papers*, I have already spoken. His fellow professor at Harvard, Oliver Wendell Holmes—who divides his time between instructing the youth in anatomy and physiology, writing poems, and composing essays and romances—is a humorist who, if a trifle less scholarly, is more exuberant than Lowell. His fun is impetuous, rollicking, so continuous at times, as to be almost exhausting. Sometimes it is rather sparkling, epigrammatic wit, than humour; more often it is a succession of ludicrous descriptions and images, apparently perfectly spontaneous, the thoughts and notions poured upon the page without effort, and yet in the happiest garb of language. The English reader knows Holmes best by that inimitable and exquisite mixture of philosophy, practical maxims, overflowing humour, pathos, and vivid description, the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. The *Autocrat* is a kind of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* transferred to a boarding house breakfast table. Its plan is such as to enable the author to exhibit each of his versatile talents in turn. There is a vein of vanity running through it which is too cheerful and happy to be displeasing. Now you are treated to a learned disquisition on science or social customs; now to a brisk running fire of banter between the boarders; now to a titbit of the most natural and infectious sentiment; now to a rollicking,

humorous rhyme—for example, *The One-horse Shay*; then to a pathetic poem, full of touching thoughts and lovely images; passing from one topic to another with the same ease and not unnatural abruptness which marks breakfast-table conversation. Throughout there runs a genial, gentle current, which irresistibly attracts one to the author's identity. His wit is never harsh or cynical. On every page there is ample evidence how full of sentiment, tenderness, and imagination—warm, broad, and prolific—the writer is. A little, active man, with large bright eyes; a perpetual smile upon his round jovial face; a Yankee briskness in every movement; a cheerful word always on his lips; a witty sally ready for all occasions,—it would be hard to find a more attractive companion than the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

Many attempts have been made to establish in America a satirical journal which should be to America what *Punch* has so long been to England, and *Charivari* to France; but they have mostly been but feeble imitations; they have had neither the wit and humour nor the distinct national character which could insure success; and they have all, so far as I am aware, failed—at least, they have failed to gain the position attained by their French and English prototypes.

The present age is remarkable, among other things, for the notable activity of female writers. Both in England and in America many authoresses have appeared within the last thirty years, some of whom have

reached a higher standard of excellence than the female writers of any previous period. Charlotte Brontë and her sisters seem to have inaugurated a new era in the history of intellectual womanhood. The stately rhymes of Mrs. Hemans, the starch propriety of Hannah More, the old-fashioned formality of Madame D'Arblay's romances, even the sanguinary plots of Mrs. Radcliffe, were superseded when *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* appeared. Since then a still higher genius has been developed among lady writers. Mrs. Browning and George Eliot have produced works quite as brilliant as any of their male contemporaries. Mrs. Stowe has attained a rank with Cooper and Hawthorne. This intellectual activity among women is perhaps even more obtrusive in America than in England. There are lady lecturers—like Anna Dickinson, Miss Field, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—who not only draw audiences as large as those which assemble to hear Beecher or Phillips, but whose efforts display a real originality and aptness of thought, great facility and eloquence of expression, and a marked taste, as well in the manner as in the matter of their performances. The authoresses occupy a large share of the pages of the best magazines. The publishers are constantly issuing their poems, essays, reveries, arguments, novels. The “woman's rights” movement has at least had the good result of developing in the eager lady champions who have hastened into print to defend it, literary talents which otherwise might have remained “mute, inglo-

rious." "Gail Hamilton," a lady of decided gifts, and possessing, with a finesse all womanly, a true masculine force and vigour of style, has produced some volumes which, with all their oddity, are full of thought and power, and aim to demolish prejudices and to chastise cant. Mrs. Spofford has written many thrilling stories, which are not mere stories, but vehicles for brilliant character drawing and keen reflection. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the wife of the noted philanthropist Dr. Howe, suddenly won a national fame by her noble patriotic song, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*; and more recently, Miss Elizabeth Phelps has known how to touch a chord in every breast by her simple, yet exquisitely beautiful, *Gates Ajar*. Mrs. Lydia Sigourney long held a place in American literature not unlike that held by Mrs. Hemans in England; and Miss Catherine Beecher, an elder sister of Mrs. Stowe, is widely known as a forcible writer. There are several lady novelists who give promise of a brilliant literary career; but Mrs. Stowe has as yet been the only one to establish a claim to a standard place in American literature.

It may be added, that there are many excellent American writers of religious works. Among them are Dr. Barnes, the author of the *Notes on the Bible*; Dr. Bushnell, one who knows how to be genial in his efforts to inculcate piety; Drs. Clarke, Osgood, and Walker, of the Unitarian body, and Edward Beecher. The two best dictionaries of the English language were pro-

duced in America by Noah Webster and Joseph E. Worcester, both graduates of Yale University. The philosophical writings of Dr. Benjamin Franklin are as well known among English as American readers. Of political writers there have been many from the earliest days of the republic. The *Federalist*—a volume of essays, designed to be a commentary on the constitution, and written jointly by Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, John Jay, the first chief justice, and James Madison, the fourth President of the United States—is regarded as a model of pure and forcible English, and of clear philosophical political discussion. Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, John Adams the elder, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay left many essays and letters on political matters, which were published and are revered as the highest authorities on American political history. Judges Story and Kent wrote works commenting upon the English law, which are quoted as well at Westminster as in their own country. Professor Coppee, of Philadelphia, has produced a text book on logic, which in America has to a large extent superseded that of Dr. Whateley. Mr. Wheaton's work on International Law, and President Woolsey's (of Yale) more recent book on the same subject, are looked up to in America as the best authorities on the subject of which they treat, and are also held in deserved esteem by English international lawyers. From what has been said, it will be seen that the literary activity of America extends through all the departments of

the art, producing both philosophical, scientific, and professional works, as well as poems, histories, novels, satires, and essays.

The most extensively popular books are religious works, next fictions and children's books; then school books, biographies, books of travel, histories, and professional works. The business of publishing is a flourishing one, and is rapidly extending through the west. The headquarters of the book trade, however, continue to be at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and few firms outside these cities are widely known. The best English literature is so eagerly sought, that there is a zealous competition among the great publishers to obtain the advance sheets of the well-known writers and publish them in America simultaneously with their issue in London. Thus the successive books of Reade, Collins, Dickens, Eliot, Mill, Dixon, Oliphant, and others, are secured by the Boston or New York houses, the advance sheets bought for a substantial price, and American editions issued. There is certainly much unfair advantage taken of the absence of an international copyright. Unscrupulous men appropriate the most popular English works without payment, and scatter them broadcast in cheap forms. Such conduct, also, is not unknown in England; Artemus Ward, Lowell, "Hans Breittmann," were not without cause of complaint. But the evil is greatly diminished, and the want of an international copyright somewhat compensated by the purchase of

the advance sheets by the best American publishers. They are thus able to be the first in the field ; to some extent, and in most cases completely, they can forestall the market by securing the first orders—which usually constitute the bulk of the publishers' harvest—and be the first to satisfy the impatience of the public curiosity. Besides, the mass of readers and the libraries and clubs prefer the “authorised edition.”

A constant agitation for an international copyright treaty with England—which must be initiated in Congress—is going on in America, encouraged by many eminent literary men and some public-spirited publishers. As yet, however, no official movement has been made in that direction. It is evidently for the interest of the American author, who is now competing on the unfairest terms with his English fellow writers ; for that of the English author, who would then reap the full benefit of his labour, where he now reaps but a portion of it ; for that of the substantial American publisher, who would derive a proper profit for that for which he paid, undamaged by dishonest rivals ; and for the literature of both countries—the highest object of all—which would thus receive a new impetus and encouragement, extending the audience of the writers over two empires, and doubling or tripling their fame and the reward of their toil.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS: *The enterprise and characteristics of the press—Bennett and the “Herald”—Greeley and the “Tribune”—Advertising—Weekly papers—The provincial press—The editorial profession—Magazine literature—Lyceums and lecturings.*

WHAT Carlyle says of the journalists—that they “are now the true kings and clergy;” that there must be no more histories of Bourbons and Hapsburgs, but rather of “stamped broadsheet dynasties, and quite new successive names, according as this or the other able editor gains the world’s ear”—is especially applicable to America. Newspapers everywhere are not only a daily diary of the people, but are mirrors in which the characteristics of a nation are truly reflected. They are not the utterances of an individual, even only of a party; they must betray the popular traits, or they cannot exist. In a country like America, where the press is not only free under the law, but is also extremely free in manner and outspokenness, the newspapers are most representative of all. The press, relying rather upon intuition than logic, is certainly “history in the rough;” most of all is it a history of

change, progress, the influence of popular manners and customs and habits of thought.

American newspapers, although resembling far more the English than the French or German, have very many characteristics peculiar to themselves. The English journal is deliberate, cautious, grapples carefully, almost timidly, with a newly started idea. It is studious not to transgress the limit to which the existing state of public opinion confines it. It is decorous, often refined; avoids usually sensational appeals. The English weekly literary paper is dignified, critical, at need caustic and ironical, and in its best examples is fair, learned, and judicial in its judgments. The French paper is not enterprising, and is essentially dramatic. It deals with events in rhetorical forms; in every part of it one discovers a proneness to gratify the national love of sensation. American newspapers are more outspoken and bold than the English; far more enterprising and energetic than the French. They are less apt to clothe their meaning in the graces, on the one side of courtesy, on the other of editorial eloquence. They grapple with a political idea or the character of a public man in a straightforward, sometimes too rugged a way; but it is an effective way, and one which appeals to the bold and frank genius of the people. There is a far greater variety in the American than in the English or French papers. The national character, while having certain traits which give it everywhere a peculiar and distinctively marked tone, is, in different sections,

divided into species, the various states having traits special to themselves, and distinct from the others. While, therefore, you will find all American papers clearly impressed with traits which you recognise as purely and strikingly American, you discover that the southern press differs widely in many respects from the northern, and from the western press. The thoughtful and critical New Englander, accustomed to judge all things cautiously, decorous and substantial, needs a very different paper from the warm-hearted, indolent, sentimental southron, descendant of the cavalier, the Spaniard, and the Frenchman; or from the rough and hardy westerner (hardy in thought as in action), who will not suffer the splitting of straws in points of logic, and, while he is not averse from it, is little affected by too profuse a rhetoric; who demands pell-mell assaults, and truth, rough hewn, driven home by a sledge-hammer; or from the driving, bustling New Yorker, who as a rule wants neither literary criticism nor philosophical disquisition, but the earliest and best reports of the markets and stocks, and the rise and fall of gold.

Enterprise, in the direction demanded by the popular taste, is the salient characteristic of the American press. The rivalry between the papers, as rivalry in all professions and trades, is much sharper in America than in England. In whatever other respects one or the other people may be deemed superior, it is generally confessed that the Americans have more "go-ahead-iveness," a more aggressive, pushing energy, than the

Europeans. To outstrip one's rivals, to issue the first biography of the incoming President, to expose for sale the first instalment of fall silks, to be earliest on the race-course, to secure the front seats at the opera, to walk, run, ride, swim faster and better than others, to print the first report of the Paris Exposition and the first news of the fall in the Bourse, to grow the biggest pumpkins, and show the fattest pigs and the heaviest bullocks,—these are examples of the direction which American ambition takes. The press shares this sharpness of competition; keenly alive to the fact that, unless it keeps apace with the times, it will be ruined. In every department of the metropolitan newspaper, no pains or expense are spared to give the earliest and completest intelligence. If one paper receives and prints an important item before its rival, it is a substantial triumph, betraying itself in the swelled subscription books of the one, and the falling off in those of the other. The American almost invariably patronises the paper which is the most enterprising in giving news. He often gives up the journal which reflects his own political views for one to whose opinions he is hostile, if the last will tell him at two o'clock what the first delays till four. The Englishman is content to wait for the news until his favourite paper prints it; and the Frenchman is yet more prone to bide the time when the journal with whose politics he sides reaches him in its own leisurely good time. The American paper, speaking generally, makes the procuring of news its

first and great object, to which all other departments must be subservient.

It is enterprise in management, in collecting news, which establishes the popularity and success of the American journal; until it has become a close competitor in this department with its rivals, it seldom shares the political power which is one of the most coveted objects of editorial ambition. Having won a wide audience by its business energy, it may then speak with authority on the topics of the day, and exercise an influence over its readers by its leading articles. Such papers have, indeed, a very great and recognised power over public opinion. They do, as in England, keenly feel the tendency of popular thought; they are scarcely less led than leading; they seize hints from ideas already afloat in the air, not yet wholly articulate, and express and develop them. But the American press has many examples of independence on the part of their conductors, who boldly strike out a new line, advocate a novel policy, and apparently put themselves out, in a manner, with the times. Such a course can only be pursued by an editor whose paper is already recognised both as a political power, upon whose wisdom great popular reliance is placed, and as an energetic collector of news; then he may often be safely independent. The business energy and the political influence of journalism in America can be best judged by the character of the four leading New York dailies—the *Tribune*, edited by Horace Greeley; the *Herald*, by James

Gordon Bennett; the *Times*, until recently conducted by Henry J. Raymond; and the *World*. Of these, the *Tribune* and *Times*, while professedly Republican in politics, are by no means the organs of cliques or the servile mouthpieces of party magnates; they are independent and outspoken, and frankly censure, when they see reason for it, the men and measures of their own creed. The *Herald* can be said to belong to no party; it aims to be the reflection of current public opinion, following it through its changing phases—now conservative, now radical; one day proposing one man for President, the next bringing a quite new name before the public. It apparently aims to follow the London *Times* in its studied sensitiveness to public feeling, and its adoption of popular inconsistencies. The *World* is the great central organ of the democratic party; and while usually sustaining, with great ability, the party doctrines and measures, is itself prone at times to be independent, and to speak its mind to its own party leaders in no cringing terms.

There is an association formed of the leading papers for procuring telegrams, for the use of all, from various parts of the world. The expense is thus materially reduced; for the cost of each telegram, instead of being paid for by one, is divided among all. But the great New York papers which have been named are not content to confine themselves to this method of obtaining news in common; it gives no chance for greater enterprise and outlay; it demonstrates no superiority of one over

the others. Besides the use of the associated press telegrams, each paper has its private agents and correspondents at all the important points; these send exclusive despatches to their employers, which are printed beside those of the associated press. The enterprise of the New York papers in this particular may be judged by the fact, that one of them has more than once published the debates in the House of Commons in full, simultaneously with the *London Times*, on the morning after its occurrence. The Queen's and Emperor's speeches, an important leader or international document, a debate on the Alabama claims, or a description of Derby day, are sure to be read in New York, in detail, on the same day as in London. They often have a column, sometimes two, devoted to European telegrams. In America the staffs of these journals are well-nigh ubiquitous. Wherever an important address is to be delivered, a statue to be unveiled, a reception held, a presentation made, wherever there is a public ball, a patriotic fair, an annual festival, you will see squads of the *Tribune* or *Herald* reporters—a reporter to do the general picturesque, a reporter to take the speeches in short-hand, a reporter to describe the dinner, a reporter to “touch off” the decorations, reporters to act as relieving corps. If war breaks out in Germany, Mexico, or Paraguay, there, straightway, comfortably made up for a protracted camp life, you will stumble on Jenkins, of the *New York Times*, or Judkins, of the *Herald*; if a railway train rushes pell mell over a precipice in Colorado, New York

reporters are soon on the spot, each aiming to outdo the others in the minuteness of his details and the harrowing pathos of his description. One might say that a New York reporter presides over the birth of almost every event which occurs Christendom over.

The *Tribune* and *Herald* were the first papers which demonstrated what editorial enterprise could really do in America. The *Herald* was established in New York thirty-five, and the *Tribune* about thirty years ago; and from their foundation to the present, they have maintained themselves in a popularity and prosperity not reached by any competitor. It is a somewhat suggestive fact that both were the product of the perseverance and genius of two "self-made" men. James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *Herald*, now one of the millionaires of "Gotham," was a poor Scotch youth from Banffshire. His family being too poor to educate him, as had been intended, for the Romish priesthood, he emigrated to America, arriving at New York in his nineteenth year. He first tried school-teaching in the south; that not succeeding, he became a reporter in the metropolis; then the happy idea that he could himself manage a journal seized him, and in 1835 appeared the first number of the New York *Herald*. It has been conducted ever since with wonderful application and energy; Bennett, now past seventy, continues to be its active manager. To make the paper sell, is apparently the object at which he constantly aims: it is sensational; no expense is spared to give

it precedence of its rivals; and although it cannot be relied on as a faithful exponent of American opinion and feeling, its news department gives it, deservedly, an enormous circulation. Horace Greeley, the founder, and still the principal editor, of the *Tribune*, was the son of a hardworking New Hampshire farmer, and barely received a common school education. He was, however, in his boyhood a passionate lover of books, and possessed all that energy which is so marked a trait of the "down-easters." He arrived in New York, as did Bennett, with but a pittance in his pocket; his fortune consisted of ten dollars. He became a printer; made several unsuccessful efforts to establish a journal; and finally, on "a leaden, funereal morning, the most inhospitable of the year," in 1841, appeared the first number of the famous New York *Tribune*. The first week the new venture secured a thousand subscribers; within a year it numbered ten thousand, and had achieved a permanent footing and a sure success. The *Tribune*, while a sharp competitor with the *Herald* in the enterprise of collecting news, is a far more powerful journal in political influence. It has a very positive, though independent, tone of its own; it has won a reputation both for the sincerity and the wise force of its utterances. They are often eccentric and unexpected; the original, talented, and earnestly thinking mind of its founder and editor give its columns an individuality and piquancy which attract attention, and secure it a wide and attentive audience. The *Tribune* is one of

the veritable powers of American politics. Its influence in guiding public opinion is much greater than that of any other paper ; for its ability and patriotism are not only marked, but are strengthened by a frankness and an integrity above suspicion. From the dingy sanctum of its editorial office have many times gone forth edicts which have given new channels to the course of political events. It has been justly said of Greeley, that " he has more deeply impressed his character upon this generation than that of any American, save Abraham Lincoln." It is doubtful if even that exception should be made. It was Greeley who, through the *Tribune*, brought about the nomination of General Fremont, as well as that of Abraham Lincoln, for the presidency ; who demanded that the army should move on the Confederates at Bull Run ; who compelled President Lincoln to the sticking point of " Emancipation." The *Tribune* did more than any other paper or public influence to found, cherish, put and maintain in power the Republican party, which has ruled in America without interruption since 1861. Repeatedly solicited to take office, Greeley has preferred the far greater power which he wields by means of his paper ; he has served for a short time in Congress, and, but for his outspoken frankness and independence of party government, would have been a senator from New York. But as editor of the *Tribune* he has an influence over the public mind greater than that which the President can exercise from the highest seat in the nation. I have

described the *Tribune* and the *Herald* as representatives of the enterprise and influence of the metropolitan press. The *Times* and *World*, the one the principal organ of the moderate Republicans, the other of the Democrats, are well known for the energy of their management, the ability of their writers, and the political influence which each exerts over its own party members.

Besides their daily issues, these papers publish tri-weekly, semi-weekly, and weekly editions, containing a compendium of the news in the preceding dailies. The semi-weekly editions are circulated largely in the rural districts; thousands of the farmers preferring the semi-weekly from New York to the more meagre papers of their own vicinity. In remote villages of New England you will find the semi-weekly *Tribune* arriving in large bundles at the regular intervals, industriously impregnating the yeomanry with Greeley's advanced doctrines. Several of the New York journals also issue special editions on the days when the steamers leave for Europe, to supply their subscribers abroad with the fullest and latest American news. These larger papers are printed, as are the English, on double sheets, containing eight folio pages; when there is an unusual pressure of news, they are increased to triple sheets.

The Englishman will observe them to contain many more advertisements than most English papers. The Americans advertise to a very large extent; and the native ingenuity and variety of the schemes to catch the popular eye, in the *Herald* or *Times* advertise-

ments, are curious and amusing. The larger portion of the space, on the pages not given up to advertisements, is devoted to news; telegrams, each paper having usually at least two columns of telegraphic news; long letters from correspondents from every part of the world; reports of courts, police, public meetings, conventions, interesting events of all sorts, descriptions of new railways or buildings, proceedings in Congress or the Legislature; while a page is occupied by the news summary and the editorials. The American papers are not so well printed, or supplied with as good paper, as the English and French. The dailies devote less space to art and æsthetical subjects than do the English journals; now and then there is a column devoted to "art and literature," "foreign gossip," "short items;" once or twice a week there are reviews of new books and magazines—somewhat oftener than the English papers notice them. Some of the papers—for instance, the *Evening Post*, edited by the venerable poet Bryant—aim to combine a news with a literary, æsthetical, and scientific paper; but the success of these is less brilliant than that of those which concentrate their energies upon the providing of facts; though the *Post*, and some others of this class, are prosperous and widely respected. There are, of course, papers which represent as a specialty each of the various interests, professions, and tastes of the community; law reviews, medical journals, religious journals, commercial and manufacturers' journals, phrenological

journals, historical and statistical journals, agricultural and scientific journals, spiritualist journals; even a journal devoted to the cause of woman's rights, and a journal whose mission it is to propagate imperialism in the Republic.

Of weeklies, devoted to literature of a more or less substantial kind, illustrated, reviews of politics and books, and repositories of sensational novels and stirring adventure, there is scarcely a less bewildering variety. There are as yet no papers which have attained so high a literary standard as the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, or *Saturday Review*; no papers which are everywhere recognised as worthy umpires on the merits of current literature. There has been, however, great progress in this respect within the last ten years. Several of the New York weekly journals—notably the *Nation* and the *Independent*—are not only supplied by many writers of marked ability, but display an independence and vigour of thought, on religious, political, and scientific, as well as on literary subjects, which give their utterances great weight among the higher literary circles. Their example has stimulated further attempts; and there are many signs that this department of letters in America will ere very long rival the same class of journals in England. The art of criticism—using the word in its best sense—is manifestly progressing. Such writers as Grant White and Howells, in the department of criticism, would grace the most highly regarded English columns. The newspaper illustrations in the lighter

weeklies—those devoted to amusement rather than learning—are not equal to those of some of the London papers; but this art is also yearly improving. There has been no American artist who could equal Leech or Cruikshank in their respective lines; but Nast and Darley have at least proved that there exists much artistic genius in illustration, to be developed as time goes on. Among the weeklies which aim to supply the sentimental public with highflown romances and startling sensations, the same spirit of zealous enterprise is to be observed as has already been remarked of the great dailies. The expedients to which some of them resort, not only by advertising, but for the purpose of securing striking matter for their columns, are innumerable, and many of them amusing. The public was amazed, some years ago, to learn that the proprietor of the most sensational of all the sensational weeklies, had engaged a series of articles from the pen of the venerable Edward Everett, the most accomplished orator, one of the most dignified and refined scholars, and one of the most prominent statesmen in the land. Not less so, some time afterward, to learn that the same paper had engaged the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to write a novel—his first and last attempt in this line. The indefatigable editor was not content with this. When General Grant was a candidate for President, the energetic knight of the quill either went or sent to the far west, hunted General Grant's venerable father from obscurity, and, doubtless for a substantial remuneration, actually persuaded the

aged parent to write for publication in his paper a sketch of the general's childhood and youth ! There are some sensational novelists in America who are not to be out-done anywhere in their peculiar department ; the most noted perhaps are Mrs. Southworth and Sylvanus Cobb.

New York by no means monopolises the best papers ; those of Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, though less elaborate, and inferior in the extent of their agencies and correspondence, are known for their good editorial qualities ; the papers of each city reflecting faithfully the special characteristics of its people. Some of the "provincial" papers too have won a high place in public estimation by some excellence which has distinguished them from the mass of the country press. The *Springfield Republican*, long edited by Dr. Holland, the author of *Bitter-Sweet* and *Katrine*, is known for its refinement and literary polish, and its able editorials ; the *Journal*, of Providence, is another instance of a provincial paper having a national reputation. Often a provincial journal, hitherto obscure, becomes of a sudden famous by publishing a peculiar and brilliant series of articles or letters which obtain a wide popularity. Such instances are those of the *Louisville Journal*, enlivened by the irrepressible wit of George D. Prentice, and the *Toledo Blade*, which was the medium by which the humorous and satirical letters of *Petroleum V. Nasby*, on political men and events, first reached the public eye.

The editorial profession is one of the most direct paths to political eminence in the republic. Many of

the most prominent senators, cabinet ministers, and foreign envoys have reached their positions from editorial sanctums. Schuyler Colfax, now vice president, Mr. Blaine, the speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Anthony, formerly president of the senate, Mr. Hamlin, formerly vice president and now a senator, and many of the diplomatic corps, were editors. This is a striking proof how powerful an engine of political influence is the American press.

Magazine literature was never so flourishing as it has been since the breaking out of the civil war. The magazines are generally of a higher standard, the competition among writers ambitious of reaching literary fame by means of their columns is more sharp, and the taste for reading serials and striking papers is more general and more mature. Of quarterly reviews there are but two which are highly regarded among scholars—the *North American Review* and the *New Englander*. The former is unitarian in religious tone, and radical republican in politics; the latter is the organ of the Yale University *savants* and of the “new school” congregationalists. The *North American Review*, under the editorship of Lowell and Norton, has taken within a few years a very high rank, and discusses every topic of interest with a force and scholarship which entitle it to be compared with the English reviews. Of monthly magazines there are many claiming the public favour, and some of them are well worthy of it. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco are each pro-

vided with excellent periodicals; some of them modelled after the best English magazines; others taking an independent American tone, and confining themselves in a large degree to illustrations of national habits and manners. Some are sensational magazines; others mainly literary and critical magazines; others quiet unpretentious magazines for home reading. The American, as the English periodicals, rely mainly for their pecuniary success upon the serial novels of well-known writers, whether American or English. There are no popular weeklies corresponding to *All the Year Round*, publishing stories in serials and made up in monthly parts. There are, however, a number of "eclectic" periodicals, which publish collections of the best articles from the foreign reviews and magazines, often purchasing advance sheets of the latter with this object.

The lyceum has long been an established institution in America; lecturing is a distinct and to many a lucrative profession. There are few country towns which would now be content to give up their winter course of lectures; and in all the cities a number of associations announce long lists of lecturers for the season. It is a recreation very attractive to and eagerly anticipated by a certain class of American society. Tickets are taken for the courses in the same way as for a series of popular concerts. The lists of speakers embrace many well-known names, celebrities as well in politics, the pulpit, and science, as in the immediate domain of letters. The profession of lecturing, indeed,

is in America a very tempting one. It is the first step which costs; a first success achieved, the lecturer has a wide field, plenty to do, and excellent remuneration for doing it. Some of the most eminent Americans adopt it as their principal sphere of labour; Ralph Waldo Emerson and Wendell Phillips are perhaps the best known and most successful lecturers. Henry Ward Beecher and many other eloquent clergymen derive a large income from their annual winter lecturing tours; and not a few politicians and editors find it a profitable change from their professional labours to appear on the Lyceum platforms. Mr. Colfax, the present vice president, became very popular as a lecturer while speaker of the lower House of Congress, taking for his subject an account of his jaunt across the continent before the days of the Pacific railroad. The lady lecturers are not the least attractive; some of them combine personal beauty and engaging manners with a faculty of pleasing by literary grace, and of imparting a deep interest to the subject matter of their discourses. Humorists who have won a reputation by their pens are prone to take to the platform, and give a personal expression and individuality to their peculiar vein. Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby gave a new zest and interest to their drolleries by bringing them in person on the stage.

The prices paid to lecturers vary very widely, according to their reputation and the pecuniary ability of the associations which engage them. The more famous have 150 dollars or 200 dollars for delivering a single

lecture ; persons less known, who have not "got their name up," are very well content with 10 dollars and their expenses. In all the cities and larger towns there are spacious halls devoted to lecturing, and societies established for the purpose of providing the public with this excellent species of entertainment. In the smaller towns and villages the lectures take place in the "town halls" or in the churches ; they are often varied by concerts by local vocalists, or recitations from Shakespeare and the poets. The professional lecturers who have become well known in this field prepare in the summer and early autumn two, or perhaps three, lectures ; these are their capital for the winter. When the lecture season begins they have received invitations to lecture in a great many places, and have so arranged them as to go in a regular trip from one town to another, lecturing often three or four evenings in the week. The subjects are of course very various ; each lecturer choosing his own, in a field familiar to him, and furnishing the lecture committees with the topics to be published in the papers. Agassiz will entertain his hearers with some curious account of the wonders of natural history or geology ; Emerson will discourse of some high moral or philosophical topic ; Phillips will give a bitter, scathing, political essay ; Whipple will produce a refined and eloquent criticism on an epoch in history or a great writer. In some cases, public-spirited persons have founded lyceums, to whose lectures the public is admitted free, the lecturers being

paid from the endowment. Such is the "Lovell Institute" in Boston. This universal custom of lyceums and lectures is readily seen to be an important and useful element in the intellectual improvement of society. It takes the form of an entertainment, and it cultivates a keener taste for useful subjects. The greatest teachers of morals, philosophy, and letters in the land present themselves before the audiences, and thereby give a high tone to the current of popular thought. The aid which the lyceums give in cultivating the public mind is a substantial one. The universal intelligence of the community makes them popular; they in turn make useful learning popular. The prices of admission are moderate enough to give all an opportunity of hearing them; and the prizes which the system holds out to ambitious young writers and speakers are sufficiently dazzling to keep the supply of good lecturers always equal to the demand.

CHAPTER XIV.

EMIGRATION: *The foreigner in America—The Germans and Irish—The prosperity of emigrants—The homestead privileges—How to get western farms—The new West; its growth and advantages—The new South; the South as it was and as it is—Emigration to the South—Middle class emigrants.*

EMIGRATION has long been to America, and is now to England, a subject of peculiar interest and importance. It has always been the boast of the Republic that it affords an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations—that it welcomes its citizens from every part of the world. The overcrowded nations of Europe needed thinning out; the vast unoccupied regions of America needed filling up; hence emigration. England, Ireland, Germany, with their limited territory, find it hard to give their excessive populations a subsistence; America provides subsistence and citizenship for every man who will accept them. Emigration takes its way to Australia and other distant colonies; but the great bulk of it tends towards America, where the emigrant both has every local advantage, and is nearer his native land. The question is often asked, What the emigrants do when they reach America? what is their

position there? what fields are open to them? The thousands who, especially in the spring, weekly fill the steamers at Queenstown, Bremen, and Hamburg—what becomes of them all in their new home? The Germans comprise the majority of the emigrants to America; next come the Irish. Both races prosper there, almost without exception; there is congenial employment somewhere on the western continent for every one. Probably, however, few of the emigrants have a definite idea what they will do when they have crossed the Atlantic. They only know that here, in the Old World, there seems to be no place for them; each seems one too many; they find existence apparently hanging upon a daily accident. They have heard that beyond the ocean is a country where there is more than room enough for all. Friends have returned, and told the story of a market craving labour. Brothers, sons, sisters, have sent back letters urging them to come, and have given a substantial proof of their well-being by occasional remittances. So they have laid away the hard-earned pennies and silver gröschens, till their treasure has become sufficient to pay the six or seven pounds necessary to procure a steerage passage, and have taken ship in crowds, hoping that fortune would be kind when they reached the other shore. The German emigrants are apt to push westward, to found colonies, to set about subduing the vast and hitherto virgin districts. The Irish, on the contrary, for the most part seem inclined to remain near the thick civilisation of the

Atlantic coast. In the suburbs of almost every American town you will find an Irish colony, nicknamed by the natives "Dublin." Here they are crowded thickly into all sorts of shanties and tumble-down frame houses, living often half-a-dozen families in a house; yet you will seldom see among them any evidences of that squalid and desperate poverty which may be witnessed in many English and Irish towns. To be out of work is with them the rare exception. The Irish are the drudges of the American towns; they mostly build the railroads, they invariably clean the streets, dig the gutters, make the high roads, have charge of the sewers, are the scavengers. They are essentially the plodders, working literally by the sweat of their brows. You will see them everywhere—tugging away at quarries and stones, mending the railways, doing the farm drudgery, cleaning away mud, putting down gas-pipes, and, under a native master mason or carpenter, erecting houses, bridges, and barns. Some of the larger towns—New York, Philadelphia, Boston—are doubtless fully supplied with Irish labourers to fulfil these duties; but in most of the towns the supply of them is even yet not equal to the demand. There is plenty of farm work for them in the country; but comparatively few avail themselves of it. The Irishman is by nature essentially social; he likes to huddle with his own country folk, although it be in a close suburb; he hangs about the skirts of crowded cities. So long as he earns enough to live upon, and to feed his numerous brood

of children with, he is more than content—he is happy. While he is away all day at his heavy drudgery his wife is washing, perhaps doing a little of the coarser kinds of sewing, perhaps acting as charwoman or day nurse. They are both good, earnest, hearty workers, going about it willingly and uncomplainingly. As for the hearty Irish girls who emigrate, the very large majority of them, as has been said, become servants. The hotels are full of Irish chambermaids, cooks, and washerwomen. The private houses, especially in the eastern states, are, in nine cases out of ten, supplied with Irish servants; and, notwithstanding the extensive emigration of these girls during the past ten years, the housekeepers still complain of the scarcity of “help.” These are the main occupations of the Irish emigrants—the men do the hard drudgery, wherever it is to be done, and do it well; the women wash, sew, nurse; the young girls go out to service—are cooks, chambermaids, and nursery girls. The Germans, inconsistent as it seems to be with their solid, conservative national character, are more adventurous. They become, in many cases, backwoodsmen, penetrate to the western towns, work as mechanics and as farmers. Many, however, remain in the eastern cities, and, being a steadier and more self-balanced race, they rise to a higher social grade, and procure more dignified employments, than do the Irish. The foreign population in America is an important element in society. The political parties seek their support; they are taken into account in the fram-

ing of political platforms, in the acts of legislatures, and the policy of governors. The "Know Nothings" were annihilated by the foreign vote. It is a hazardous experiment for any party to advocate the closing of lager beer saloons on a Sunday. Some sons of Irish emigrants, some German refugees, have become generals, senators, ministers, presidents. It is this mixture of races which has given American civilisation, to a large degree, its peculiar traits and spirit.

It is a truth patent to every American, that the overwhelming mass of the emigrants thrive and prosper; they gain a new lease of life beyond the Atlantic. A German pauper in America is a rare curiosity; an Irish pauper is seldom seen: compared with pauperism in Europe, that in America is trifling. The industrious are well nigh sure of success; the vicious and idle, of course, come to want: it is very rarely that scarcity of work is the cause of ruin. Figures apprise us that a large majority of the perpetrators of crime in the United States—the murderers, thieves, committers of arson—are of foreign birth: in the host of emigrants, of course Europe sends to America a multitude of her criminals. America receives good and bad: the good she provides with work, the bad with prison cells. "Five Points" is two-thirds foreign: the riots are mostly foreign riots. These—the transplanted European vagabondage and its progeny—are to be left out of account when we speak of the emigrants and their success in America. Not only have they, when earnestly anxious to gain a con-

stant living, hitherto prospered ; but there are now opportunities open to the emigrants which vastly increase their chances of success, and vastly diminish the danger of failure. Probably there never will be—certainly there never has been—a time when there was so wide a road open to thousands of comfortable homes. A great war has depopulated and exhausted of human energy and capacity a large, most fertile and prolific, cultivated section ; a great enterprise has opened the way to the even now inestimable agricultural, mineral, and commercial treasures of the far west. Of all things the republic needs, needs now more than ever, and now most of all—human labour. An Irishman or a German, with the brains to understand these two things—that he has arms and hands to work with, and that there is a place now open where arms and hands may build up fortunes and found families : such a one may gather together his little stock, and safely emigrate.

The American government encourages emigration by granting public lands on easy conditions. Perhaps it will be interesting to give a few facts relating to the grants of homesteads. During 1867 (the latest report we have), a little less than 2,000,000 acres were taken up as homesteads. The principle of the homestead laws is, that any one who chooses to go and settle upon the surveyed, and as yet unoccupied, public lands ; who erects a dwelling and actually resides upon the domain, subdues and cultivates it, is entitled, by such an occupation, to purchase it, to the extent of 160 acres, at the

sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents (5s.) an acre. To be entitled to "pre-empt," or buy in his settlement, his residence upon and cultivation of it must continue for five years. This privilege is, however, confined to citizens of the United States, or to such persons as may have declared their intention to become citizens. To possess the necessary qualification, the foreign emigrant over twenty-one years of age may, at any time after his arrival in America, declare before any court his intention to become a citizen, and to renounce all foreign allegiance for ever. Two years after this declaration he may apply to become a citizen; or he may so apply without having declared such an intention, after a five years' residence in the republic. He is thereupon naturalised, and becomes a citizen with full privileges; the conditions being that, if a titled person, he shall renounce his titles; that proof of a five years' residence, or of a declaration of intention, shall be adduced; and that he shall have resided in the state where he applies one year. The naturalised citizen's children who are minors are also regarded as citizens. Thus it will be seen that an emigrant—say from England or Ireland—who goes to America, when he arrives there, makes a formal declaration of an intention to become an American citizen; proceeds to the west, and settles upon unoccupied land; erects a dwelling, cuts down the forest, clears the ground, and cultivates it: thus continuing for five years, he will be entitled to buy it in at an almost nominal price. That this system has been a great boon, alike to the na-

tion and to the individual settler, is apparent by simply contemplating the American west as it was a quarter of a century ago, and as it is now. Up to June 1867 an area of more than 7,000,000 of acres had, under the provisions of the homestead laws, been actually entered upon and brought under successful cultivation; that is, some 60,000 thriving farms, held in fee by freeholders, supplying the east with illimitable wheat and corn, and converting a wilderness into many busy and populous communities. The law provides that three classes of persons (citizens or intended citizens) shall be entitled to "pre-empt" after the required term of residence and cultivation, namely: 1. every person being the head of a family; 2. a widow; 3. a single man over the age of twenty-one years. Under the last head it has been decided that single *women* over twenty-one years possess the right to pre-empt; but unmarried daughters of householders, living at home, cannot claim it: they must separate from their family, and that not for the purpose of "securing different tracts of land, so that the title may eventually centre in a common head;" in short, they must be *bonâ fide* settlers and cultivators. It is thus within the easy reach of every emigrant to America, by a few years' labour, to become the owner of 160 acres of land; whereby, if he only be steady and industrious, he may make a comfortable home, produce both his necessities and his conveniences, and transmit to his children a landed proprietorship which will be constantly doubling and tripling in value. I may add,

that an alien over twenty-one years of age, who enlists in the regular or volunteer armies of the United States, and is honourably discharged, is admitted to citizenship after *one* year's residence in the country, and then, of course, enjoys the privileges of the homestead laws.

Although very many of the emigrants prefer to remain in the east, which is thickly settled, and affords them every convenience of civilisation, this is, of all parts of America, their least profitable field. The east is almost as well supplied with labour as the old countries themselves. It is in the west and in the south that peculiar inducements are held out to the emigrant. If he goes to the west, he may procure his land at very cheap prices, or, under the homestead law, at a nominal price. But there he has to begin at the beginning; there nature presents its greatest obstacles; it is there a contest between man and nature in their full strength. A settlement in the backwoods of the west is full of hardship and danger. One must live alone, at a distance from other habitations, in regions yet haunted by wild beasts and Indians; dependent upon himself and his own unaided labour for existence from day to day. He must be a hewer of wood; must spend years in clearing his ground, in rendering it fit to grow wheat, corn, or fruit. If, indeed, he goes thither with a moderate sum, he can afford to purchase a property nearer the growing villages and towns, and close upon the line of the Pacific railway. A few hundred dollars will buy an excellent farm, already prepared for cultivation, and

within easy reach of human intercourse. But it is not only to farmers that the new west offers brilliant opportunities. The rapidity with which settlements are growing up, towns with squares, lyceums, libraries being built, and little commonwealths clustering at frequent intervals along the railway and the banks of the rivers, affords openings in many places for every variety of industry. Mills and manufactories are seen at frequent intervals by those who journey from Omaha to San Francisco. Builders of houses and streets—the speculators who have secured their “eligible lots”—need carpenters and masons; blacksmiths and shoemakers, tradesmen and millers, are wanted. There are many promising fields for physicians, lawyers, editors, clergymen. In a word, in this new country, all are needed who aid in making up an established and fast-growing commonwealth. Food is cheap in the west; labour is high. The work to be done by female hands is plenty—seamstresses, cooks, chambermaids, factory girls are wanted; wives, too, are sadly wanted, for the women are very few in proportion to the men. A finer opportunity for the emigrant, whether male or female, whether labourer, mechanic, or professional, than the west presents, it would be hard to imagine. Let me cite a single example of western prosperity and growth. Within the memory of youths still in their teens, Omaha, situated on the Missouri river, 1,300 miles west of New York, and 500 west of Chicago, was a petty hamlet, comprising a few backwoodsmen’s huts. Opposite to it was

Council Bluffs, a thriving frontier town. Now Omaha has far outstripped its neighbour: it has grown to consider itself metropolitan. It has its "Academy of Music," its "Tivoli Gardens;" horse cars jingle constantly over its well-paved streets; you wander along square after square of neat high houses; it is lighted by gas; from "First" street you go to "Twenty-second" street; the population exceeds 25,000 souls; land, at a mile distant from the centre of trade, costs 1,000 dollars an acre; residence lots, 130 feet deep, command 2,000 and 3,000 dollars. "There are," says a recent visitor to Omaha, "wooden shanties, along these plank sidewalks, in which the annual sales reach half a million of dollars—divided into hardware, grocery, dry goods, and drug stores, all elegantly furnished, and filled with goods from cellar to roof. Many of the residences have ample grounds, beautiful in lawns, flowers, and shrubberies; in shady cotton-woods, locusts, poplars, and maples, though the original prairie was naked enough." And what Omaha has grown to be within a decade, other places, many of them further west, all along the Pacific railway, from the Missouri to the Sierra, will now become in less than half the time.

A story is told of a poor boy who, some twenty years ago, crossed the Missouri river with his ox team, on his way to the far west. Soon after the Pacific railway was completed, twenty years after, he returned eastward for the first time, on his way to visit home once more. He rode in his own special car, with his family—for he is

now immensely rich, and the superintendent of the Central Pacific. And, as if to typify alike his own success and the wonderful growth of the far west, he brought with him a profusion of blooming flowers, of luscious fruits, conveyed two thousand miles from Californian orchards, through the green valleys of the Pacific slope, and over the snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains; preserving them with ice from Alaska, the new far northern American province.

The climate of the far west has long been noted for its healthfulness. The dry, bracing air—especially of Minnesota and California—renders the west a favourite resort for people inclined to consumption and pulmonary complaints. Even in the hottest localities of California, where the noonday sun beats down with savage intensity, the air is not close or stifling; but find a shade, and you find comfort; at night you need the same blankets which you have used in winter. There are no sunstrokes, no hydrophobia known in California. The atmosphere is a mental and physical stimulant, exhilarating, bracing one up to activity of movement and clearness and keenness of intellect. The people who have long lived there—the once sallow and slender Yankees as the rest—betray the influence of the climate in their well-rounded forms, their ruddy cheeks, their brisk walk, their cheery physical well-being. The present generation of Californians are a race quite different in many respects from the Americans of other sections, yet possessing withal characteris-

ties clearly national. Of all "wide-awake" Americans they are widest awake; they drive business more zealously than the New Yorkers, enjoy themselves more keenly than the southerner, are sharper at a bargain than the New Englander. It is a vigorous, healthy, cheery race—the last, perhaps the best, phase of the American character. The climate and the newness of the country have made them what they are. Once more the comingling of races has produced a race not inferior to any of those of which it is made up, uniting to a large degree the virtues of each. That they are notably independent in character; that they think freely with minds untrammelled by any traditions or conventionalities, is not surprising. They have long lived apart from any neighbouring civilisation; and between the time when gold was discovered, and that when the Pacific railroad was completed, their traits have developed and become established, and will now rather influence than be influenced by the more easterly communities.

In a few years the south will have as completely changed its aspect as has the west; but in a different way. In the west, the wildness of nature is replaced by human settlement, hitherto unknown to it. In the south, an old and effete civilisation is being replaced by a new. Down to the civil war, the great prevailing feature of the south—which tinged and controlled every other—was the system of negro servitude. Negro servitude was feudalism refined to its last consequences.

The slave-owner was rather more than a lord of the manor, the slave rather less than a vassal. Every law and social institution, every regulation of trade, every custom of agriculture, every department of thought, were dominated by the autocrats of slavery, with a view to strengthening and perpetuating slavery. Statutes were enacted, justice was administered, by slaveholders or the elect of slaveholders. The slaveholders governed, the slaves worked. But this, in a republic of theoretically equal men, was monstrous. It was a monopoly of a class; there was no competition in any sphere of enterprise. It was an exclusive community, which frowned on intruders, whencesoever they might come. The results of this worse than feudal system were most startling, perhaps, in the fate of that class whom the slave-holders contemptuously called "the poor whites," and whom the slaves themselves looked down on, and nicknamed "the poor white herrings." Rome in these days of papal sovereignty, Spain with its bookless and superstitious peasants, hardly betray a more degraded, aimless, unhuman class than were the "poor whites" of the south. They were outcasts, wanderers, beggars. There was no place for them: the negro absorbed the demand for labour; the slave-holders monopolised the land. There were no schools, where they might learn to read and write, and so become useful; there were few factories, where they might work; they had their homes in squalid suburbs, or out in the fields and fever-infecting morasses; they were marauders and thieves

of the most craven, sneaking sort; they were loafers and loungers. All ambition had become torpid in them. Generation succeeded generation in shiftlessness and misery, in ignorance, and in living day by day "from hand to mouth." The slaves were, compared with them, not only happy and prosperous, but proud and intelligent. It was even a disgrace for a negro to marry a "poor white." The lowest order of negroes would sometimes consort with them, and would be shunned by the more "respectable" blacks. They were not only at the very foot of the social ladder—one might say, in a dark pit altogether underneath it—but they were sternly and indefatigably kept there by the ruling class. Let the "poor white" be, by a miracle, ambitious, there was no possibility for him to rise; he must fret out his aspiration amid his squalid mates. The law, the judge, the press, the money, public opinion, even the sentiment of the negro, was against him. He was a poor condemned Sisyphus; the stones rolled down long before they were half way up; he poured water into buckets which had no bottom. Such was the south—with an oligarchy of slaveholders, a monopoly of slave labour, and a prostrated nether race of outcast ignorant whites—when the war came, and swept the iniquitous and too long enduring system away. It had no place in the nineteenth century, and on the western continent; the remedy was terrible, but it was effectual.

The result of the extinction of slavery and the

utter prostration of the south, effected by the war, has been to impoverish, to a large extent, the owners of the land, to destroy the monopoly of labour by the blacks, and to leave the country open to the capital of other sections and to free emigration. The era of transition from the old to the new state of things is not, indeed, ended. There is still confusion; the various classes have not yet found their places; there is a general unsettled feeling—a feeling, in many places, of insecurity on one side and the other; the relations of the whites and the blacks to each other are not determined; the effect of a free competition between the labour of the two races, under the altered condition of the former slaves, is not clearly seen. The native whites of the south are distrustful of the new position of the negro; what will be the result of his freedom, his civil equality, his exercise of the suffrage? There are frequent troubles—now and then a riot, now and then brutal outrages committed by the one race upon the other. Domains bounteously blessed by nature lie idle and unproductive amid the suspense and mystery of transition. The rich farms of the Virginian valleys, the prolific cotton plantations and rice fields of the far south, await a settled society and an assured order. The old owners are too poor or too distrustful of enfranchised labour to resume an energetic cultivation. The capitalists of the north are timid to invest in a region which has suffered from the shocks of a long war, and which still seems, here and there, fitfully

volcanic. Emigration is shy of a country where the relations of labour, the rivalry of labouring races, cannot well be now adjusted; besides that, the climate of the south renders it doubtful to the emigrants whether, in the broiling suns and stifling heat, white labour can really compete with the black labour which has always been at home there.

There seems, however, no reason to believe that the disturbed condition of the south, and of labour there, is chronic. A whole system, deep seated in every institution, custom, and law, has been violently uprooted; the completest of revolutions, social and political, has taken place. Were not some confusion of years to ensue, it would be miraculous. The present unsettlement is natural, logical, necessary. Did it not exist, the state of the south would be abnormal and unprecedented. At least, the "irrepressible conflict" of which Lincoln spoke, is over, and cannot be repeated. The disturbed condition of the south, natural as it is, is but temporary. It is but the chaos of transition. Out of it, in due time, will certainly come order and tranquillity. The section must become accustomed to its new state; the negro and the white must realise, by an experience doubtless difficult, yet salutary, their novel position. The new state organisations—and their constitutions, as I have said, are in some respects improvements on those of New England itself—must get into working order; free schools are already established in many parts for both whites and blacks, taught by both

male and female teachers; the negroes are forming associations of mutual help and encouragement in labour and in political progress. At Charleston, in South Carolina, which was, a decade ago, the very centre and "hotbed" of the slavery and secession party, the city corporation has of its own motion organised free schools for both races; and these schools—so has time effected wondrous changes—are taught by sons and daughters of the once haughty slave aristocracy. A traveller to the south tells us that he recently visited a negro school at Charleston containing one thousand pupils: "the exercises in various studies," says he, "are as thorough as I have ever seen in any school. I doubt whether there is a school in America better organised; and the system is the same as that of the Boston schools. At first, coloured parents were suspicious, but gradually the school filled." I look to these agents—to free republican state governments, to emigration, and to education—to regenerate, revivify, re-tranquillise, and re-enrich the south.

Moreover, the troubles which we ever and anon hear of as occurring in the south, seem to be rather of a political than of a labour nature. There is, among those who are interested in emigration in Europe, a fear that foreign emigrants will come into collision with the negroes. They would, it is thought, fare badly in a rivalry with the former slave labourers. This probably arises from an erroneous impression of the causes of the existing confusion. I do not believe these fears to

be well grounded. There is little danger of a rivalry detrimental to foreign emigrants as long as the south is as ill supplied with capital and labour as it is now. The south needs these, above all. It needs energetic men with money to buy in the idle estates which are going to waste for want of cultivation. It needs labourers to fill up the thinned ranks of the negro labourers, decimated by the war. Every day the security of person and property increases, as the political settlement becomes more and more assured. The south presents an opening, not only for the moneyless emigrant who would earn his subsistence by the hard toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow, but also for men of the middle class with moderate fortunes, to buy the farms, and instead of living meagrely all their lives in overcrowded Europe, to double and triple their capital almost in geometrical progression. The demand for the labouring class of emigrants may be judged from the fact that associations have been formed to introduce Coolie and Chinese labourers into the south. But the preference would certainly be given to European labour, did it freely enter the market. It is hardly any longer doubtful that it is possible for white men to work, even in the cotton and rice fields of the "gulf" states.* The largely prevailing testimony from those who have either tried or seen tried the experiment, indicates that, excepting in some few locali-

* A Charleston (South Carolina) paper states that 200,000 whites are now successfully working the cotton fields in that state.

ties, this is quite practicable. Enterprising southerners have personally made the test in Mississippi and Alabama—extreme southern states—and declare that labourers from Europe, new to the work, may engage in the cotton culture to great advantage, and with good health. The climate is not so ruinous to the constitution as has been imagined. In some of the states, for instance in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, the country is very healthy, for but a short period oppressively hot; and here are lying idle, farms probably not equalled, for capacity of productiveness, in the British Isles. The southern planters are not yet, it is true, in a position to pay wages for the labour which they employ; ready money is very scarce. Those who do pay wages, give able workmen twelve or fourteen dollars a month, besides their board and lodging. The prevailing system is coöperative; the labourer receives one half of the crop, paying the expenses of cultivation, and is also provided with a house and garden; or he receives a third of the crop, without defraying the expense of cultivating. Thus the emigrant—supposing he were to choose the south in preference to the west—would prosper according to his energy and abilities. English testimony is added to American as to both the practicability and healthfulness, and the peculiar advantages offered by the south to emigration. Englishmen who have been there assert that their countrymen now residing and working in the south have done well and are now prospering. Land is cheap, easily acces-

sible—perhaps the average price is twelve shillings an acre; timber is plentiful; the water is good; the crops are almost certain, and command high prices; the markets are near and easily reached; emigrants, “especially if they are direct from England,” says one who should know, are cordially welcomed.

The emigration which, sooner or later, from the northern states, Great Britain and Ireland, and Germany, is sure to pour southward, will doubtless form what has hitherto been wanting in that section—an independent, thriving, substantial *middle class*. The negroes, while some of them will rise to be legislators, landowners, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, even ambassadors, will probably as a mass long continue as the lower labouring and servant class. There will, then, be the wealthy farmers and planters, the moderate emigrant farmers and the upper stratum of labouring emigrants, and the negro labourers and servants. All will be civilly and politically equal; I believe, too, that within two generations, men of any colour or condition who cannot read and write will be as rare in the south as they are now rare in Massachusetts. There will be—there is indeed now—an open chance for every man to rise; society will be republican, men’s own merits will tell on their fortunes and their social standing. There will be no “hard and fixed line” between the classes spoken of. Every one, by his own capabilities and energy, will freely rise or gravitate to his proper place.

I can only indicate the opportunities which the

west, and more especially the south, present to the European emigrant; the ways and means of reaching the field of his future destiny, how he will manage to live at first, are matters which depend on a variety of circumstances. He must have money enough to give a range to accidents and unforeseen delays. Wherever he goes, it will not probably be at first an easy existence. Emigration is at best, on many accounts, painful. Associations exist to aid emigrants; more will doubtless be formed. Neither the American nor the English government as yet give a direct assistance to them; it may be questioned whether it is not the true policy of both to do so. England needs thinning out; America filling up. How, to what extent, under what safeguards such aid could be given, are knotty points.

The middle-class emigrants—the younger sons of gentlemen, the children of poor clergymen, the tradesmen, the farmers, have at least no reason to fear that, in the south and west, conventionality will hamper their action. No one will think the worse of them for working; if they drive their loads of produce to market, are seen drudging in the fields, or carrying bundles, or mending wagons, or dressed in coarse labouring garb; so long as their employment is honest and useful, it is not only not degrading—it is respected. There is no “losing caste” by using whatever abilities or forces one can. Let him overcome his own prejudices, and for once make up his mind that to work is honourable, to be idle miserable and a stigma, and he will not fail to

prosper. There is no place there for genteel poverty, and slothfulness kept alive by a grinding economy on a pittance already possessed. To produce and reproduce—to double and triple the ten talents in hand; these are the proper objects of the emigrant, which, by industry and perseverance, he can hardly fail to achieve.*

* For some statistics of emigration, see APPENDIX, Note A.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

It is not the least curious fact in the sudden growth of the Pacific states, that there should have been so large an immigration into them from the Orient. China too, with its four hundred millions of population, needed thinning out; and thousands have transferred their fortunes from the oldest to the youngest of empires. It is a moderate estimate to state the number of Chinese who have taken up their abode in various sections of the states bordering on the Pacific at one hundred thousand, and that they comprise about one-fourth of the adult male population. They have been for the past few years arriving in constantly increasing numbers, and have scattered themselves in the cities, villages, and the open country between the ocean and the Rocky Mountains. They are, perhaps, most numerous in California and near its larger towns; but Chinese settlements are also to be found in the territories of Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona. Like the Irish, the Chinese are prone to huddle together in a quarter of their own. Every town and hamlet has appended to it a "China town," which is invariably found to be its

most dilapidated, poverty-stricken, and squalid suburb. They are even more clannish and shy of the world than the Irish; for they live wholly, or as far as possible, by themselves, manifest little disposition to learn the customs, laws, and manners of the community, take no interest in politics or public events, and apparently sedulously seek to shut out all modernising influences. The earliest Chinese emigrants betook themselves to surface mining—they could not be made to engage in deep mining—to cloths washing, the digging of gutters and sewers, and the constructing of roads. When their good qualities as labourers became more apparent, and it was seen how humble were their needs, how moderate their desires, how patiently and steadily they toiled, how easily they were contented and controlled,—their sphere of usefulness widened, until now they are employed in a great variety of the departments of labour. You may find them working by the hundred—many of them adhering to the ruder sort of Oriental costumes—in the woollen mills; at many of the hotels and dwelling houses Chinamen are superseding the chambermaids and cooks, and become expert in the making of beds and the concoction of favourite dishes. The women who toil for a living may well look with jealousy and dislike upon the little, leather-skinned, squint-eyed emigrants from the East; for not only do they do household work much more cheaply, and quite as well, but are found to be excellent hands with sewing machines, at shoe-binding, at tailoring, and at bag and

box fashioning. The steadiness, thoroughness, and care with which they work make them admirable gardeners, and even farmers; it is noted that the best fruits and vegetables come from the orchards and gardens which they have cultivated. They lack the spirit and ambition to acquire land, and to become independent husbandmen themselves; they toil for others, under the supervision of others, for a pittance, and are content. Not only is it found profitable to employ the Chinese in making railways and high roads, in felling wood and gleaning fruit, as shepherds and operatives, as tailors and cooks; they are also to be found rolling cigars and firing engines, making tin wares and wooden wares, doing fancy painting and fitting upholstery, acting as butchers, and mending Yankee-made clocks and watches. Chinese apothecaries put up prescriptions for you; Chinese bar-keepers shake you up a cock tail, or mix you a delicious rum punch.

All the lighter employments, which need manual deftness, which can be performed without an appeal to the brain, the Chinaman does well, more cheaply than any one else, and with great facility. They take no pains to learn English; they read, write, talk the innumerably-lettered language of Confucius. Yet there are Chinamen in California who set types, who put up an English newspaper from leader to advertisement, swiftly and correctly, being the while in total ignorance of the meaning of every letter which they put in its place. They are ready, even anxious, to learn everything by

which they may earn money ; they obstinately refuse to learn anything else. They are surprisingly imitative, and soon catch the trick of doing what they see done by others. They resemble the tortoise rather than the hare, are far slower in their work than the Irishman or American ; but what they do is done steadily, is continued patiently and without intermission, and is more substantial and complete when accomplished. They have not the physical strength of the European, but are less fitful in their energies ; they make up for their inferior prowess by steadiness and unequalled patience.

The cheapness and steadiness with which the Chinese work have aroused against them a hostile feeling among the other labouring people, which has been utilised by politicians in subjecting them to unequal and unjust laws. Their situation in California is, on this account, not an enviable one. A tax of four dollars a month is levied upon the Chinese miners, designed to protect the other miners from the consequences of the small wages which the Chinese are content to receive. This is, indeed, the only tax which weighs especially on the Chinese ; but they are followed up in the collection of the other taxes with exceptional rigour. But taxation is not the heaviest of the Chinaman's burdens. He is subjected, more than any other class, to high charges of rent, to highway robberies and burglaries, which are committed with the greater impunity that the Chinese are timid and will not fight, and that—what is certainly disgraceful

to California legislatures—the Chinese are not allowed to testify in the courts of justice against the whites. Still, it is not true that the Chinese are not protected in person and property. They walk the streets in safety, and their quarter is as well guarded as practicable—it is not always practicable in remote parts—from the depredations of thieves and ruffians. While the labouring classes detest them, and doubtless would, if they could, prohibit Chinese immigration into the Pacific states, the great corporations, the employers of labour, the tradesmen protect them, and encourage their coming. The Chinese have thus two allies—the constitution, which forbids the prohibition of immigration, and the power of capital. The early manifestations of hostility to them have, to a large degree, ceased. Formerly, woollen mills which employed the Chinese were burned to the ground; now, every woollen mill employs as many Chinese as possible. A year ago, the Chinese who superseded the Irish in grading the streets of San Francisco were cruelly mobbed by the Hibernians whom they had displaced; now, ten Chinese are employed in this kind of work to one Irishman.

There is at once clearly seen a marked difference between this immigration from the celestial empire and that which has found its way to America from Europe. The difference between the Chinaman and the African, in their respective new conditions, is quite as striking. European immigration has consisted of races in many respects similar to the American people. It

has been composed of elements which have with little difficulty moulded themselves into a homogeneous community. It has been quite possible to Americanise them; they have readily imbibed the spirit of American institutions and habitudes. The negro, too, was a pure barbarian; he had nothing to unlearn; he was open to impressions and influences. He had no past to interpose itself and resist the customs of the American community. But the Chinese are both totally unlike the European and the American, and are deeply imbued with a venerable history and a proud civilisation of their own. They are celestials; all other races are sublunary to them. Their ideas are rooted in the learning and superstition, the manners and customs, which are now but what they were in times long anterior to those of Moses. They are vain and stubborn in their national beliefs; there is to them no civilisation comparable to that which betrays itself at Hong Kong and Shanghai. It is true that to a certain extent the Chinese become Americanised; they learn how to barter and make bargains, to be keen at a trade, to labour in directions wholly unknown in their own empire; they sometimes consent to throw off their washbowl-shaped hats, their bulging trousers, their turned-up shoes, for the customary apparel of their new homes; but they continue to observe the essential habits of the Orient. The Californian Chinaman is a superficially altered Chinaman of Canton—outwardly

somewhat changed, inwardly the same being. They are still addicted to lying, stealing, and perjury; to infanticide, abduction, and mercenary assassination. They are filthy in their habits; their quarters are squalid and offensive. They form secret associations, and within these they govern, punish, and correct each other. Of American politics they have apparently not the faintest knowledge, or desire for knowledge; the Christian religion is not only an enigma to them, but an enigma which they are not in the least anxious to solve. They are forbidden the right of suffrage, and prudently; for they would, if voters, be but the puppets of employers or of rogues. They even manifest little or no disposition to be naturalised; for they all regard their residence in America as but temporary, and look forward to the time when, having amassed a sufficient sum, they will return to the celestial empire, and live out their days in plenty. What is to be the result of this fast-increasing Chinese immigration into America, drawn from an exhaustless supply of 400,000,000 people; how it is to affect labour throughout the republic; whether it will stop at the Rocky Mountains, or advance toward the Atlantic coast; how it will influence the relations of the different sections; whether the Chinese will gradually be moulded into homogeneity with the rest of the nation, or whether they will prefer to continue to be a nation within a nation; whether they will, in the end, force back and put an end to immigration from

Europe, supplying everywhere the demand for labour at rates so cheap as to make it impossible for Europeans to compete with them,—are questions even now earnestly agitated in America, but which can only be solved by that which unravels all enigmas—Time.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EXTENT AND PRODUCTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE domain of the United States comprises all that territory which lies between the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, the British American provinces on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico on the south. Its sway also extends over Alaska, the district lying north of British America, which was recently purchased by the United States from Russia. The republic possesses no distant colonies, and has confined its exertions to populating the vast area of its vacant lands and bringing them under cultivation. Leaving out Alaska, the United States is contained between latitudes $24^{\circ} 20'$ and 49° north, and longitudes $10^{\circ} 14'$ east, and $47^{\circ} 30'$ west. The population of the United States in 1860, when the last census was taken, was 34,560,000, to 38,192,000 in France, 29,821,000 in Great Britain, and 77,000,000 in Russia. It is probable that the inhabitants of the republic under the census of 1870 will nearly if not quite reach 40,000,000. The area of the United States has increased with singular rapidity during its brief history. In 1783, when the independence of the states was conceded by Great Britain, its

whole territory was comprised in about 800,000 square miles. Not long after, the French colony of Louisiana was ceded to the republic by the Emperor Napoleon I.; Florida was next bought from Spain, Texas was admitted into the group of states, Oregon was acquired by treaty, California was conquered from the Mexicans and Arizona was obtained from the same nation by negotiation, and finally Alaska, with nearly 600,000 square miles, was added to the domain. Thus, in the space of eighty-four years, the territory of the United States increased from 800,000 to 3,578,000 square miles. It is interesting to observe that the territory of the British possessions in America comprises about 3,600,000 square miles, being not far from the same area as that occupied by the American republic: while the area of the United Kingdom itself is but about 121,000 square miles. The area of the United States is a little less than half of that of all the North American continent. The sea coast bordering the states extends on the Atlantic for 2,163 miles, on the Pacific 1,343 miles, and on the Gulf of Mexico, 1,764 miles.

The states of Minnesota, Virginia, Texas, Florida, California, Oregon, Missouri, Kansas, and Georgia have each a larger area than that of England and Wales. New York is the most populous state, having a population of something over 4,000,000, of which the city of New York contributes about 750,000. The rapid progress of the population has been marked; in 1812 the inhabitants of the United States numbered 7,500,000;

now the two states of New York and Pennsylvania alone equal those numbers. From 1812 to 1860 the population of the republic quadrupled.

A brief survey of the productions and industries of the several states will show how various are the advantages, how prolific the soil, how adapted to every department of human effort is the broad belt of the western continent, occupied by the Union. The country contains within itself resources so numerous as to make it self-dependent, absolutely needing no foreign aid, and capable, if necessary, of confining itself to its own productions. Maine, the most north-easterly state, lying along the borders of Lower Canada, having an extensive sea coast, excellent harbours and noble rivers, presents fine opportunities for ship building and those manufacturing establishments which rely upon water power. But perhaps its chief production is timber. In the interior there are vast forests, supplying its sister states with the material for buildings and ships; and agriculture is in some parts of the state a profitable calling. New Hampshire, the "granite state," must have been hard to subdue to the plough and the seed, for it is rocky, bare, and bleak; yet husbandry is its main prop, and Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, and hay are successfully raised there. There are also in this state many manufactories, especially at Manchester, which are supplied by the broad Merrimac, the Cocheco, the Saco, and other rivers. Vermont is an inland state, and like its neighbour, New Hamp-

shire, relies mainly on agriculture; besides the products named as those of New Hampshire, Vermont produces hops and buckwheat. It is a fine country for dairies, and for making sugar from the sweet maple; within its limits are mines of copper and iron, as well as slate and granite quarries, and there is a growing lumber trade. Massachusetts is noted at once for its excellent farms, its extensive manufactures of cottons, woollens, and especially of boots and shoes, its ports, and its whale, mackerel, and cod fisheries. Much attention is paid in its agricultural districts to the raising of pork, sheep, and cows; and butter, cheese, and honey are among its productions. Rhode Island is the seat of many important manufactures of cotton and woollen materials; it is less agricultural than a dairy country. Connecticut is also a manufacturing state, producing, as well as cottons, india-rubber goods, sewing-machines, and many smaller useful articles. Along the banks of its beautiful rivers, the Connecticut and the Farmington, are to be found many fertile farms, and especially large tracts planted with *tobacco*: tobacco of a good quality grows there, and an active industry is that of tobacco-curing and cigar-making.

The state of New York is large enough, and various enough in soil, climate, and the boons of nature, to include within its limits almost every variety of civilised effort. Its agricultural districts are rich and fertile; it possesses the finest harbour on the continent, where seven-eighths of the imports to the United States are

entered ; it has rivers large and picturesque, delightful to the eye, and blessed to the sons of toil ; it far surpasses every other state in the magnitude of its commerce ; it contains extensive canals, and is checked and cross-checked with railroads ; finally, its manufactures are very important, and it produces timber, marble, and iron in considerable quantities. During 1867, the customs receipts at the port of New York alone amounted to 23,000,000*l.* ; more than 54,000,000*l.* worth of goods passed in one year over the canals of the state. The vast commerce which tides from the almost boundless west Europeward, pours through New York state and to New York city ; and that metropolis cannot but greatly increase in activity and wealth now that the Pacific railroad has linked it with the prolific wheat lands and mines of the Pacific coast, and perhaps also with the inestimable trade which is destined to grow up between the far Orient and the more civilised continents. Pennsylvania is divided between farming and mining ; it is the foremost state in the production of coal, iron, and petroleum : of the latter, 40,500,000 gallons were exported from Philadelphia in 1868. About 80 per cent of all the coal produced in the United States comes from Pennsylvanian mines, and more than half the iron ; its interior lands are prolific in cereals and roots, in rye, buckwheat, and oats. The little state of New Jersey may perhaps be fitly called the “garden state.” Its fruits and vegetables are nowhere excelled ; its peaches, pears, grapes, sweet potatoes, are especially renowned ;

it possesses zinc and iron mines, and is beginning to be the seat of flourishing manufactures. Delaware is also a fruit and vegetable state; has some lumber, and an increasing manufacturing interest.

When we reach Maryland and Virginia, we approach the richly-productive southern region. Here we find excellent tobacco—the principal seat of that tobacco which is sent, to be smoked in pipes or chewed, all over the world. Grains and fruits also flourish; and there are a few mines. We have left the great manufacturing country in the north-eastern and middle states. Perhaps there are few spots on the American continent better adapted to the husbandman than the lovely and now historic Virginian valley of the Shenandoah. North Carolina is also agricultural; but it has also extensive fisheries, which yield quantities of shad, herring, rock, perch, and blue-fish; in its jagged and irregular surface it produces gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, and plumbago—about 50,000*l.* of gold being yearly obtained. Going southward to South Carolina, we come upon some of the distinctively southern productions, especially that crop upon which many foreign industries have almost wholly depended. Here are extensive cotton-fields; and South Carolina produces more rice than all the other states together, over 100,000,000 pounds of it yearly: Indian corn, wheat, and rye are products of the interior. Georgia is the principal manufacturing state in the south. It possessed, before the civil war, 1,800 manufactories. Georgia is also noted for its *sweet potatoes*, its cotton,

and its mines of gold, iron, and marble. In Florida we reach that luxuriance of growth which marks Italy, southern Spain, and Greece—a growth produced by hot suns and an equable climate: cotton and sugar, rice and corn, oranges, pine-apples, bananas, figs, dates, lemons, and citrons abound there, and grow with little care. Alabama is the foremost cotton state, producing, in 1860, nearly a million bales: sugar and rice, pine lumber, and coal, iron, limestone, and marble are among its most valuable resources. Mississippi is mainly agricultural, being the third state in producing cotton, and yielding also large crops of rice and sugar. Louisiana is perhaps the most prolific of the “gulf” states, the states which border on the Gulf of Mexico. Its lower lands, near the gulf, are inexhaustible, apparently, in their capacity of production: sugar, corn, and potatoes are extensively grown; in the south, rice, sugar, and tobacco flourish, and there is a most favourable district for pasturing and grazing in the vast flat meadows of the Opelousas prairies; and wood is very abundant—ash, cypress, pine, and gum yielding large profits. New Orleans, the principal port of Louisiana, is the great, almost the exclusive, cotton market; it is to the south what New York is to the north and west, the emporium of its commerce, the centre of export and import.

Texas, with its area of 247,300 square miles, is an immense tract, thinly settled, but possessing signal advantages. Its soil is almost uniformly fertile, and is to a large extent virgin, awaiting to reward with its yet

untouched bounties the pioneer farmer. Its climate is even and mild—far more healthy than the contiguous country of Mexico. It offers pastures which may be utilised from one year's end to the other. It yields a perennial growth to the husbandman. Vast forests cover its hills and valleys; the timber is of excellent quality. All the southern crops flourish there, and it is now the most extensive of the cattle-growing states. It has mineral resources, the extent of which has not yet been discovered, but which, from the discoveries already made, give great promise. Cultivated farms may now be bought there for from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* per acre; while, to the adventurous pioneer, who is ready to subdue the still wild but fertile regions of the interior, land is offered at as low a price as a shilling an acre. Arkansas and Missouri are, like Texas, rich and various in soil, and produce crops and minerals similar to those of Texas. The Mississippi river, its branches, and the tributaries in its valley, provide some twenty thousand miles of navigation. St. Louis, in Missouri, situated near the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers, is a *dépôt* both of the communication of the far west and south with the east, and of the far west, the north, and the east with the south. It is the midway emporium between San Francisco and New York, between Minnesota and Nebraska and New Orleans. It is one of the most rapidly-growing cities of the Union, having been thirty years ago a frontier village, and now fast becoming the rival of Chicago, New

York, and San Francisco in population and wealth. To estimate the resources and the future industrial greatness of the west—beginning at Ohio, and extending three thousand miles to the Pacific—is a difficult task. “Westward the star of empire takes its way.” That is notably true of America. There—between the frontiers of civilisation and the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the valleys which lie between them and the Sierra Nevada, and through the regions extending northward to the boundary of British America, and southward to the Rio Grande—there are vast solitudes, yet untrodden by civilised man, the “delectable hunting grounds” of the Indian tribes, the boundless homes of buffaloes, deer, and panthers, with streams beneath whose banks lie secret deposits of gold and silver; mountains where are hid every ore which can minister to the needs of man; forests to burn, to build, and from which to extract useful juices and “medicinal gum;” hill sides for future innumerable herds and flocks; and rivers on whose banks there will one day rise cities and commonwealths. Ohio, the most easterly of the so-called western states, was largely populated by settlers from the New England states; its resources have been utilised and its lands cultivated with all that energy which marks the New England character. It is a fine country for fruits, and along the banks of the Ohio river vineyards abound, producing grapes for wine making, particularly the Catawba grape, from which a rich sparkling wine is manufactured.

Ohio is famous for its wheat and corn crops, and for its horses, sheep, and wool. It has 12,000 square miles of coal mines, and iron is extensively found; there are also some petroleum wells. Its contiguity with Lake Erie gives Ohio facilities for inland commerce, and the Ohio river and its branches, and several canals, also afford important commercial advantages. Indiana and Illinois are great and growing states, having wide expanses of prairie, considerable coal, lead, and marble, some gold, copper, and silver, and many vineyards and thriving farms. Illinois is particularly noted for its extensive wheat crops; and Chicago, its principal city, having a fine harbour on Lake Michigan, has certainly had a wonderful growth, and is the great centre of communication between the far west and the Atlantic seaboard. Kentucky is an agricultural, mineral, and grazing state; Tennessee, yielding the same products, is more fertile and prolific, and grows cotton to some extent. Michigan, which in 1820 was almost a wilderness, and the extreme limit of civilised settlement, now contains about a million inhabitants, and is rich in its crops of fruits, grains, hay, maple sugar, wool, and tobacco. Lumber, copper, silver and iron are among its resources. There are yet vast tracts of rich and unoccupied land in Michigan, which can be bought at trifling prices, the value of which is yearly increasing, and which afford an excellent opportunity to the emigrant and the pioneer.

Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska

are examples of young western states, which are growing so fast, thanks to emigration and native adventurous spirit, that no precise data can be given at a particular time as to their population and extent of cultivation. They are rapidly being occupied and filled up; cities and towns spring up there almost in a night. Railroads, telegraph lines, and high roads are constantly being constructed; the prairies are being subdued to yield large crops of wheat and other cereals; mines are being discovered and worked; the forest is receding, and its lumber sent down the rivers to be used for building and burning.

The territories, not yet become states, lying between the western line of states and those of the Pacific coast, comprise rich mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, and iron, and for the most part fertile lands, awaiting the approach of emigration and pioneer enterprise. They abound in noble rivers, in lofty mountains; in some places there are vast deserts; on almost every hand precious metals and ores come to light as the country is explored. Colorado has produced more than 30,000,000 dollars of gold and silver; Idaho and Montana, each 25,000,000; Oregon state and Washington territory, 25,000,000; Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah, 5,000,000. The state of California—which may be called the golden El Dorado for which the Spaniard sighed, but which he failed to discover—had produced, up to 1868, 900,000,000 dollars in gold and silver; and its sister state of Nevada, lying between California and Utah,

produced 100,000,000. The total yield of the western states and territories up to 1868 was 1,000,000,000 in gold, and 100,000,000 in silver.

California, just united by the Pacific railway with her eastern sister states, seems to possess inexhaustible resources for the husbandman, the merchant, and the miner. San Francisco, its principal city, possesses the best harbour on the American Pacific coast, and its trade with Japan and China, and now, through New York, with Europe, is increasing every day. The mines of California are sufficiently described by the figures I have just given ; its agricultural advantages are perhaps quite as valuable and important. Eighty-nine millions of acres in the state are suited to the several branches of husbandry. Forty millions are fit for the plough ; the rest present excellent facilities for the raising of stock, the growing of fruit, and garden productions. The agricultural area of California is larger than that of the United Kingdom, and larger than that of the entire peninsula of Italy. The range of its agricultural productions is a very wide one ; its climate is one of the finest and healthiest, one of the most equable and best suited to farming, in the world. Its wheat crops are immense ; barley, oats, and potatoes, hops, tobacco, hay, and sorghum, corn, cotton, and the sugar cane, and almost every known variety of garden vegetables, are grown there in abundance. The fruits of California are not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in the United States, for variety, quantity, and richness of quality. In every

part of the state, strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, figs, grapes, apples, peaches, and pears are cultivated; in the northern part quinces, plums, and cherries, apricots and nectarines; and in the southern part oranges and lemons, citrons and olives, pomegranates and aloes, walnuts and almonds, currants, prunes, pine apples, bananas, cocoanuts and plantains, are plenteous. There are few parts of the world where fruit trees grow so rapidly, bear so early, so regularly, and so abundantly, produce fruits so various and of such size and quality as on the southern coast of California. Of the Californian fruits perhaps the pear is the favourite; the Californian pears are delicious in flavour and are remarkably large. The grapes are well adapted to wine making, and the Californian "hock" and "sparkling Catawba" and "Catawba brandy" are beginning, in the eastern states, to compete with the wines of Spain, Portugal, the Rhine, and France. The vineyards yield something like two thousand pounds of grapes per acre, and sometimes they produce even twenty thousand. Wine to the amount of 300,000 dollars was exported from California in 1868. California is rapidly developing many new industries, as well as increasing the facilities for improving those established early in its history as a state. Mining, which was begun with pick, shovel, and rocker, is now carried on with delicate and intricate machinery. Fruit raising led to wine making. Wool growing led the way to manufactures. The enterprise of the people has discovered yet more remarkable re-

sources. One is the cultivation of the olive, which thrives in every part of the state, the olives being both eaten as fruit and used for making olive oil. This production must in time become very profitable; the olive is of slow growth, but when mature is wonderfully prolific and lasting. The advent of the Chinese suggested the trial of tea planting; and the hopes of those who have introduced the plant are raised high by their first experiment. Another novelty has been what may perhaps now be stated as the successful rearing of the silkworm. The worm thrives in California, and produces its young in great plenty. A year ago California began to export silkworm eggs to France and Italy; it is claimed that they are the best and healthiest in the world.

From these facts it may be seen how various are the resources which minister to the present generation and await the future generations in America. In the older states the productions and industries, far from exhausting the soil and the capabilities of the country, have but been developed so that they may be estimated. In the newer states and territories the resources of the continent are as yet only to be conjectured. It would be hard to point out any production or industry known to civilisation, which some part or other of the United States is not capable of developing. With such possessions already assured, and such promises for the future, it is only by the misdeeds of humanity that the country can fail to prosper. Providence and nature

have been bountiful, have left nothing to be desired ; wise statesmanship, public virtue and intelligence, a liberty just and evenly measured to all, will be the agencies at once to improve to their highest uses the great gifts of Providence, and to make those gifts a perpetual blessing to all the people.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A (p. 297).

It may be useful to those readers who are especially interested in the subject of emigration, if I give a few statistics derived from official sources. The official reports show the numbers, destination, and nationality of the emigrants from the United Kingdom, from 1853. Here are the tables, in groups of five years, showing the numbers of English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who have gone to the British Colonies, the United States, and other localities respectively :

1853 to 1857 inclusive.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
British Colonies	198,904 ..	63,969 ..	128,676
United States	154,578 ..	26,605 ..	450,066
Other places	618 ..	226 ..	892

1858 to 1862 inclusive.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
British Colonies	92,912 ..	38,731 ..	55,514
United States	64,011 ..	10,713 ..	186,511
Other places	1,031 ..	630 ..	1,074

1863 to 1867.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
British Colonies	115,639 ..	37,173 ..	81,352
United States	169,849 ..	30,103 ..	497,055
Other places	8,068 ..	1,032 ..	1,560

It may be added, that the average annual emigration for the decade ending 1867 falls much below that of the preceding decade. In the past ten years the average annual emigration was 161,915; in the preceding, 275,276. The falling off was mainly in agricultural labourers: the industrial trades' emigrants have rather increased. The greatest number of emigrants landing in any one year at New York was in 1854, when there were 319,223. The tide of emigration fell to its lowest ebb in 1861, when but 65,500 landed at New York. This may be accounted for by the breaking out of the civil war in that year. In 1865, at the close of the war, the tide of emigration again set in, and the arrivals at New York numbered 196,352; in 1866, 233,418; in 1867, 242,731; in 1868, 213,866; and up to July in 1869, 253,754. The relative emigration of Irish to the United States has decreased since 1851. In 1868 the Irish numbered only a little over one-fifth of the emigrants. On the other hand, emigration from England is manifestly increasing. "The signs are," says a recent American authority, "that the exodus from England is likely to be as great as ever that of Ireland was; while whatever continued falling off there may be in the arrival of Irish will be fully made up by the steadily increasing tide from Germany and other countries."

The number of emigrants arriving in the United States during the first half of 1869 (up to July 1), was 352,569—males, 214,748; females, 137,821. Of these, 253,754 arrived at New York; 35,586 at Huron; 23,294 at Boston; 13,490 at San Francisco, and the rest at smaller ports. There were 132,537 Germans, 60,286 English and Scotch, 64,938 Irish, 24,000 Swedes, 21,000 Canadians, 16,000 Norwegians, and 13,000 Chinese; others, in much smaller numbers, came from France, Switzerland, Denmark, the Indies, Belgium, Italy, Holland, and Spain; the comparative numbers being

in the order of the countries given. The occupations of these emigrants are given as follows :

Labourers	88,649
Farmers	28,096
Mechanics	16,553
Servants	10,265
Merchants	8,809
Miners	6,005
Clerks	1,643
Masons	1,388
Mariners	1,219
Tailors	1,124
Shoemakers	1,106
Bakers	870
Weavers	771
Butchers	645
Physicians	397
Artists	375
Painters	369
Clergymen	298
Engineers	285
Seamstresses	282
Brewers	247
Fishermen	211
Teachers	181
Jewellers	171
All other occupations		1,436
Occupations not stated		725
*Without occupation		180,449
<hr/>						
Total immigrants	352,569

* Mostly women and children.

GENERAL INDEX.

Academies, i. 174 ; the academical system, 174 ; religious status, 175 ; academy expenses, 176 ; the academical course, 177 ; working scholars, 177, 179 ; boarding and day scholars, 178 ; the academical year, 178 ; course of study, 181 ; exhibitions, 182, 188 ; academy buildings, 183 ; daily life of the scholars, 184 ; the routine, 185 ; pastimes, 187 ; West Point Military Academy, 253 ; military cadets, 255 ; Annapolis Naval Academy, 257.]

Actors, ii. 17-22.

Adams, John Quincy, i. 135.

Agriculture, the department of, i. 46.

Amusements, popular, ii. 13-32.

Anniversaries, national and popular, ii. 44-71 ; public holidays, 44 ; Christmas among the Puritans, 45 ; the modern Christmas, 47 ; New Year's-day, 48 ; official receptions, 51 ; a fashionable reception, 53 ; New Year's below stairs, 55 ; Thanksgiving, 57 ; Independence day (Fourth of July), 58 ; preparations for the Fourth, 59 ; picnics and pastimes, 61 ; reading the "Declaration," 62 ; concerts, 63 ; sports, 64 ; society meetings, 65 ; the Cincinnati, 65 ; the Tammany Society, 65 ; Anniversary week, 66 ; religious conventions, 66 ; the Anti-Slavery Society, 67 ; the Spiritualists, 67 ; Woman's Rights conventions, 68 ; Orange societies, 70 ; Irish societies, 71.

Army, the United States, i. 42 ; the Commander-in-chief, 42 ; grades in, 43 ; numbers of, 43.

Arts, the, in America, ii. 1 ; love of music, 1 ; foreign professors, 2 ; singing and playing, 2 ; the Peace Jubilee, 3 ; American composers, 3 ; songs and ballads, 4 ; negro melodies, 5 ; battle songs, 6 ; national airs, 6 ; operas and oratorios, 6 ; American prime donne, 7 ; foreign singers, 8 ; sculpture and sculptors, 9 ; painting and painters, 10 ; modern artists, 11 ; picture galleries, 11 ; the drama, 13 ; Puritan horror of theatres, 14 ; theatrical luxury, 15 ; American actors, 16.

Attorney General of the United States, the, i. 47, 87.

Attorneys, district, i. 87.

Balls, i. 293 ; ii. 22 ; masquerades, 25.

Bancroft, George, ii. 234.

Beecher, Lyman, ii. 213.

Beecher, Henry Ward, ii. 214.

Bennett, James Gordon, ii. 262.

Boarding houses, i. 260, 328, 330.

Booth, Edwin, ii. 17.

Bryant, William Cullen, ii. 237.

Buchanan, President James, i. 27.

Bureau, the freedman's, i. 42 ; the Indian, 45 ; the patent, 45 ; the pension, 45.

Cabinet, the American, differences between the English and, i. 21 ; the appointment of, 21, 34 ; how constituted, 34 ; its official tenure, 34 ; its functions, 34 ; the Secretary of State, 35 ; the State Department, 36 ; the Secretary of the Treasury, 35 ; the Secretary of War, 41 ; the Secretary of the Navy, 44 ; the Secretary of the Interior, 45 ; the Postmaster General, 46 ; the Attorney General, 47 ; the Cabinet in Society, 49.

Capitol, the, at Washington, i. 62 ; its exterior, 62 ; its interior, 64.

Caucuses : see Conventions.

Chancery, courts of : see Courts.

Chief-Justice of the United States, the, i. 85 ; his tenure of office, 85 ; salary, 85.

Chinese, the, in America, ii. 298-305.

Christmas in America, ii. 45-48.

City government, i. 113 ; how constituted, 113 ; sessions, 115 ; the city government of New York, 115-118.

Clergy, the, ii. 208-215.

Clubs, i. 305 ; Union League, 305.

Colleges : see Universities.

Congress, the United States, i. 50 ; time of meeting, 52 ; sessions, 52 ; duration, 53 ; privileges, 53 ; salaries, 53 ; adjournment, 53 ; exemption from arrest, 53 ; powers, 54 ; meeting, 60 ; caucuses, 61 ; political parties, 61 ; customs, 75-78.

Consular service, the, i. 37 ; salaries, 39.

Conventions, political, i. 4 ; state, 5 ; national, 6.

Conveyances, public, i. 332.

Cooper, James Fenimore, ii. 243.

Cornell University, appendix, i. note A.

Corporation of New York, the, i. 117.

Cost of living, i. 331.

Country life : see Rural life.

Courts, law, i. 84 ; the Supreme Court of the United States, 85 ; its chamber, 85 ; duties of Judges, 86 ; circuit courts, 86 ; district courts, 87 ; courts of chancery, 87 ; state courts, 88 ; courts of bankruptcy and probate, 89 ; customs, 89 ; a court-room, 102 ; western courts, 105.

Cushman, Charlotte, ii. 19.

Dancing schools, ii. 24 ; halls, 24.

Diplomatic service, the, i. 37 ; salaries, 39.

District attorneys, i. 87.

Domestic life, i. 258 ; love of home, 259 ; housekeeping, 262 ; servants, 263 ; American breakfasts, 265 ; ice, 268 ; table dishes and beverages, 269 ; dinners, 270 ; tea and supper, 271 ; oysters, 272 ; houses, 273 ; marketing, 274 ; evenings at home, 275 ; visiting, 277.

Drama, the, ii. 13.

Edifices, the public at Washington, i. 47.

Education, i. 48-257 ; government grants for, 251 : see note A. Appendix.

Elections, differences between English and American, 57 ; expenses of, 58 ; features of, 142.

Electors, presidential, i. 13 ; state, 110 ; qualifications in different states, 110-112.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, ii. 246.

Emigration, ii. 275-297; benefits, 275; emigrants to America, 276; the Irish, 277; the Germans, 278; success of emigrants, 279; criminal population, 279; government land-grants to emigrants, 280; the homestead privileges, 280; qualifications to preëmpt, 281; how emigrants may obtain land, 281; practical success of the homestead policy, 282; settling in the West, 283; need of men and women, 284; rapid growth of the West—Omaha, 284; the climate of the West, 286; the Californians, 286; the South before the war, 287; the times of slavery, 288; the "poor whites," 288; results of the war, 289; renovation, 291; labour in the South, 292; white labour practicable, 293; the Southern climate, 294; emigration southward, 294; a new middle class, 295; middle class emigrants, 296; Chinese emigration, 298; statistics of emigration, Appendix, ii. note A.

Executive, differences between the English and American, i. 22.

Extent of the United States, ii. 306-308.

Fairs, ii. 26.

Farm life, ii. 120-154: see Rural life.

Fire companies and firemen, i. 310.

Forrest, Edwin, ii. 18.

Fourth of July, ii. 58-66.

Freedmen's Bureau, the, i. 42.

Government, the United States, its constitution, i. 1; departments of, 1.

Governors, of states, i. 106; their powers, 107; in society, 108.

Greeley, Horace, ii. 263.

Harvard University: see Universities.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, ii. 242.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, ii. 240, 248.

Home recreations, i. 275.

Hotels, i. 313; American passion for travelling, 313; hotel competition, 315; New York hotels, 316; the "Fifth Avenue," 317; interior arrangement, 317; hotel apartments, 318; parlours, 320; kitchens, 321; dining and breakfast rooms, 321; expenses, 322; hotel servants, 323; country taverns, 324; railway hotels, 326; wives, 327.

House of Representatives, the United States: see Representatives.

Houses in America, i. 273.

Independence day, ii. 58-66.

Indian Bureau, the, i. 45.

Interior, the Secretary of the, i. 45; the department of the, 45-48.

Irving, Washington, ii. 233, 241.

Johnson, President, impeachment of, i. 3.

Judges, of the United States Supreme Court, i. 85, 98; of the circuit courts, 86; of the district courts, 87; of the state courts, 88, 89, 99, 100.

Law in America; the common law, i. 90; the civil law in Louisiana, 91; the profession of, 91, 102.

Law Schools, i. 93; lectures, 94; course of study, 94; libraries, 94; moot courts, 95; degrees, 95, 250.

Lawyers, i. 91; differences between English and American, 92; education of, 93; admission to practice, 96; examinations, 96; in politics, 101.

Lectures and lecturing, ii. 271.

Legislatures, state, i. 55.

Literature, American, ii. 228-254; English authors in America, 229; English novelists, 230; historians, 231; Irving, 233; Prescott, 233; Bancroft, 234; Motley, 234; poetry and poets, 235; Bryant, 237; Longfellow, 238; Lowell, 239; Holmes, 240; other poets, 240; novelists, 241; Hawthorne, 242; Cooper, 243; Mrs. Stowe, 244; other novelists, 245; the Transcendentalists—Emerson, 246; humorists—A. Ward, 247; lady writers, 249; miscellaneous authors, 251; English dictionaries—Webster and Worcester, 251; Franklin, 251; political writers, 252; Wheaton, 252; reprints of English works, 253; international copyright, 254; newspapers, 255; magazines, 270; lecturing, 271.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, ii. 35, 238.

Louisiana, the laws of, i. 91.

Lowell, James Russell, ii. 37, 239.

Lyceums, ii. 271.

Magazine literature, ii. 270.

Markets, i. 307.

Marshals, United States, i. 87.

Masquerades, ii. 25.

Mayors, i. 113; terms of office, 114.

Medicine, the profession of, ii. 195-197.

Messages the President's, i. 20.

Military Academy at West Point, the, i. 253.

Motley, John Lothrop, ii. 234.

Municipal government, i. 113.

Music in America, ii. 1-8.

Naval Academy, the United States, i. 257.

Navy, the United States, i. 44; the Secretary of the, 44; the Department of the, 44; numbers of naval forces, 44; grades in, 44.

Newspapers, ii. 255-270; influence of the press, 255; papers of different nations, 256; newspaper enterprise, 257; New York papers, 260; the associated press, 260; telegraphic news, 261; rival reporters, 261; the *Herald* and Bennett, 262; the *Tribune* and Greeley, 263; semi-weeklies and weeklies, 265; special editions, 265; advertisements, 265; miscellaneous contents, 266; the *Nation* and the *Independent*, 267; criticism, 267; illustrated papers, 268; editorial ingenuity, 268; provincial papers, 269; the editorial profession, 269.

New Year's-day, i. 80; ii. 48-57.

New York, the city government of, i. 115; a walk in, 281; Five Points, 287.

Office, rotation in, i. 139; office-seeking, 137.

Painters and painting, ii. 10-12.

Parks, public, i. 279.

Patent-office, the, i. 45.

Pension bureau, the, i. 45.

Platforms, party, i. 11.

Politics, American, i. 125; public speaking, 127; the clergy in, 128; the military element in, 129; military candidates, 130; military Presidents, 131; political agitation, 132; corruption, 136; office-seeking, 137; disturbances in, 141.

Postmaster General, the, i. 46.

Post-office department, the, i. 48.

Powers, Hiram, ii. 9.

Prescott, William Hickling, ii. 233.

President of the United States, the, i. 2; his tenure of office, 2; impeachment of, 2; how elected, 3-14; his nomination, 8; his election, 12; his inauguration, 14; his qualifications and powers, 19; his messages, 20; differences between the English Executive and, 22; his official residence, 23; public receptions, 26; levees, 28; official dinners, 30; after retirement from office, 134.

Productions of the United States, ii. 308-319.

Professional schools, i. 249; theological seminaries, 249; law schools, 93, 250; medical schools, 251, ii. 195; free agricultural colleges, i. 252; commercial colleges, 253; military and naval schools, 253-257.

Professions, the, ii. 195-227; the medical profession, 195; quackery, 196; the state of religious sects, 197; voluntarism, 198; growth of the sects, 198; subdivisions of the sects, 200; the New England Puritans, 200; religious statistics, 201-2; ecclesiastical self-government, 203; endowments, 203; the American Episcopal Church, 204; the Virginia Episcopalians, 204; the Prayer-Book, 205; how the bishops are elected, 205; general government, 205; election of ministers, 206; trial sermons, 207; the Episcopal bishops and clergy, 207; clerical incomes, 208; the Methodists, 209; the ministry as a profession, 209; provision for the poor, 211; Plymouth Church, 211; pulpit oratory and clerical ambition, 213; the Beechers, 213; noted preachers, 215; religious revivals, 215; negro revivals, 216; camp-meetings, 217; the Roman Catholics, 223; the "Know-Nothings," 226.

Railways, ii. 169; railway statistics, 169; modern velocity, 170; English and American railways, 171; relative speed, 172; arrangement of carriages, 173; improvements, 173; advantages of American carriages, 174; means of safety, 175; smoking carriages, 176; distances, 177; sleeping carriages, 178; railway restaurants, 178; saloons and drawing-rooms, 179; travelling comforts, 179; conductors (guards), 180; railway stations, 181; travelling in the West, 183; newsboys and pedlars, 185; the luggage-system, 187; progress in railways, 189; the Pacific Railway, 186, 170, 190; across the Rocky Mountains, 192.

Reconstruction in the South, i. 144; acts of Congress relating to, 145.

Religion in America, ii. 197.

Representatives, the United States House of, i. 51; its composition, 51; tenure of members, 51; apportionment of members, 51; qualification of members, 52; election of officers, 52; election of members, 56; the representatives' chamber, 64; the galleries, 65; the House in session, 67; customs in Congress, 68; divisions, 69; mode of proceeding, 69; committees, 70.

Resorts, summer, ii. 72-106; the Catskills, 72; the Adirondacks, 73; Saratoga, 74; Niagara, 75; Newport, 76; on Long Island Sound, 79; sea-side hotels, 80; fashionable recreations, 83; the White Mountains, 92; Lake Winnepiseogee, 93; lake islands, 97; mountain stage-coaches, 99; Conway, 101; mountain pastimes, 102; hotel life, 105.

Resources of the United States, ii. 308-319.

Restaurants, i. 328.

Rural life, ii. 107-154; differences between English and American villages, 107; an American village, 111; the village church, 111; the academy, 113; the shops, 113; the post-office, 114; the tavern, 115; rural houses, 116; professional men, 118; the squire, 119; country homes, 119; farms and farmhouses, 120; barns, 122; Irish labourers, 128; country boys and girls in the city, 130; a typical farmhouse, 133; pastimes, 136; village sights, 137; picnics, 138; serenading parties, 140; country balls, 142; Sunday in the country, 145; corn-huskings,

147 ; apple-bees, 147 ; quiltings, 148 ; maple-sugar parties, 148 ; agricultural fairs, 149 ; sports, 151 ; winter amusements, 152 ; sleighing, 153 ; sociables, 154.

Schools, i. 148 ; country schools, 149 ; origin of the common schools, 152 ; teachers, 156, 165 ; city schools, 160 ; the buildings, 161 ; the interior of a Boston school, 161 ; the public school system, 164 ; sessions, 166 ; studies, 166 ; Latin schools, 166 ; female education, 168 ; normal schools, 168 ; school discipline, 170 ; the schools and religion, 171 ; rewards and punishments, 172 ; examinations, 173 ; government grants for schools, 251. (See Academies and Professional Schools.)

Sculpture and sculptors, ii. 8.

Sects, religious, ii. 197.

Senate, the United States, i. 50 ; its composition, 50 ; qualifications of senators, 50 ; elections of senators, 50 ; term of office, 50 ; divisions of, 50 ; powers, 51 ; number of senators, 51 ; the senate chamber, 73 ; the gallery, 75 ; the senate in session, 76 ; mode of election of senators, 55 ; position of senators, 73 ; leading senators, 75.

Skating, ii. 28.

Slavery, the agitation against, i. 132.

Society, American, i. 258 ; in New York, 292-297 ; in Boston, 298 ; in Philadelphia, 300 ; in the West, 300 ; in the South, 302.

South, the, i. 142 ; political and social changes in, 143 ; the negro's position, 144 ; reconstruction of, 144 ; ii. 287.

Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, the, i. 52 ; salary, 53 ; his election, 61, 67.

Spiritualists, the, ii. 67.

Sports, popular, ii. 27.

State governments, i. 106.

State legislatures, election of United States senators by, i. 55 ; composition of, 108 ; tenure of members, 108 ; powers and proceedings, 110.

State, the Secretary of, i. 35 ; department of, 36, 48.

State courts : see Courts.

Steamboats, ii. 157 ; river and lake steamboats, 158 ; how built and decorated, 159 ; the saloon, 160 ; state-rooms, 161 ; cabins, 161 ; meals on board, 162 ; modern improvements, 163 ; tourists, 163 ; Mississippi steamboats, 165 ; on the great lakes, 166 ; in the Gulf of Mexico, 167.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, ii. 241.

Streets, in America, i. 280.

Suburban life, ii. 33 ; residences, 33 ; Longfellow's home, 35 ; Lowell's home, 37 ; pastimes, 39 ; croquet, 39 ; villas on the Hudson, 41.

Summer resorts : see Resorts.

Thanksgiving, ii. 57.

Theatres, ii. 13 ; dramatic talent, 16.

Town governments, i. 119.

Town life, i. 279 ; the public parks, 279 ; the streets, 280 ; a walk on Broadway, 281 ; shops and saloons, 284 ; bar-rooms, 285 ; street trades, 286 ; the Five Points, 287 ; the up-town quarter, 288 ; self-made men, 290 ; town society, 291 ; a fashionable party, 293 ; lionising, 297 ; society in different cities, 298 ; clubs, 305 ; markets, 307 ; barber saloons, 308 ; liveries and heraldry, 309 ; fire companies, 310 ; hotels, 313 ; restaurants, 328 ; boarding houses, 328 ; cost of living, 331.

Town meetings, i. 5, 121.

Townships, i. 120.

Travelling in America, ii. 155 : see Railways and Steamboats.

Treasury, the Secretary of the, i. 39 ; the Department of the, 40, 47.

Universities and Colleges, i. 190 ; their designations, 190 ; Harvard University, 191, 193 ; number of colleges, 192 ; charters, 193 ; changes, 194 ; religious foundations, 194 ; Yale and Harvard compared, 195 ; American and English universities compared, 196, 203 ; government of the colleges, 197 ; the college buildings, 197 ; division of the classes, 198 ; professors and tutors, 199 ; examinations for admission, 201 ; conditions of entering, 202 ; method of instruction, 203 ; the daily routine, 204 ; boarding and clubbing, 204 ; recitations, 205 ; attending chapel, 206 ; college terms, 206 ; term and annual examinations, 207 ; scholastic rank, 207 ; the studies, 208 ; lectures, 208 ; declamation and composition, 209 ; expenses, 210 ; punishments, 212 ; honours and rewards, 214 ; scholarships, 215 ; prizes, 216 ; literary societies, 216 ; physical exercises, 218 ; student soldiers, 219 ; libraries, 220 ; college literature, 220 ; honorary degrees, 221 ; university customs and pastimes, 222-248 ; Cornell University (Appendix), i. note A.

Vice-President of the United States, the, i. 15 ; official duties, 15 ; salary, 16 ; position, 50.

War, the Secretary of, i. 41 ; the Department of, 41, 48.

Ward meetings, i. 5.

Washington, society at, i. 78 ; description of, 79 ; New Year's-day at, 80.

West Point Military Academy, i. 253.

White House, the, i. 23 ; its interior, 24 ; hospitalities of, 26 ; levees at, 28 ; everyday life at, 31.

Woman's rights, the agitation of, i. 133 ; convention of, ii. 68.

Women, American, i. 263 ; domestic virtues, 263 ; deference to women, 303.

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